SEPTEMBER

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SHADY NOOK
Cold Drinks 40 Mi.
LOCONY ROAD MAP - FAR WEST

ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
THEODORE DREISER
ROCKWELL KENT
LANGSTON HUGHES
HARPO MARX
EDWIN BALMER
EDWARD M. BARROWS
LAWTON MACKALL
FREDERICK H. BRENNAN
WILLIAM C. WHITE
PAUL W. KEARNEY
CARLETON SMITH

FICTION

D. H. LAWRENCE
L. A. G. STRONG
MORLEY CALLAGHAN
FRANCIS FUHR
BILL ADAMS
ARCHIE BINNS
ARTHUR SHUMWAY
CHARLES M. BAYER

SPORTS

WESTBROOK PEGLER
HERB GRAFFIS
JOHN R. TUNIS
CARLTON BROWN

HUMOR

RAYMOND KNIGHT
JOSEPH SCHRANK
GEOFFREY KERR
WALTER R. BROOKS

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

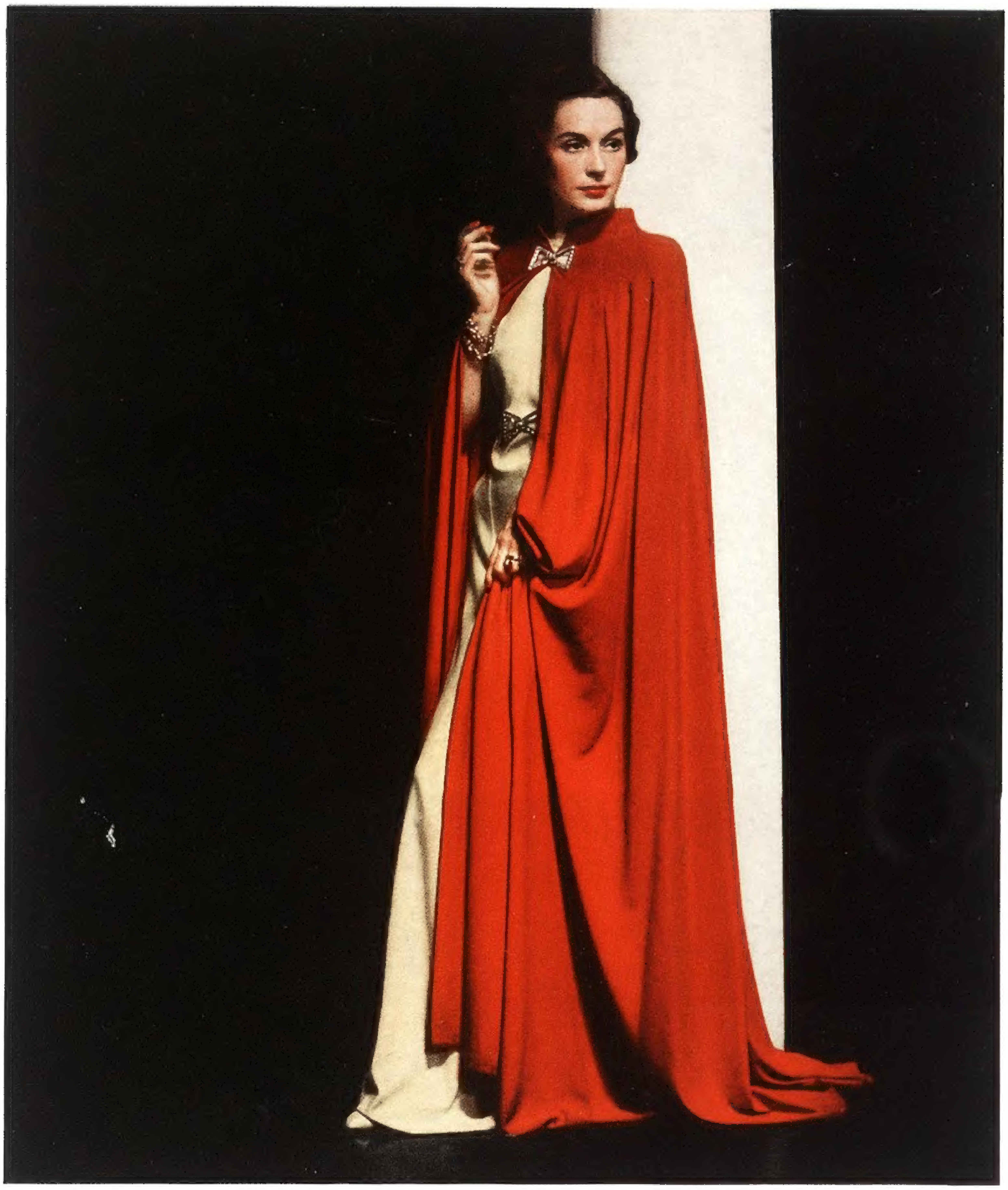
CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
D. McKAY
SIDNEY HOFF
ABNER DEAN
EVERETT SHINN
HOWARD BAER
TY MAHON
GEORGE PETTY
JAY IRVING
RODNEY de SARRO
G. D'ALESSIO
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 11

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS



Madam, your car awaits without

Echo of an old jest though it is, the title of this advertisement explains why so many women value Body by Fisher, and will have nothing less. Madam's car awaits WITHOUT a host of little flaws and faults that lessen the joy and ease of travel. No chilling drafts, for example, blow through the car on crisp autumn and winter days—thanks to Fisher-pioneered and perfected No Draft Ventilation. Nor is it necessary that the driver's elbow perch on the window-sill — deeply tufted arm rests are provided, front and rear. Even the keyholes in Body by Fisher automatically protect the locks from rust. Details, perhaps, but added to numberless other provisions for your safety and comfort, they point to any car with Body by Fisher as a car exacting folk will wish to have.

Body by Fisher

on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

Pleasant
REFLECTIONS

The mellowed character, depth of flavor in Rittenhouse Square Straight Rye Whisky suggest traditional background. It has that gracious poise and assured charm enjoyed by established position. It's straight rye whisky, 100 proof, of a rich warmth and mellowness that win and hold your delighted appreciation. Drink it. You'll like it! And you'll like its old-fashioned price.

Distilled, matured and bottled by Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia. Also Distillers of Diplomat Straight Bourbon Whisky and Dixie Belle Distilled Dry Gin.

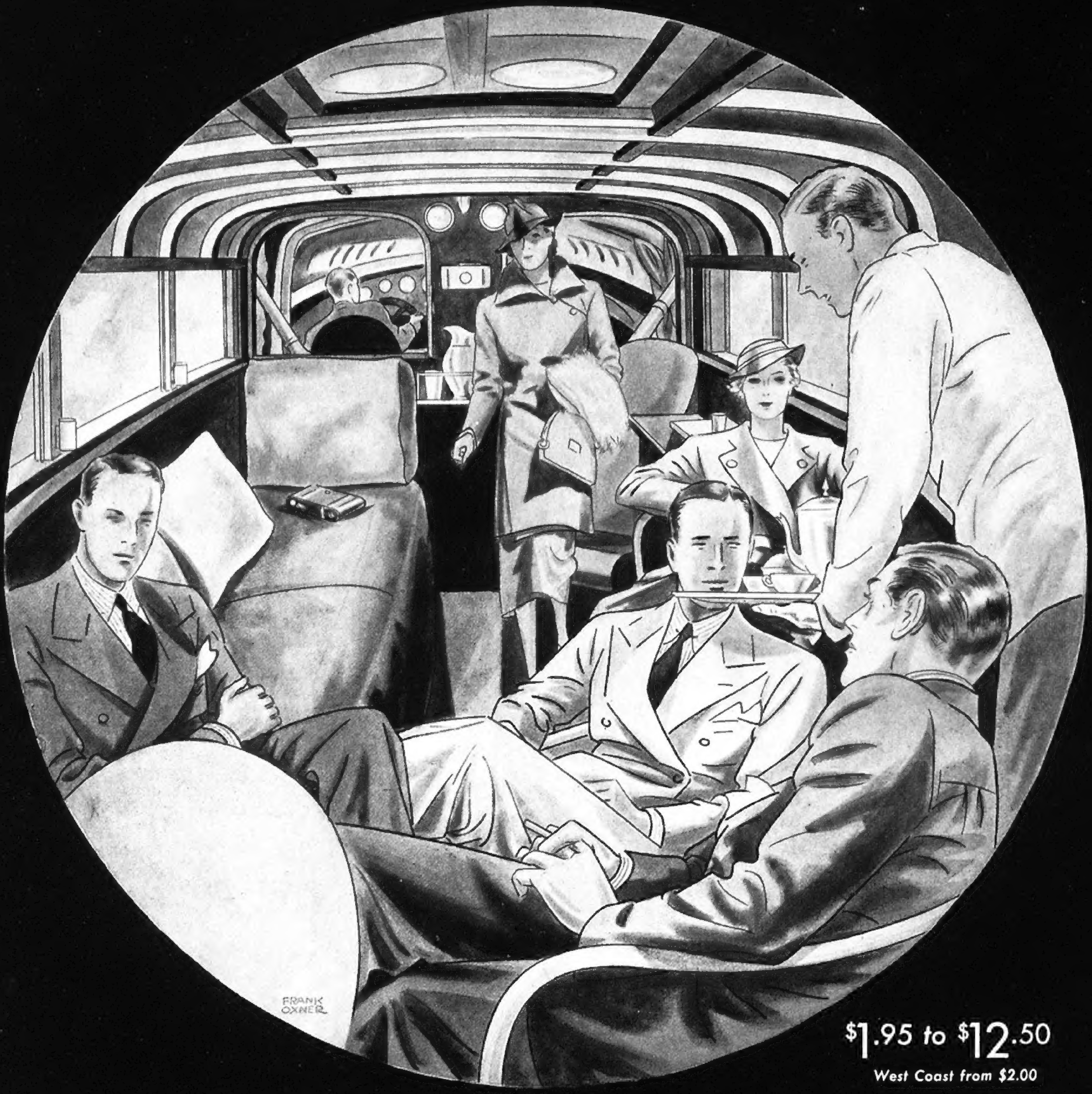
RITTENHOUSE
Square
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY
100 PROOF

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by the Esquire Publishing Company, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and Drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. Advertising offices, 40 East 34th Street, New York, New York. Subscriptions for one year, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00 in advance; in Canada, $6.00; elsewhere, $7.00. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Manhattan SHIRTS

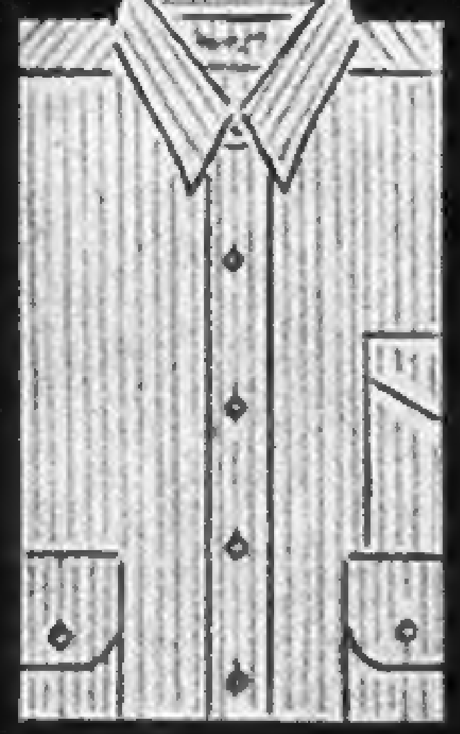
FOR THE MAN OF TODAY

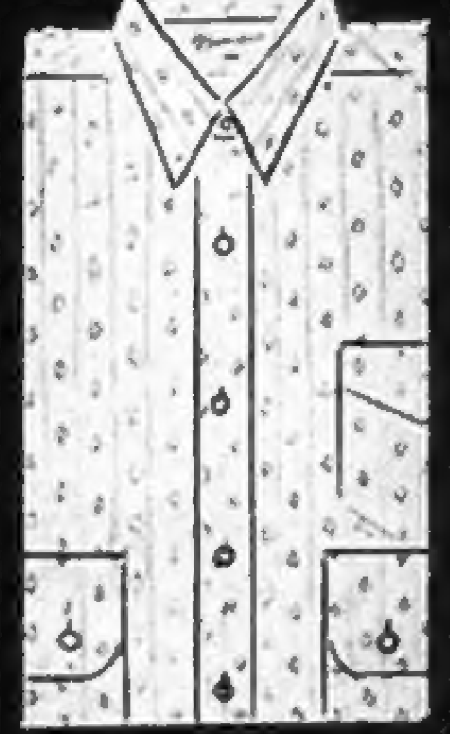


$1.95 to $12.50

West Coast from $2.00

The smart man of today prefers a touch of color in his shirts, some new refreshing note in design, more individuality and character. Manhattan shirts are the products of America's foremost authority in the styling of men's shirts. Manhattan patterned shirt originations are recognized as the last word in correctness and good taste. They are considered by well-groomed men as an essential part of a smart wardrobe. We suggest Manhattan patterned shirts for the modern man who wants his shirt styles to be new and youthful, and alive with the quick spirit of the times. Manhattan shirts have an air of good breeding and quality. They are made with a masterly and conscientious craftsmanship. If you appreciate the finer things of these modern times, if you realize the importance of impressive attire in your daily life, then greet the world tomorrow in a new patterned Manhattan shirt.





THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

ME
IS ON THE
SLIDER

FEATURED THIS FALL

by more than

5,000

leading shops

TROUSERS

tailored with

TALON

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

in clothes correctly styled

The ugliness of the old button closing passes. The flat, smooth, continuous, seamlike closure made possible by the Talon Trouser Fastener is now recognized as definitely superior.

The foremost designers in America have sponsored it. The great names in the clothing industry have adopted this refined tailoring method on their models.

The leading custom tailors throughout the country are using it—to achieve perfection of tailoring in the garments they create.

It is the latest refinement in the tailoring of suits for men of all ages, for business or dress wear, and is also available in the better clothes for boys.

WHY **TALON** MEANS NEW DISTINCTION IN TROUSERS

1 Talon Trouser Fastener is a special slide fastener made expressly for trouser use . . . very small and extremely flexible.

2 Talon Trouser Fastener is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed—almost invisible when the fly is open.

3 Talon Trouser Fastener scientifically applied—it is impossible for it to catch in underclothing.

4 Talon Trouser Fastener creates a continuous closure so smooth and *thin* that only a fine line indicates the opening.

5 Talon Trouser Fastener eliminates the ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles and gaps between buttons are gone.

6 With Talon Trouser Fastener, the old buttonhole strip is omitted—eliminating the bulkiness of fly tailoring.

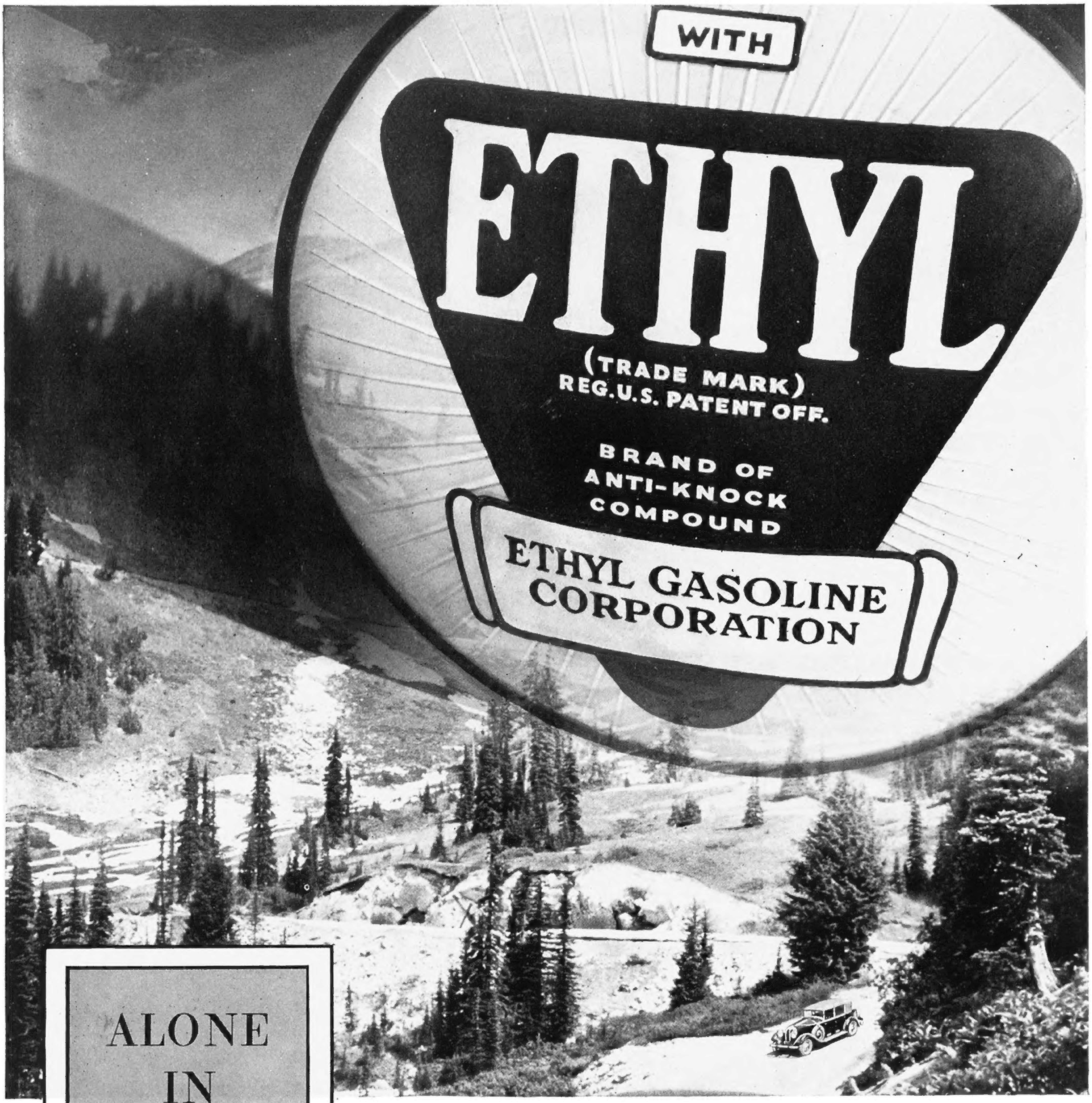
7 Talon Trouser Fastener excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray. It gives complete assurance of security.

8 Talon, in use, does not require undoing the top trouser button. It moves smoothly from top to bottom of the fly.

9 Talon Trouser Fastener is the slide fastener that is not harmed by either dry cleaning or pressing.

10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and buttonholes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE


WITH
ETHYL
(TRADE MARK)
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION

**ALONE
IN
QUALITY**

The Ethyl pump stands side by side with other pumps, but it stands alone in quality. The only way to get Ethyl performance out of your car is to put Ethyl Gasoline into the tank. . . . **NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!**

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

ETHYL CONTAINS SUFFICIENT LEAD (TETRAETHYL) TO MAKE IT THE WORLD'S QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

Once there were two Colonels

THE ORIGINAL KENTUCKY MINT JULEP*

Put a dozen sprigs of mint in bowl, cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush mint gently. Put half of mint and liquid in bottom of tall glass; fill glass half full of shaved ice, add remaining mint and liquid, fill glass to top with shaved ice. Pour in Four Roses Whiskey until glass is full. Place in icebox for at least an hour. Garnish with mint—and serve.

To one of these Colonels, it is a violation of Southern honor to crush the tender sprigs of mint in making a julep.

To the other, no julep holds its full, true flavor unless the mint is crushed.

But on one point the argument always dissolves into warm agreement! *The best whiskey to use in a julep is Four Roses!*

Because there's no harshness in this whiskey. It's soft as Southern moonlight—made from whiskies naturally aged to rich mellowness. *No tricks!*

It takes a lot of "knowing how" to make a whiskey like Four Roses. But Frankfort has the skill born of four generations of experience.

Try Four Roses. It is bottled *only* in full pints and quarts, ***and comes sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack that must be destroyed before the bottle within it can be removed.***

"Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book"—by the famous author himself—is just coming off the press. Send 10¢ in stamps for your copy! Address Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville.

*There are many ways to make a Mint Julep, but the above is highly recommended.

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

MADE BY FRANKFORT

LOUISVILLE BALTIMORE

Try these other Frankfort Whiskies!

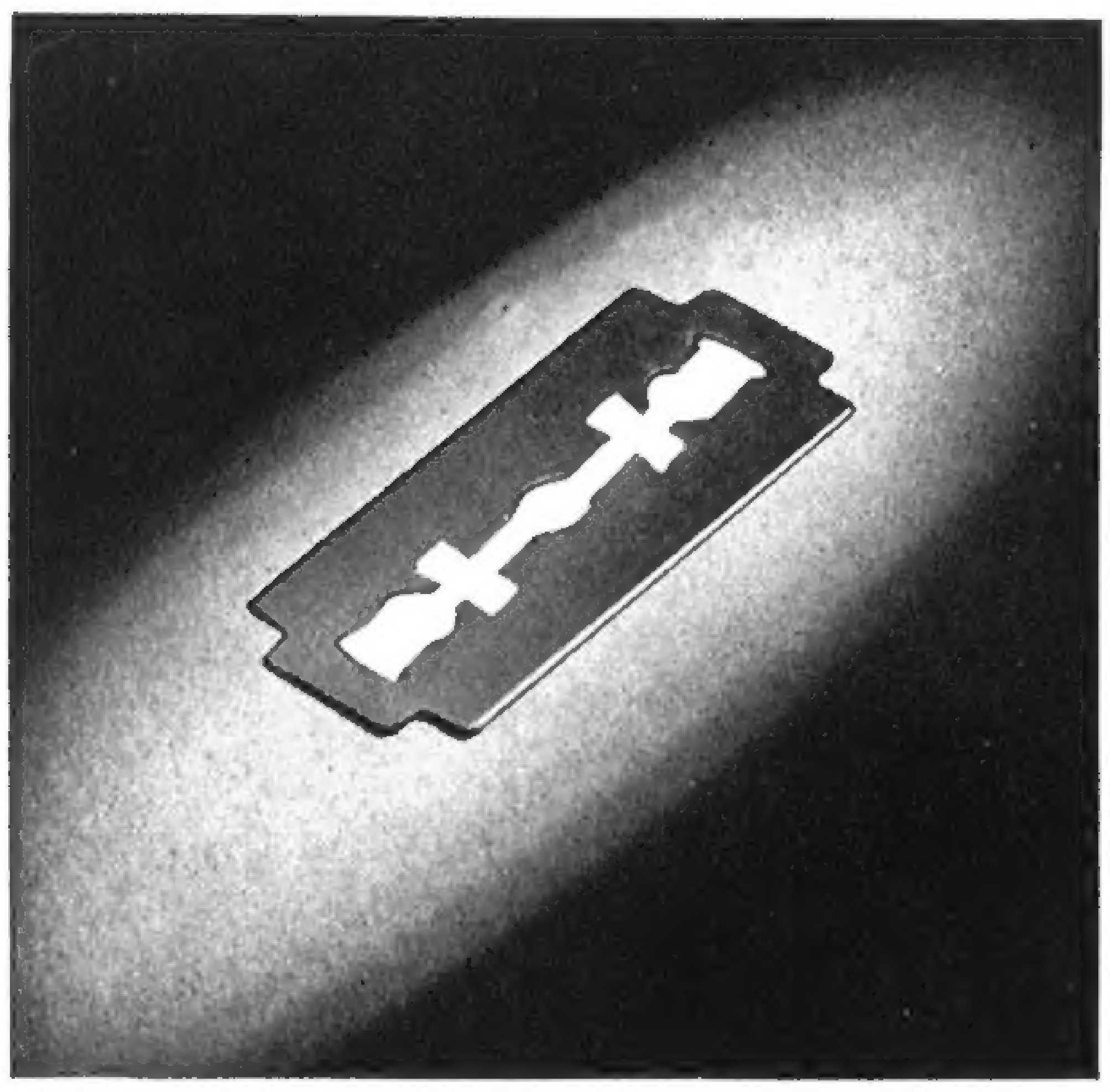
PAUL JONES

OLD BAKER OLD OSCAR PEPPER

ANTIQUE MEADVILLE

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

Makes this — as good as this!



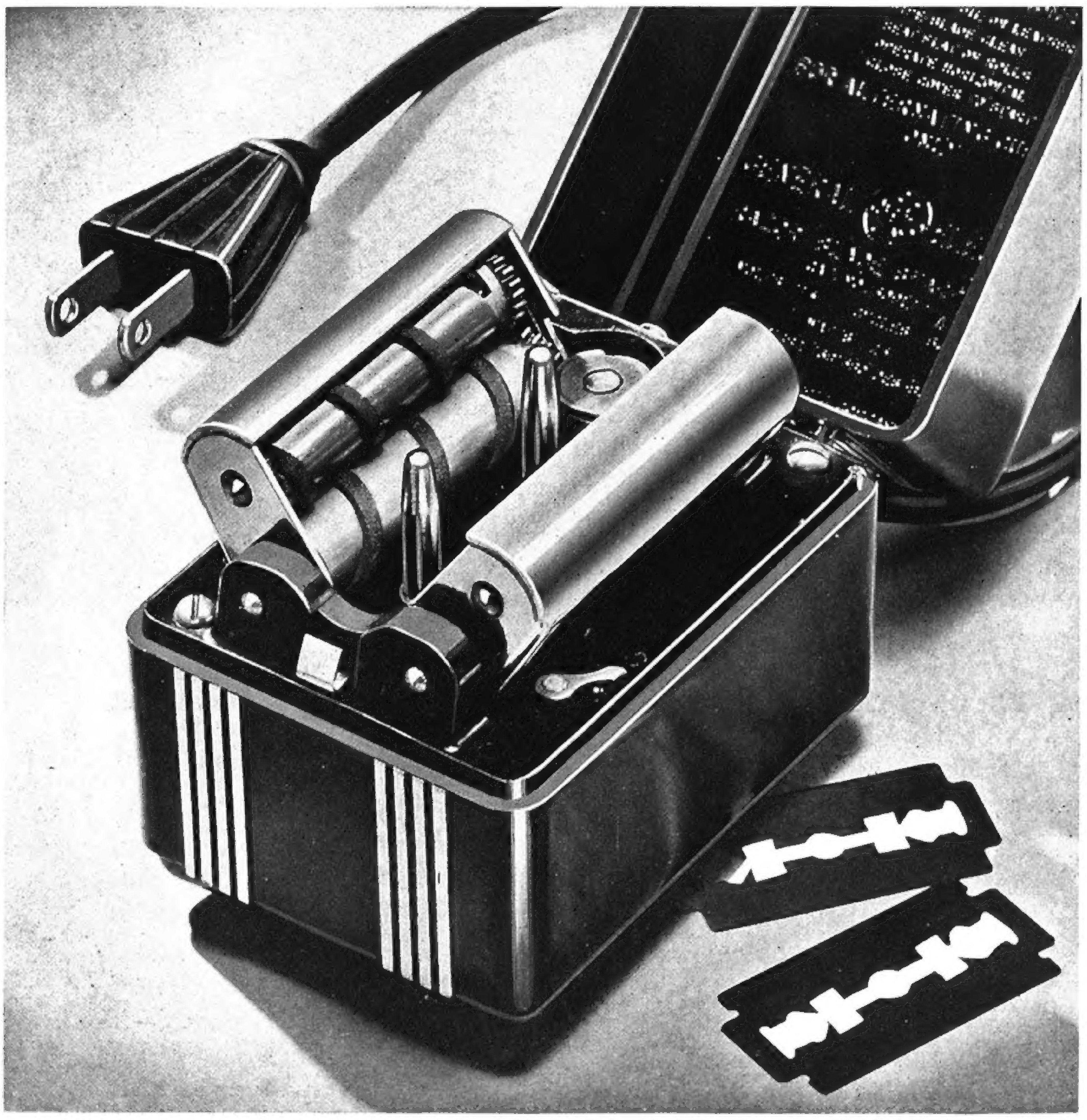
This *motorized* razor-blade sharpener puts a "Barber's Edge" on any blade!

YOU don't have to worry about dull razor blades any more.

The General Electric Company put its inventive genius and its resources to work to give mankind a better shave *. . . and see what happened . . .*

Here is a *motorized* razor-blade sharpener that puts an edge on a brand new razor blade no manufacturer has equalled. It makes used blades as good as new. It gives you more shaves out of one blade than you ever dreamed possible. And every shave as smooth and clean as the best you ever got from a barber.

There are two models—$6.95 and $8.50—for sale at leading men's furnishings, department, sporting goods and electrical supply stores. Get one of these General Electric *Motorized* Sharpeners and turn every blade you use into a whisker-cutting wizard. General Electric Company, Section B-819, Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.



How it works

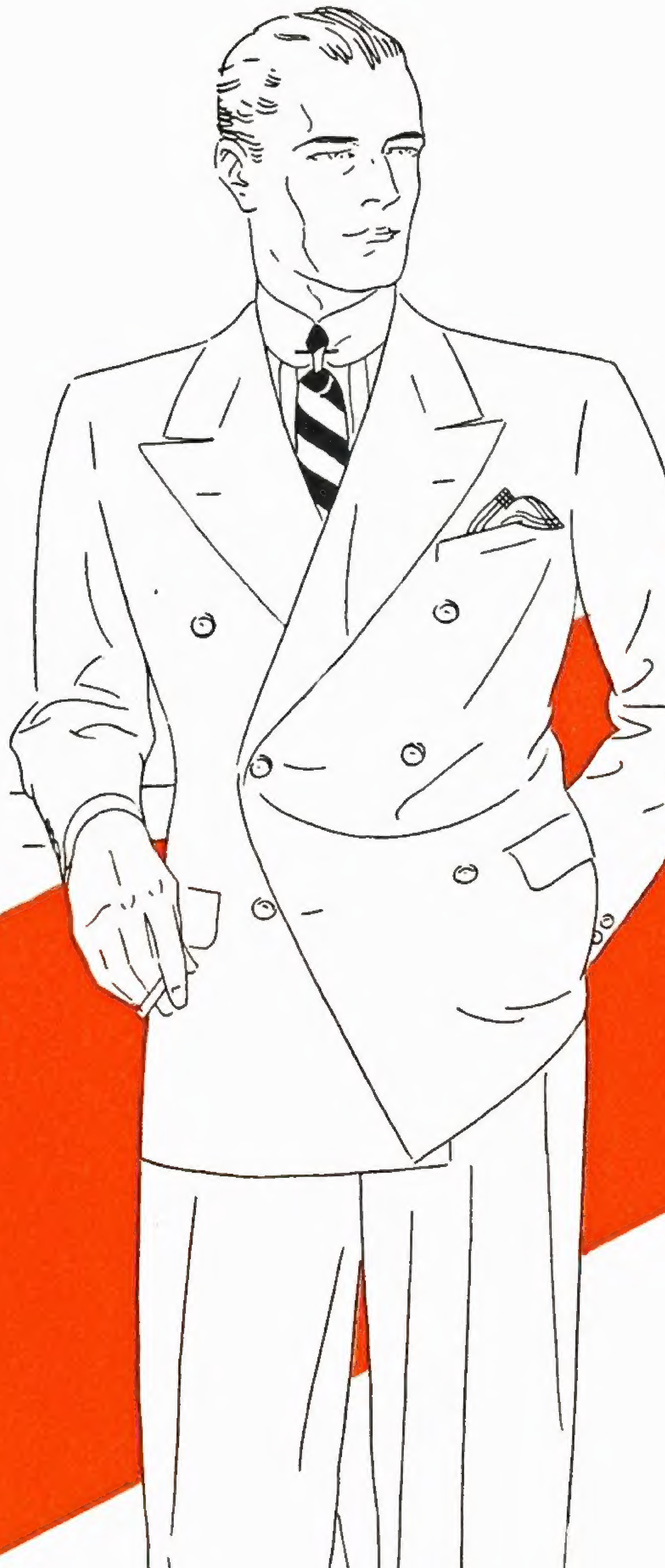
This sharpener works by electric power—simply plug it into any A. C. outlet. It will sharpen blades of the double-edge type. Put the blade on the two retaining pins, close the lid, and the sharpener starts; open the lid and it stops. It gives a safety-razor blade the best cutting edge you ever have shaved with. The model shown here is $8.50.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER

NRA CODE

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK



A
FINCHLEY
AUTUMN SUGGESTION

THE NEW AUTUMN FINCHLEY DOUBLE-BREASTED MODEL ILLUSTRATED EMBRACES THE GRACE, QUALITY AND SUPERB CHARACTER CONSISTENTLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE EFFORTS OF THIS FAMOUS HOUSE. IN PLAIN BLUE, GREY OR BROWN UNFINISHED WORSTED OF ESPECIAL SELECTION, IT REPRESENTS ONE OF THE MOST OUTSTANDING STYLE DEVELOPMENTS OF FASHION PARK. FINCHLEY IS PREPARED TO SEND THIS MODEL, EITHER SINGLE OR DOUBLE-BREASTED, TO ANY PART OF AMERICA WITH SATISFACTION FULLY GUARANTEED.

SAMPLES OF MATERIALS MAILED ON REQUEST

FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS

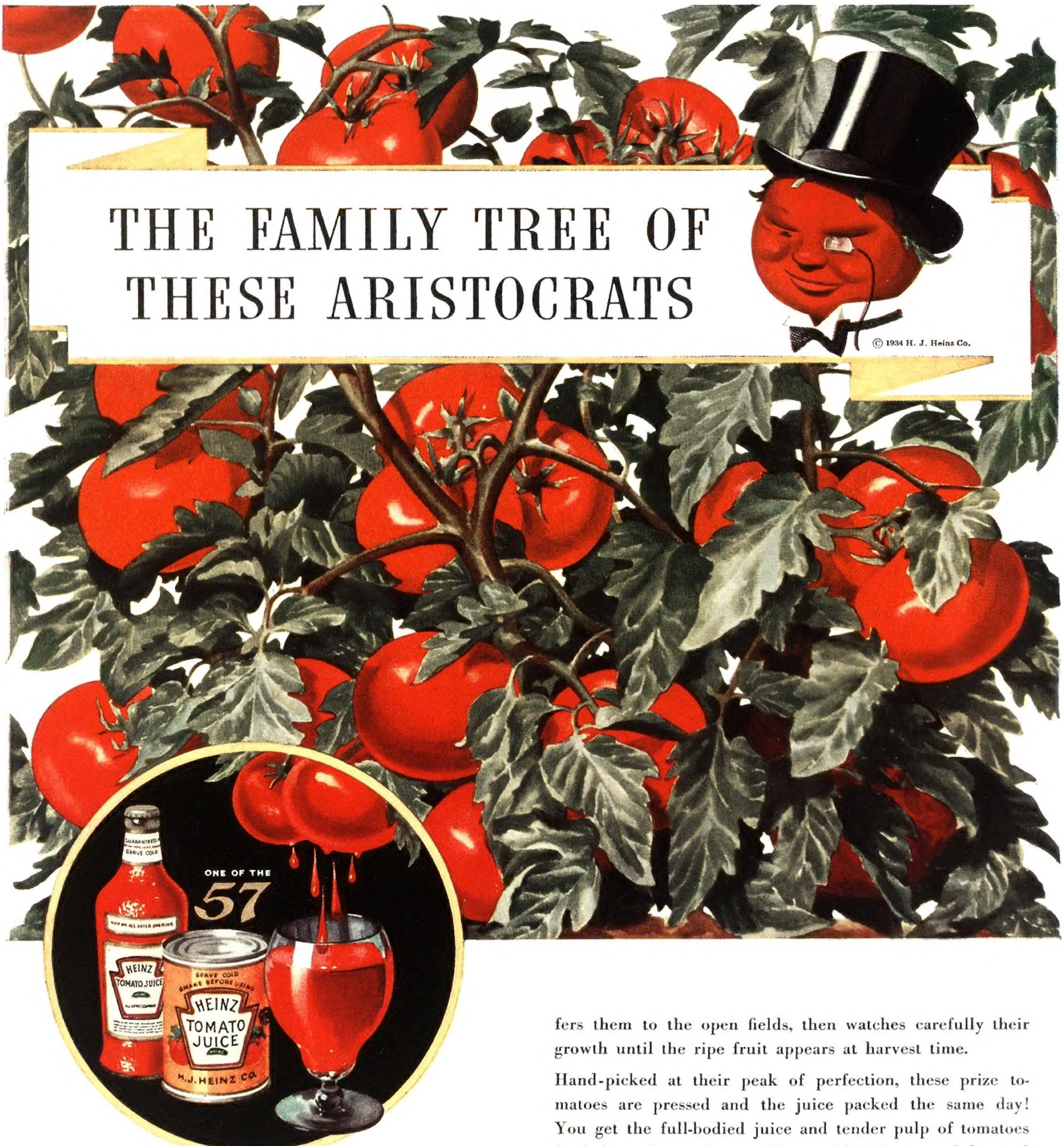
READY-TO-PUT-ON

Finchley

FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

JACKSON BLVD.
CHICAGO

THE FAMILY TREE OF THESE ARISTOCRATS



© 1934 H. J. Heinz Co.

IT TAKES tomato plants of noble lineage to yield the big, ruddy, sun-ripened tomatoes that give Heinz Tomato Juice its matchless flavor, deep color and tempting aroma.

Heinz, through generations of tomato culture, has developed a larger, more luscious variety of tomato—a true aristocrat that ranks "top o' the crop" in every region where it is grown. Heinz cross-breeds selected seeds to get finer tomatoes still, rears the plants in Heinz greenhouses, transfers them to the open fields, then watches carefully their growth until the ripe fruit appears at harvest time.

Hand-picked at their peak of perfection, these prize tomatoes are pressed and the juice packed the same day! You get the full-bodied juice and tender pulp of tomatoes fresh from the garden—mellow and bracing—unadulterated and unseasoned, save for a tiny pinch of salt.

That's why Heinz Tomato Juice is a marvelous appetizer—why it fairly sparkles with zestful freshness! Serve it regularly for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. As an invigorating pickup between meals you won't find its equal. Order a supply from your grocer—in either tin or glass containers. Keep plenty in the refrigerator *always!*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. · TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

Heinz Tomato Juice

Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

Entire Contents Copyright 1934 by Esquire Publishing Company, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. All Rights Reserved

Contents for September, 1934

ARTICLES

Page
Defense of Dirty Words *by* Ernest Hemingway 19
An Address to Caliban *by* Theodore Dreiser 20
The Blonde Eskimo *by* Rockwell Kent 29
Our Literary Nudism *by* Edwin Balmer 30
Good Representation *by* Harpo Marx 34
The Little Old Spy *by* Langston Hughes 47
England's Wine *by* Lawton Mackall 48
What the Cave Men Began *by* Edward M. Barrows 56
How to Win a Medal *by* Paul W. Kearney 75
Japan Plays at War *by* Jack Morrow 76
Return, Oh Moses! *by* Frederick H. Brennan 81
A War Without a Truce *by* Joseph Fulling Fishman 96

DEPARTMENTS

***Correspondence:* The Sound and the Fury** 12
***Contributors:* Backstage with Esquire** 14D
***Technical Fashions:* New Lines for Luggage** *by* Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 45
***The Lively Arts:* Melancholy in the Comics** *by* Gilbert Seldes 78
***Books:* Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf** *by* Burton Rascoe 125
***Music:* The Listening Post** *by* Sigmund Spaeth 129
***Theatre:* Stage-Door Johnny, Pro Tem.** *by* Gilbert Seldes 137
***Movies:* The Candid Cameraman** *by* Meyer Levin 138

FICTION

The Making of a Saint *by* Francis Fuhr 24
The Runaway *by* Morley Callaghan 26
The Beauty Pageant *by* Charles M. Bayer 33
Mother Carey's Chicken *by* Bill Adams 40
The Witch à la Mode *by* D. H. Lawrence 42
Over the Toast *by* L. A. G. Strong 44
Let Freedom Ring *by* Robert Carson 59
Certified Relief Case *by* M. Willis Shuey 60
Please Don't Let It Be the Same *by* Arthur Shumway 64
What Do They Want? *by* Archie Binns 72

HUMOR

Page
Toujours L'Amour *by* Joseph Schrank 37
The Little Red Hat *by* Walter R. Brooks 50
An "I" for an "I" *by* Raymond Knight 82
The Disregarder *by* Geoffrey Kerr 110

PERSONALITIES

Gods of the Stick *by* Carleton Smith 54
Notes on a Hangman *by* James Marlow 62
The Hobo and the Fighter *by* Harry Salpeter 100

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design *by* Sam Berman
(Direct Color Process by Rosenow)
Berlin 1/7/34 *by* John Groth 25
"Blonde Eskimo" *by* Rockwell Kent 28
Park, Market and Slum—A London Portfolio *by* John Groth 67

SEMI-FICTION

I Am a Masculine Mother Anonymous 53
The Clue of the Bar Rag *by* William C. White 66

SPORTS

The Life of Reilly *by* Westbrook Pegler 23
The Great Emancipator *by* Herb Graffis 38
Maker of Champions *by* John R. Tunis 71
Jiu-Jitsu in Five Easy Lessons *by* Carlton Brown 109

TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the new clothes and accessories in sketches *by* Fellows and Hurd, beginning on page 86

Art Directors: John Groth, Maurice Freed

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for the dog day experiment The idea of packing the magazine with extra features for the lull of the dog days seems to have been a honey. Throughout July, when magazine sales in general are badly off, Esquire's sales zoomed upward with a most amazing surge, to reach a new high. For the first time since last March (when we began to enlarge our press run each month), reorders poured in from sold-out newsstands everywhere, and this in spite of the fact that large quantities normally consumed by San Francisco and Minneapolis newsstands had to be absorbed elsewhere because of strike conditions in those two centers.

This may not mean anything to you. After all, you buy only one copy and it doesn't make it any better or any worse to know how many other people are buying it too, so maybe we're boring you silly by telling about this. But a lot of people, after reading our announcements concerning the summer issues, wrote in to express doubt that the move was a wise one, and to caution us against trying to fly in the face of too many traditions. So this is just to assuage their well-meant worries.

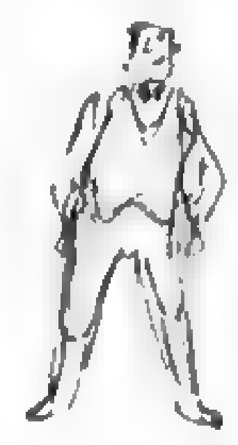
As for this and future issues If this issue doesn't stand way out above the August issue from cover to cover, it isn't for lack of trying. We're very frank to admit that we are pressing our fool heads off, trying to make each issue better than its predecessor. So if you're not satisfied, it may help to know that we aren't either. It's too soon to tell you much about the coming issues, but we aim to take plenty of tricks with aces that haven't been played. Wait'll we have you all playing the piano by Christmas — *that's* one you haven't heard before. That's coming in November.

As for the use of dirty words Mr. Hemingway, in his "Defense of Dirty Words" on page 19, expresses the viewpoint of the individual author on the subject of literary taboos. Mr. Edwin Balmer, in "Our Literary Nudism" on page 30, expresses the viewpoint of the individual editor. Each wrote without foreknowledge of the other's intentions, and if the two articles constitute a debate or a controversy it is an unconscious and unintentional one. The two articles have typicality to the extent that Mr. Hemingway may be typical of contemporary authors and Mr. Balmer of contemporary editors. Esquire enters the ring only in the capacity of announcer, not as referee or judge, and after proclaiming all parties to be members of this club, bows discreetly out before the first punch.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AW, LET'S ALL GRIN, HUH?

I didn't smile, but now I *am* grinning!



In the July issue of Esquire one garrulous, hypocritical John Grimball Wilkins of Charleston, South Carolina, "America's Most Historic City," gave vent to his spleen and let off a lot of contradictory, repetitious, hot air questioning my qualities as a gentleman in no uncertain but very ungrammatical fashion. All this waste of fine paper because I called him a narrow-minded, bigoted prude, for the completely asinine manner in which (he admits before publication) John Grimball Wilkins criticized Langston Hughes' story "A Good Job Gone."

Evidently this is now supposed to be a personal matter. It only strengthens my opinion that I wasn't wrong in my first and previous assumption!

In loud overtones John Grimball Wilkins demanded the Editor of Esquire to furnish him with my New York address so that he could cake walk up here with his hound dogs, and promptly proceed to beat me to the consistency of something resembling pulpwood. To save the Editor the trouble, the very much and many times requested address is enclosed.

I can't say that it will be with much pleasure that I look forward to this promised visit from anyone stupid enough to write such inane drivel as appeared above the aforementioned signature in the May and July issues of Esquire. However, of this much I am certain, that my now much aroused curiosity will have been completely satiated with one good look at John Grimball Wilkins, this self-styled, highly touted gentleman from the South.

Sincerely,
New York City D. Roland Mapes

IN RE PIPE: HABIT & HOBBY

I was interested to read your article "The Pipe: Habit & Hobby" in the July number. There are many facts of interest to men in this story.

While I realize of course that no single illustration can include all styles of pipes, still it would seem that any authoritative picture of the current scene must include such time-honored and popular shapes as the "Apple Bowl," the "Canadian" or "Lumberman" type (the latter a London pipe), the short stubby "Irish" type, the half bent, and the shape made famous by "Oom Paul" Kruger.

No picture of high-grade pipes in use in America is complete without at least one of the new "screw-stem" types. This improvement which came into general use by U. S. manufacturers about two years ago is one of the greatest boons to pipe-smoking ever devised. A screw threaded fitting joins the mouthpiece to the stem, so that you can clean the pipe easily and frequently and it never gets "stuck," requires only a twist of the wrist. Some of these fittings, of brilliantly polished metal, are machined to perfect accuracy so that the mouthpiece and bruyere shank are always in perfect alignment. Expansion by moisture, which often cracks a shank, is prevented. Always these fittings show—a thin band of bright metal in the middle of the stem, so any pipe-smoker can spot them instantly and it is not necessary though advisable, to take the pipe apart to demonstrate the presence of this fitting.

In the enumeration of pipes of different countries, I find no mention of the interesting Himalayan habit of boring a small tunnel in the frozen snow, placing tobacco and lighted charcoal at one end and lying on the stomach to inhale the smoke at the other end. Nor the South African use of hemp instead of tobacco, in pipes. Nor the gluttonous pipe smokers of the Cook Peninsula, Australia, who use a bamboo tube some 3½ feet long and up to 4 inches in diameter, which is completely filled with smoke by the first smoker and passed round to all present. Perhaps too, the Hottentot's willingness to barter his wife for tobacco is of interest, and the not infrequent use in that district of dried earth in pipes, instead of tobacco. In Greenland it is reported that natives drink the oil from the bottom of pipe-bowls.

I enjoyed the notes on meerschaum and the directions as to smoking—it is true also that good bruyere is becoming scarcer and more expensive. Attempts to grow the shrub in California and other arid sections of the West have not proved successful.

It is, I should say, hardly accurate to say that the manufacturers are located chiefly in St. Claude and Vienna, as the largest manufacturer of pipes, with affiliates in England, Australia, etc. has his home office in New York and the manufacturing plant is in New Jersey. In addition to this, there are other pretty sizeable manufacturers in New York, Long Island, Chicago. St. Claude it is true, is a center of the industry and perhaps dominates if you consider operations of handling raw bruyere blocks, processing them, etc. But not in the manufacture.

In addition to the materials enumerated by Mr. Robinson, pipe bowls are made of oak root, bamboo and other canes, horn, birds' legs, glass and walnut shells. It may even be said that pipes are made of tobacco, one cigar maker having adopted the shape of a pipe for his product. A very important, comparatively new development is the perfection of a synthetic product—not celluloid—for mouthpieces, in various shades of yellow or amber, which has a pleasing "swirl" or grain and is tougher and stronger than amber, being at the same time "softer" to hold in the teeth. It is, roughly speaking, akin to bakelite or "Beetleware," and is now used generally by all U. S. pipe manufacturers. I have seen it thrown across a room against the wall without breaking.

Yours very truly,
New York, New York Charles K. Elliott

TO GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

They are tearing down advertisements,
And sales are on the wane,
Now the reason for this state of things
Is obviously plain.
The nation needs some action,
Something drastic, something real,
For George Jean Nathan tells us
That there is no Sex Appeal!
Every magnate out in Hollywood
Demands a newer deal
Since he's heard the awful verdict—
It's a myth—this Sex Appeal.
Now Mae West is just a fiction
And her salary is a steal.
What does keep the "girl shows" going?
Well, it isn't Sex Appeal!
Now, it isn't subtle curves at all,
Or half-veiled mystery
That's the answer to the question,
"Well, what do they go to see?"
Earl Carroll said it wasn't Sex Appeal
That it was Art,
But Mr. Nathan says: "It's really
Impulse from the heart!"
You can cut out your potatoes,
You can diet on hors d'oeuvres,
You've no longer any need, dear girls,
To cultivate the curves.
Upholster all your this and that,
Be sweet, with charm galore,
The boys will all reward you then
By driving past your door!

Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Winifred N. Caterson

GENTLEMEN: MR. EAST IS VERY LUCKY

I hope this will not wound you in that well-known Achilles' heel, your Virility. (Just in case it might, I refer you to your own comment in the July issue: "About these stories 'that could not be shown to a woman of the present-day generation'—are there any?") The point is that when my husband next has a birthday I am not going to give him that bridge-lamp that I crave but a subscription to Esquire. I am so completely sick and tired of magazines that confine themselves to articles on "better babies," and better housekeeping, and better maternal sacrifices. You are a relief indeed, a really intelligent periodical, a thing of beauty, and a joy forever.

As the elevator girl in the hotel said to my husband when he chided her for publicly reading "The Magazine for Men" while on duty:

"But I *like* men!"

Cordially,
Terre Haute, Indiana Leona East

COULD THIS BE THE OLD KRAPP?

Strike three, you're out. I happen to dislike your magazine, because I think it cheap, pretentious, shallow, and not very interesting. All the bonhomie in the world won't keep that fact down. Whether this is a fault of my standard or yours is unimportant.

God love you and cherish you, because I'm not going to any more.

Yours,
New York City R. Martin Krapp

STEADYING A WOBBLY ARTICLE

In the August issue of your magazine appears an article "For Gentlemen Only" written by Bruce L. Henry. While this is an unusually interesting article from the reader's standpoint, it is factually very wobbly in several parts, and could, so far as this company is concerned, do us considerable harm.

I refer to that portion of the paragraph on page 71, third column, halfway down, which reads " . . . there exists no so-called 'protective' device today which they cannot conquer. Cheque-writing machines, perforators, safety-paper . . . all surrender to the technique of the master penman, a lugubrious admission which is made by such authorities as Mr. William A. Pinkerton and Mr. George E. Bennett, Ph. D., LL. M." This statement is probably perfectly safe so far as Mr. William A. Pinkerton is concerned, or "Uncle Billy" as the Pinkerton men fondly called him, because he has already been dead several years. Mr. George E. Bennett's position as an authority, we are less certain about.

But as to the perforators referred to in this paragraph, that method of check protection, in this country at least, was abandoned at least twenty years ago, and we know of no contemporary perforator checkwriter that is being marketed today. Therefore, the statement which appears on page 148, column one, near the bottom, which reads "Perforations left by cheque-writing machines are filled in, either by the insertion of a 'patch' or by filling the holes with discs of paper from a perforator of the same type," applies to an obsolete check protection device, and has no place in an article which seemingly is dealing with current office equipment now being used by business and professional men throughout the world.

But, the most damaging statement of all appears on page 150, beginning in the first column, and ending in the second, where Becker and the famous Bank of Woodland draft that was raised from $12.00 to $22,000 is discussed.

It happens that in the course of the very entertaining style employed by Mr. Bruce in this article, he makes the statement " . . . so the 'Prince' used a high-power magnifying glass and hair-thin brushes to paint back the color and delete the words 'void' which had popped out at the first touch of the acid." This is, indeed, a very strange statement because the only safety papers on the market today which develop the words "void" when acid is applied to them, are two of our papers which are known as Protod-Greenbac and Super-Safety. The "void" feature was not introduced into Protod-Greenbac until 1921, and our new Super-Safety with the "voids" was not introduced until the present year, 1934. This "void" feature of these two checks is controlled by this Company under patents granted in May, 1923.

Now, the strange part of all this is that the Bank of Woodland check is dated December 13, 1895, which is even four years prior to the organization of this Company, which first saw the light of day in 1899.

This particular article has been brought to our attention by several persons who were quite naturally confused by the facts it sets forth. And, we have no way of knowing, at this time, how many persons among the 200,000 users of Greenbac checks, and the millions who use Super-Safety checks, may have had their faith shaken in these products. We therefore believe you owe us and your 180,000 or more readers, an explanation and a definite retraction.

Very truly yours,
Rochester, N. Y. The Todd Company
R. J. Foster

LET NOSE & THROAT MEN ANSWER

May I correct a statement made by Paul W. Kearney in his hot weather article of August Esquire? Page 167, next to last paragraph—except in persons with diseased or injured ear drums no water can enter the middle ear by way of the external opening and water, if clean, in the outer ear never does harm. The water enters the inner ear by way of the nose and throat and no bathing cap will stop it. Proper breathing is the only safeguard but even experts get into trouble on this point. Suggest that Mr. Kearney ask a "nose and throat man" about this as his warning is a very valuable one but not quite in line with the facts.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. J. F. Roth, M. D.

READ IT AGAIN AT FORTY

Being rather young, I find myself still pretty busy exploring this little curio shop, commonly called the World, which I was set into nineteen years ago. Consequently I only put time in on what I consider other people consider important things in life. Therefore I had never read any work by either of the Fitzgeralds until I saw it published in Esquire, which is fit recommendation for anyone's time (an orchid to you). But who could find anything romantic, or fascinating, or exciting, or thrilling, or adventurous, much less amusing in the claptrap and junk pile which these two compile under the heading of "Auction—1934 model." Under the debris of what they couldn't write or sell into any of their other articles, they have conglomerated here. As bad or worse was their scrap book or one-sentence sketch of every hotel they ever visited. Just because they have a shawl with the name of an ante-deluvian actress attached to it, or an enormous picture of Mae Murray—this is nothing to waste space writing about—only to dump into the waste basket.

Sincerely,

Kansas City, Missouri DOROTHY HAGLAGE

ESQUIRE: BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB

Since your requests for an *actual* opinion concerning Esquire seem to contain some sincerity, my reasons follow for not renewing:

1. A breezy pseudo-sophistication indigenous to Chicago.
2. Sameness and banality of cartoon humor.
3. The worst work of some of our best authors and what is probably some of the best work of the worst ones. The articles and stories by the "big names" reek with the dust of undergraduate days.
4. The Lions, Elks, Moose, Kiwanis and Babbitt type of imitation good fellowship, relished tremendously, no doubt, by the major portion of your readers.
5. Lack of restraint and authentic good taste in the fashion illustrations and descriptive matter. More suited to the Hollywooden type.

The typography, color plates and format are beautiful and the advertising is, for the most part, excellent.

Esquire—a dumb platinum blonde swathed in a luxurious Paris creation.

Trusting that your subscription list continues to increase and with best wishes for a very bright future, I am,

Very truly yours,

New York City CLIFFORD A. FURST

EDITOR'S NOTE: One thing you have to hand to these dumb blondes—they do get around a lot, don't they?

FOLLOW-UP TO A FISH STORY

"Hand to Shagreen!" in the July Esquire was good reading, but "Fish Story" was just the right label for it. I am writing this from the scene of the story which, incidentally, is *Cape* Lookout—not Point Lookout.

Old sailors here remember Dr. Coles, and I have talked with the boatman who took him on his shark hunts. His unpainted house-boat still stands here on the beach.

It is true that he captured rare fish, but as to the "diving overboard after sixty foot sharks armed with a single harpoon"—tsk, tsk!

When Dr. Coles was here he was well up in years and weighed close to 250 pounds. He could hardly walk, much less dive after sharks. And it usually took three men to get him aboard his boat. Besides all that, Dr. Coles was endowed with at least a normal amount of common sense that would keep him aboard when any man-eaters were around.

And say—if you think those sixty foot sharks are big, you ought to see the kind we pull out before breakfast every morning just for the exercise.

Yours,

Cape Lookout, N. C. H. H. OVERTON, JR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The original script of "Hand to Shagreen!" was accompanied by photographs (too dim for reproduction) of Dr. Coles revealing him in his at least 250 lb. amplitude, also by the annals of the American Academy of something or other, to substantiate the story. We read the annals thing from stem to stern, spelling out the longest words with great pain, and failed to find anywhere in it a reference to a hand-encountered shark of more than eighteen feet length. That's why, rather than spoil a good yarn, we dubbed it "fish story."

Continued on page 14B

His Most Gracious Majesty William the Fourth

From the original painting by Hy. Dawe, Esq.

Hail **THE KING!**

There will be no regrets tomorrow if you go along with King William V. O. P. today. Here is a mellow old Scotch whisky that will agree with you. Call for it in the cafes and serve it in your home. The price is only a little more and you'll respect its age. Every case is delivered from an U. S. Customs bonded warehouse. Sole U. S. Distributor, Bluebell Importing Corporation, Graybar Building, New York.

KING WILLIAM IV

V·O·P

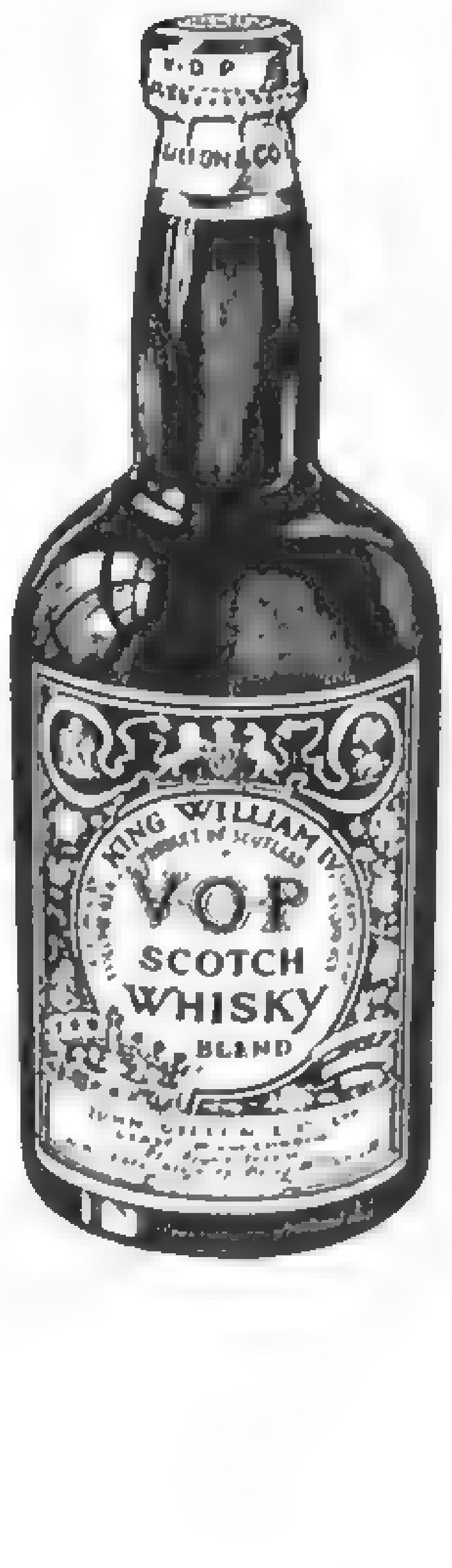
SCOTCH WHISKY

JOHN GILLON & CO., LTD., Established 1817

GLASGOW and LONDON

By Appointment to His Late Majesty, King William IV

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful



Do You Blame the Laundry When Your Shirts Shrink?

The laundry is not guilty! Even when you buy your shirts uncomfortably large to start with, your laundry can't help it if your collar grows tighter and your sleeves grow shorter every time they're washed—the cloth was only partially shrunk before it was made into a shirt.

There is only one way to be certain that when you buy a shirt to fit, it will continue to fit, wash after wash. That is to buy shirts made from fabrics completely shrunk . . . Sanforized-shrunk. Shirts marked Sanforized-shrunk, sold by good stores everywhere, will not shrink out of fit.

Play safe. Look on the label for the words . . .

Sanforized-Shrunk

40 WORTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

ALL AMERICA loves a Winner

Everybody in Canada knows "The Man from Carling's." You, too, should know him well. Look for him—and his horse on the Carling label.

Rich creamy favorite of *Canada*, now brewed in *the United States*

REAL CANADIAN ALE—at its best! Ale that makes you think of old inns—blazing logs—the hunt club on a frosty morning. Ale that sets the gypsy blood astir and takes you a million miles from dull care.

There's something about it that gets you—a zest—a tang—a smooth delight. A little touch of adventure, too. For they do say it has plenty of get-up-and-go.

Here's an ale with a celebrated reputation—a sterling quality—a distinctive flavor, that has made it a favorite among hundreds of thousands of people who *know* ales. For Carling's is a name to conjure with in Canada.

Now Carling's famous Red Cap Canadian Ale is produced in the United States in a plant that is *new, modern, scrupulously clean*—the largest brewery in the country devoted exclusively to making ale.

And it is brewed here *under the direction of Carling Breweries, Ltd., of London, Canada, brewers of fine ales since 1840.* Made of the finest selected hops, malt, rice. Then carefully and properly aged—the way good ale must be.

Try Carling's. You'll find it at all the better places. We know you'll like it.

Because your Carling's Ale is brewed in this country, there is no import duty added to the price

CARLING'S Canadian Ale
(*RED CAP*)

CARLING'S
CARLING'S
Red Cap
CANADIAN

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA • CLEVELAND, OHIO

Wholly owned subsidiary of the Peerless Corporation

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HO-HO-HE'S—TEE-HEE—TWO RIOTS

You do publish the best stories and the best humor of any magazine that I know of. And your Men's Style Department is really the 'kick' of the 'four bits spent'. When I look at some of those characters—tee hee—and the suits that you drape them in—hee-hee—I go into hysterics. The faces —ho ho—these guys have, their eyes, mustaches—haw haw—are just too damn funny for words. You should hear the lumberjacks in the bunkhouses laugh when I show these latest creations to them. You'd just die laughing at these fellows. Whoever draws these cartoons must be a kick. If he should ever come up on the Olympic Peninsula (NW corner of the State of Washington) have him look me up, I'd like to meet him. He must be a regular riot. I'll take him cougar hunting or anything he wants to do. Or better still we'll go weasel hunting and then he can get more characters for his cartoons. I'll also show him a storeroom full of old discarded logging camp blankets we have here and, PRESTO, an idea for another suit.

Carlsborg, Wash. John E. Soderberg

THIS IS FUNDAMENTALLY SOUND

There were some mighty good stories in your last number. Komroff did a good job in writing his "A Pretty Good Shot." Another good number was "Jungle Table d'hote." That Dubois fellow must be sort of heathen himself like his black natives where he says that he felt like a cannibal in feasting on one of OUR cousins, a monkey. Where does he get that OUR stuff? Otherwise his story is okay. He knows his stuff. Give us more of it, but as to that monkey cousin of his he better hunt up a Bible and read up on the story of Adam and Eve.

Yours for Esquire,
Cheyenne, Wyoming J. T. Creelon

HUNTING AND HORSES IN OCTOBER

Being an ardent, enthusiastic reader of the first American magazine with a continental atmosphere, which has a real man's flavor, free from advertisements of women's lingerie and all the things we already know about, may I offer a friendly comment?

All men like the country, be they bachelors, as myself, or married and living in a sumptuous urban atmosphere and desirous of a change from the machine life of the city, bridge games and false affected life; where the Jones outlive the Smiths but dodge the sheriff at every turn. Where are your country sport articles, fishing, hunting, horses, dogs, and the wonder of the woods? To read such restive articles makes one forget the administration, professors, the high price of whiskey, other men's wives, and the stock market.

Of course you cannot be a "Jack of all trades" but please give us more of real men's sport, the country and the sincere life of the woods.

Very truly yours,
Hartford County, Conn. Robert L. Allyn

ADD ASHE CHARACTER WITNESSES

Short stories are generally an abomination, but the rating of Esquire's is high. Particularly appreciated are those by Harry Ashe; they have the flavor of the graphic crispness and vitality of Joseph Moncure March and James Cain. Even the lay-reader must recognize that Ashe writes from the tenseness of actual experience in his subject; perhaps to us, the recognition of that reality is more assured, because it was he who taught my husband to fly. We are familiar with the origin of incidents and characters which he depicts, and we get a maximum of enjoyment from his work.

Wish you'd get after Ralph Bandini for more stories of deep sea fishing; those are a different matter, delivered straight from the shoulder of keen experience. The Hemingways of the world may write a few novels that are screaming successes, but for the luvagawd don't make us snatch at the troll-line of his travels. It takes a much more casual person to be an interesting traveller.

Sincerely Esquirian,
Los Angeles, Calif. Mrs. Doug Shearer

NO CREDIT TO OSCAR WILDE?

Been buying your magazine for quite a spell now. So, liking to toss off opinions, am taking your July number as the subject for much hallelujah (tempered with a little hectoring).

Have to admit I'm getting a bit weary of the popeyed figurines on your cover. Vanity Fair has you skun a mile on covers. And I guess I'll have to pass up sports entirely, me being no longer of the sophomoric brigade who delight in maulers, pellet-pushers or indeed any form of exercise more enervating than eyebrow-lifting. Thumb the nose at a few of your Illini. Most of them live up to their reputations but you still show a somewhat unaccountable taste for cheeses.

Assets: The Fitzgeralds' delightfully inconsequent patter. They surely know how to maul the old typewriter. More of 'em. Rockwell Kent: a great lad with a great heart. Would be an artist in any metier. A few high-pitched notes in his writing but enthusiasm is to be preferred to the oilily urbane or determinedly cynical. Maurois, knocking out one of the most original ideas ever I ran across. Bertrand Russell with his splendid summary of the changed centre of gravity in our social order. Moving little tale by Arnold Zweig. William March's ironical story. His sentences often slowed down in effectiveness because of their length. Suggest he cultivate more brevity. Gilbert Seldes, though he seems over-impressed with Lardner. Lardner okay in a single genre but he lacks variety. One of the best cynical stories I ever read was William Barth's. The cynicism rang pretty hollow, at times, which I suspect was what he was aiming for. D'Agostino's pathetic review of the defeated. He is a talented young writer but not up to Saroyan, a STORY contrib. Jimmy Charters' kind of drinking. Too bad our He-men can't learn something from him. Thomas Wood: the entertaining article at its best.

Liabilities: Earnest Hemingway being just too masculine for words. Oh sure, "any good man would rather take chances any day with his life than his livelihood." And Earnest Boyd. "Ain't it the truth," I ask myself, "that the importance of being Earnest is considerably overrated?" Then there's that little Gregory Mason practically ruining one or two pages of your magazine. And that Big Shot, Pirandello, making me yawn my head off. Oh, yes: there's that Lord Dunsany too. Pretty near forgot him. Suppose I ought to take my shoes off and step piously about in the presence of the nobility. But somehow ruther he reminds me of the first part of his last name. As for the lifting of the bull, all I can say is that it's just as hard to read. The pipe habit and hobby? Gimme a cigarette.

The rest of this number was mostly good reading. Reasonably entertaining or informing. All, that is, except that Knight person. And Him?—terrible. Grand clowning in the foot-notes, though.

General impression: A first class magazine with, as I see it, but two outstanding faults: 1. An inclination to boost mannishness instead of—as many of us would prefer—booting it. 2. An over-estimation of the modern spirit as predominantly cynical, defeatist and static. Much that is entertaining in destructive commentary. Much that is salutary. But people who think at all, and there is a very fair percentage of these among Esquire's readers, are perfectly cognizant that the world *do* move. That despite our faulty senses and much muddling about, we arrive at nearer and nearer approximates to the truth. Even though that "truth" be purely relative, as far as we are concerned. So while it's great to laugh and to be afforded opportunities for laughter, how about not concentrating on it too exclusively? You might level off a few of the depressions in Esquire by giving us something from the scientific world. Just a lee-tle more faith, say, in reader-mentality.

Yours, etc.,
South Bristol, Maine McKelden Smith

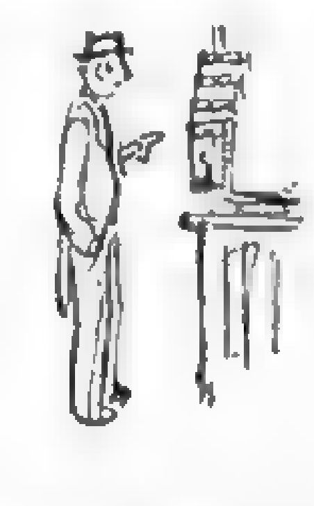
CAN'T CATCH UP IN ONE EVENING

Esquire—I have greatly enjoyed the magazine but wish it had been kept a quarterly—I'm three months behind in reading the magazines now, but hope to catch up one of these evenings. I have wished, too, that it weren't quite so large since it so richly deserves to be kept permanently, and in its present form presents quite a problem to one in a small apartment whose books must every once in a while be packed for a move. However, I can't expect you to please everyone and so, luck to you. I'm sure I'll continue to be one of your enthusiastic readers, but I'm still wondering wistfully how I'll keep my Esquires.

Houston, Texas J. B. Prickett

A BARGAIN WITH ENGLAND

May an Englishman dare to push his Anglican nose into your "Sound and Fury" column (sounds like war debts, that title does).



Just as you in U. S. A. probably get a laugh from reading our "Old World" type of "dry-as-dust" humor, so we in England get quite a kick out of your New World jokes. But never have I seen a magazine so consistently and efficiently cater for tastes in at least two countries as does Esquire.

The book-stall gets three good English shillings of mine every month in return for parting with a nice, clean copy of your publication, and why not? It takes Esquire to give me tales of my home-town, Nottingham, in D. H. Lawrence's "Strike Pay" and Louis Golding's "Bendigo and William Caunt" in your June and May issues.

England may owe the U. S. A. a helluva lot of cash whether it's in dollars or pounds, but why keep on adding to our debt by sending us Esquire?

See here, I'll make a bargain with you, you keep on publishing it and I'll keep on buying it, and I bet you'll fall down first.

And now, because you expect it of me as an Englishman,

Cheerio,
Nottingham, England David I. Herbert

NO ENCYCLOPAEDIA, TOO

What! No premiums? No ash trays—coupons (good for God knows what) no lighters? Couldn't even find an offer of a "club" deal or a special rate to old grads in your notice of June 21, informing me of the demise of my original subscription as of the August issue. How come? How the devil do you expect to continue?

Well the hell with you, here's my five and let the postman keep coming. Sure, I've been with you from the start and I've liked the show. Certainly, you could improve but haven't you? Even the noble wops couldn't build Rome in a day, they tell me.

I enjoy your Sound & Hammer (pardon, Fury), possibly most of all, because I never realized men were quite so narrow, but they may be, they are just big boys and can't grow up. Anyone after all can criticize but few build up. You should fret over that one. Some of the boys will still find the "Ladies' Home Journal" and "Youth's Companion" willing to take their dough.

Regarding some of your narrow-minded advertisers, I might add that I go a bit out of my way to buy from 'em. Why? Because after all don't they sorta help you bring me a better magazine?

Los Angeles, California James H. McQuiston

NOT YET, BUT WE HAVE HOPES

For the sake of any of your readers who may happen to be in Nice this summer you should have been a bit more careful about publishing Mr. Morse's article "You've Got to Have a System" (July). That Mr. Morse and Carl lasted as long as they did before being cleaned out may be attributed to luck.

Let's consider the chance of running thru their list of 38 bets without winning once. Now in *boule* there are 9 numbers. Thus the chance that any given number turns up on any one throw is one in nine: that it doesn't, eight in nine. The probability that it does not turn up on the next throw is also 8/9. The probability that a given number will not turn up in two successive throws is the product of the probabilities or 64/81. The probability that it won't turn up in 38 throws is $(8/9)^{38}$. Your log tables will show you that that is 0.0114. Or otherwise put, there is one chance in 88 that one will play 38 consecutive times without winning.

Now Mr. Morse's table shows that in this case one loses 1020 francs. Or *on the average* one sustains a loss of 1020 francs once out of 88 times one carries thru the system. What about the other 87? They are all wins. But it must be observed that 72.6% (easily calculated) of the wins will fall within the first eleven bets which give a relatively low yield. The average net win is about six francs or for 87 wins a total, say, of 520 francs.

On 87 out of 88 tries one wins a total of 520 francs. On the other, one loses 1020. Say, are you in the pay of the Nice gambling syndicate?

Annapolis, Md. Robert L. Burwell, Jr.

Continued on page 166

Chicago HAS SPOKEN

THE depression, admittedly, did *some* good—it at least revealed where weakness existed and where strength existed. Many a false claim fell under the merciless lash of necessity. Like a sea captain in a storm, the people barked out orders against which there was no appeal. Only what people had to have and a few forgivable luxuries were saved—everything else went. If people *couldn't* do without what you had to sell—fine! But if they *could* get along without your product—you suffered.

●

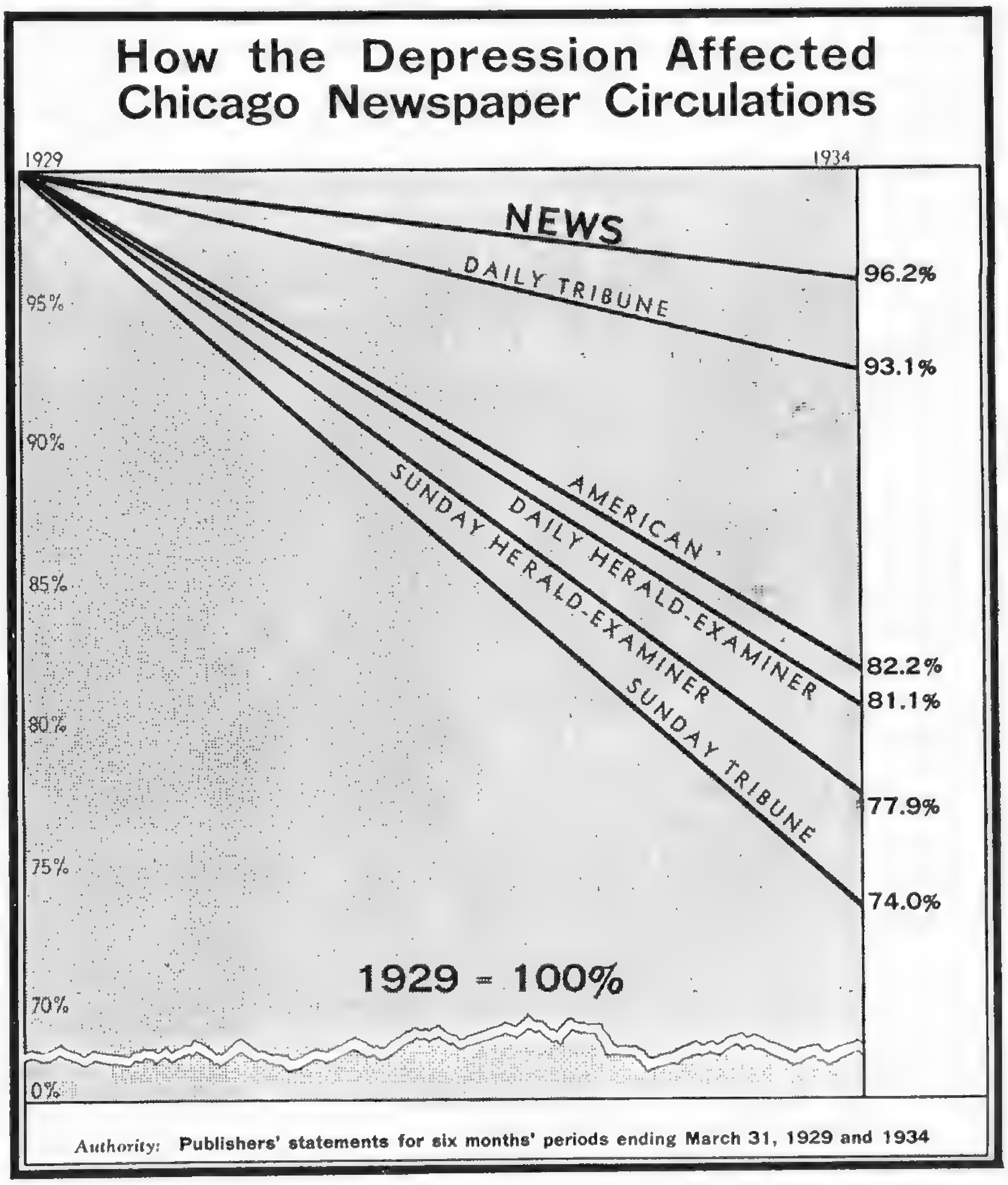
Here is how various Chicago newspapers fared during the depression period from 1929 to 1934:

- **—The Chicago Sunday Tribune lost 26% of its circulation**
- **—The Sunday Herald and Examiner, 22.1%**
- **—The Daily Herald and Examiner, 18.9%**
- **—The Evening American, 17.8%**
- **—The Chicago Daily Tribune, 6.9%**
- **—THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS CIRCULATION FELL OFF ONLY 3.8% . . . the least percentage of decrease sustained by any Chicago newspaper . . . daily or Sunday**

●

We leave the deductions entirely to the intelligence of the advertising fraternity. Study this chart and see for yourself which one of Chicago's newspapers stands highest in the esteem of the people and which group of readers, under the test, showed greatest stability and constancy. *Isn't that the sort of people you want for customers?*

How the Depression Affected Chicago Newspaper Circulations



Authority: Publishers' statements for six months' periods ending March 31, 1929 and 1934

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

-Chicago's Home Newspaper

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., National Advertising Representatives, NEW YORK ... CHICAGO ... PHILADELPHIA ... DETROIT ... SAN FRANCISCO

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Edwin Balmer

Edwin Balmer is an ex-Chicagoan, who began his career as a reporter on the Chicago Tribune some thirty years ago and has since been a contributor to many of the leading magazines and the editor of several. He has been editor of Redbook and Bluebook since 1927. He is the author of fourteen novels, four of which were written in collaboration with William MacHarg. His latest book is *Golden Hoard*, written with Philip Wylie, announced for publication August 4.

•

Theodore Dreiser's *Address to Caliban* on page 20 may come as a rude discord to Chicago ears that have become attuned to the serenade of praise that has been addressed to their city since the beginning of the World's Fair. It is to be hoped, however, that this will provoke an immediate answer in words, if not the ultimate answer in deeds.

•

Rockwell Kent and his thirteen year old son, Gordon, have sailed for Greenland, where they will spend the next two years. Mr. Kent took along a number of tear sheets of his paintings which were reproduced in color in the July, August and September issues of Esquire, planning to give them to his Eskimo friends, whom he describes as "a picture-loving people."

•

This month's mention of **Ernest Hemingway**, whose (highly recommended) contribution is *Defense of Dirty Words*, on page 19, must take the form of a defense of typographical errors. We have made bulls in following the Hemingway copy for two months in a row. In July, on page 94, we spoiled one of the best sentences in *Notes on Dangerous Game*, by making the copy read: "bull" when it should have read "buff." Like this: "when we caught the buff in the open and had two down and the third buff with four solids in him going at that same gallop, all one solid piece, the neck a part of the shoulders, dusty black and the horns blacker, the head not tossing in the gallop." The real bad one, though, was in the August issue, on page 158, where we printed "live" for "tire." That made no sense to anybody, and least of all to a fisherman. Here's the way it should have been: "The real black marlin are all old fish. You can see it in the quality of the flesh, the coarseness of the bill, and, above all in fighting them, in the way they tire." If bad handwriting, as we have frequently suspected, is one of the certain signs of a good writer, then Mr. Hemingway is just the best.

•

Francis Fuhr, whose story *The Making of a Saint*, on page 24, is one of the prime *musts* of this issue, says: "I was born in the great state of Kansas, 35 years ago, at a place called Meade. Son of a country editor. I have never been a hobo, book agent, boxer, peddler, nor any of the assorted occupations listed in most biographical notes. However, I have been a soldier. Fought for my country, during World War, on the campus of the University of Kansas, in the S. A. T. C. There I met a co-ed. Since then I have had to work. Now hanging onto a job in the advertising department of the Wilkes-Barre Record."

Westbrook Pegler has finally delivered, for September, the article that he has been telling us was "practically finished" every couple of weeks since last February. You'll find it on page 23. Maybe we can get another one out of him by next summer. We wish he would use his phrase "the era of wonderful nonsense" as a book title, and write a book to go with it. Perhaps-if some enterprising publisher would sign him up to that effect, the volume might be achieved by 1940. It would be worth waiting for, too. Alfred A. Knopf, please note.

•

John Groth is back from Russia. His Russian portfolio will appear in the October and November issues. The title of his drawings on page 25 means, in case you're wondering, July 1, 1934, and not January 7, as the American style of writing dates would make it.

•

Harpo Marx has been known, until now, as the silent one of the four Marx brothers. On page 34, however, he lets you see that his stage dumbness is as false as his red wig.

•

Joseph Schrank speaks French well and writes it badly. We do just the opposite as, we suspect, do nine out of ten of the hundreds who write in to point out errors in his French.

Lawton Mackall

Introducing **Mr. Lawton Mackall** (see map above) whose unpronounceable name, preceded by "by" has figured in about 50 magazines here and abroad (incl. the Scandinavian), in upwards of 100 newspapers, on Broadway, on the screen, in published music, in books, and on the radio. We give him to you (and well we may, he says, since no literary school will claim him) as a deserving drinker who in odd moments has committed practically every form of authorship and yet come out comparatively unscathed, unclassified, and unscotched. We are charging him for this understatement in his praise at the very modest rate of 50c a line, the same to apply on a swig of the hundred-year-old port that he writes about, in English for Americans, on page 48.

•

If you haven't read *The Great Emancipator* by **Herb Graffis**, stop fooling around with this page now and get over on page 38. If we had a five-star stamp of special recommendation, we'd use it twice in this case.

•

The newest book by **Langston Hughes** is *The Ways of White Folks*, a volume of short stories issued early this summer by Knopf, which contains, along with twelve other stories, *A Good Job Gone* and *The Folks At Home*, published in the April and May issues, respectively, and violently discussed both before and since.

The **D. H. Lawrence** story on page 42 is, so far as we know, the last of his previously unpublished short fiction. It will be published in England next month.

•

Walter R. Brooks says: "I think a great many people write stories because they like the clean click of the keys and the long straight lines of type. Some of my friends said they couldn't see any other reason for my writing them. They said my stories were not good stories. I pointed out that my typewriter was not a good typewriter. It was a second-hand machine, old and rheumatic, and it couldn't stand excitement. If the heroine hugged the hero, or if there was a loud knock on the outer door at midnight, it would stick tight or else run off the track and have to be sent down to the repair man. Meanwhile the spontaneity of the situation evaporated. It was not until I bought a brand new machine that my stories began to sell.

"I am fond of cats, cigarettes and old ladies, but my tastes are catholic, and I have no rooted dislike for dogs, cigars and young ladies. The four things I really dislike are sweetbreads, spiritualistic seances, cold weather and work.

"My only hobby is languages. I like to learn a new one every two or three years. I can read six now, but my typewriter is not so talented, and is still struggling with English."

•

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, a minister's son, hails from Pike County, Missouri. He was a crack reporter on the St. Louis Post Dispatch until he began selling short stories in such abundance that a salaried job stood in the way of his making lots of money. He has written three novels and three plays, two of the latter to be produced this fall, and a hundred short stories, from which a number of motion pictures have been made.

•

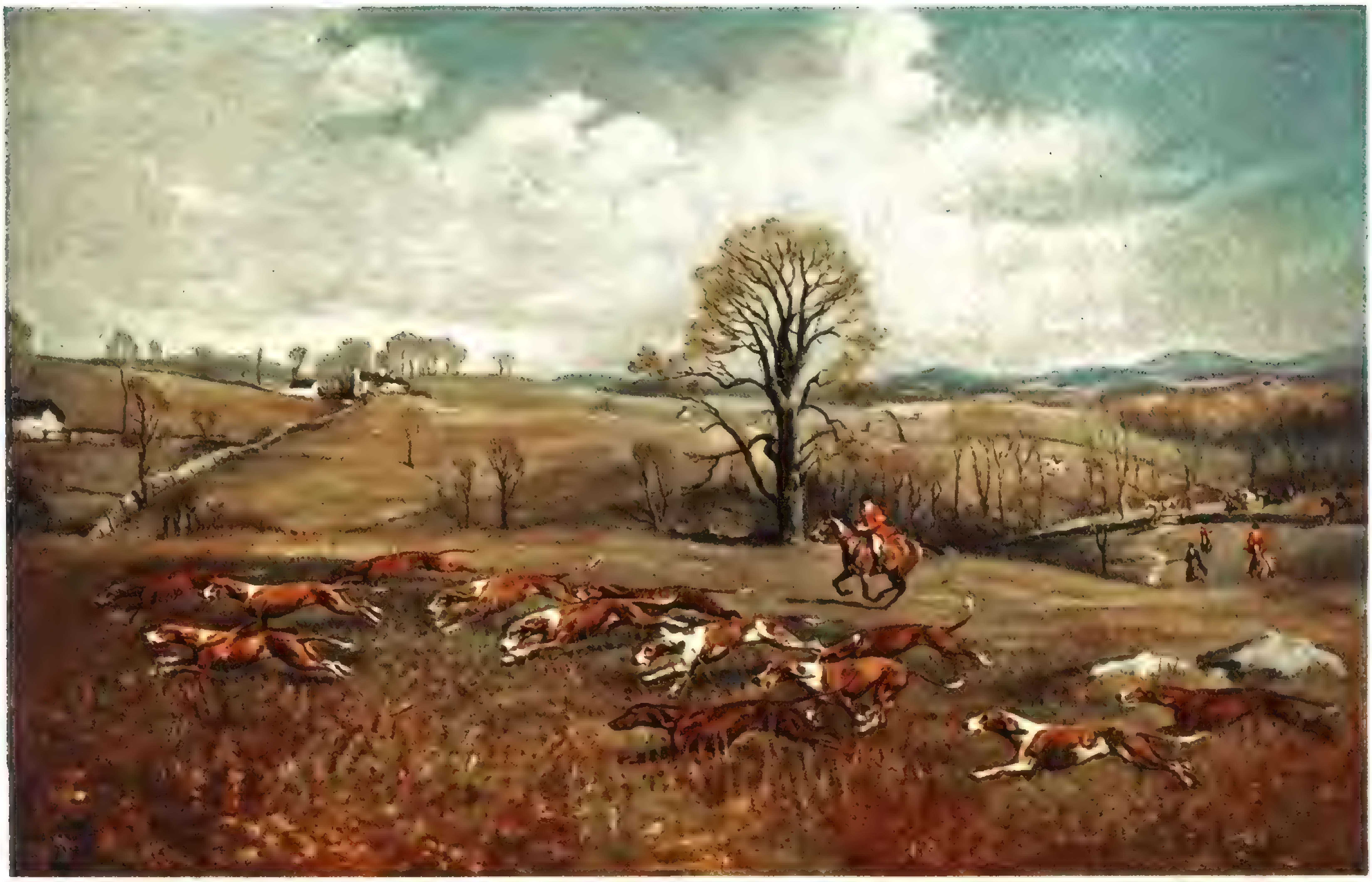
Discovery of the Month is **Robert Carson**, whose first acceptance in the field of fiction is represented by *Let Freedom Ring*, which appears on page 59 of this issue. He lives in Los Angeles, is very young and very ambitious and, speaking of his appearance in Esquire as "having once tasted blood" promises to bombard us (and he hopes you) with stories in the months to come.

•

Archie Binns comes of a long line of sailors. At eighteen he joined the lightship off Umatilla Reef, near Cape Flattery, Washington, leaving it after nine months to go to sea. He was graduated from Stanford University, after six years alternating at university and at sea. He left the S. S. Ecuador in New York in 1923. Since then he has been writing and doing editorial work. His new novel *Lightship*, reviewed by **Burton Rascoe** in this issue, is to be published by Reynal & Hitchcock August 23. It will also be published in England by Faber & Faber late in September.

Continued on page 17

Archie Binns



"GONE AWAY ACROSS THE BLUE GRASS." MR. JOSEPH B. THOMAS' FOX HOUNDS IN THE VIRGINIA PIEDMONT COUNTRY.

The WHISKEY *of the* LEADING HUNT CLUBS

Say **Seagram's** *and be sure*

DISTILLERS SINCE 1857

Also distillers of Seagram's Celebrated London Dry Gin

In the rolling Virginia country they sip Seagram's Ancient Bottle Rye. In the Blue Grass of Kentucky they cheer for Seagram's Bourbon. At the famous Massachusetts hunts they praise the mellowness of Seagram's V. O. and Seagram's "83." Wherever gentlemen gather to enjoy good sport and the pleasure of congenial companions, Seagram's is the favorite.

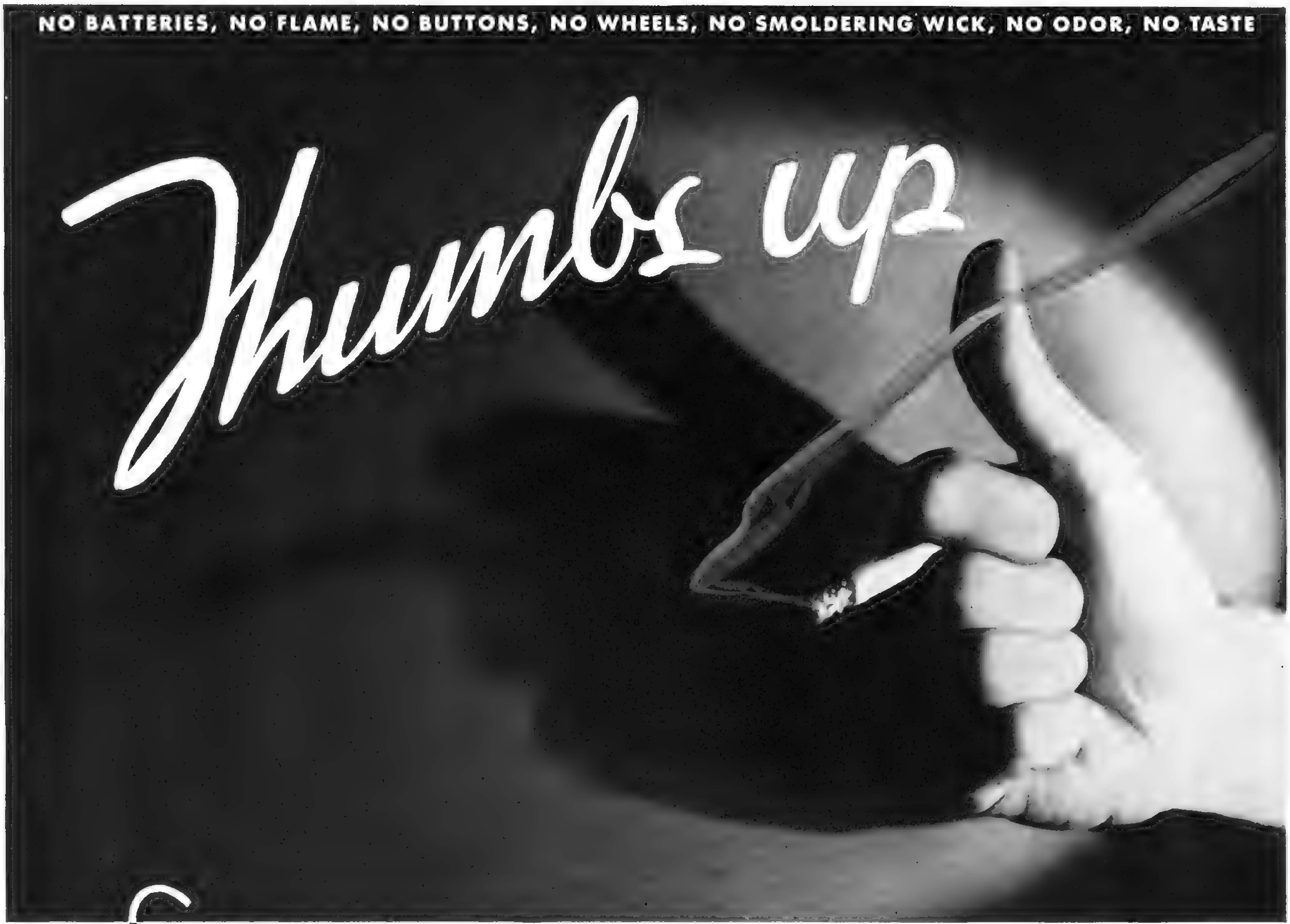
For today, when stocks of well-aged whiskies are running low, men who choose whiskey as carefully as they do a hunter or a hound have found the perfect answer in Seagram's. Seagram's bottled-in-bond whiskies come to you from *the world's largest treasure* of fully aged Ryes and Bourbons. They have been distilled in the best tradition of fine American whiskies. Every drop is at least five years old.

At your club or in your home...say "Seagram's"– serve Seagram's to your guests. For, as men who know good whiskey have learned . . . today, tomorrow and next year you can "Say Seagram's and Be Sure."

FAMOUS SEAGRAM BRANDS: SEAGRAM'S V. O. • SEAGRAM'S "83" • SEAGRAM'S BOURBON • "ANCIENT BOTTLE" RYE • PEDIGREE RYE & BOURBON

Bottled in Bond from the World's Largest Treasure of Fully Aged Rye and Bourbon Whiskies

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.


NO BATTERIES, NO FLAME, NO BUTTONS, NO WHEELS, NO SMOLDERING WICK, NO ODOR, NO TASTE
Thumbs up

SINCE the days of old Rome, when Nero in his arena-side seat lifted his thumb, this digital gesture has signified "approval". Today, American thumbs are pointing upwards in fast-increasing numbers in approval of the new flameless lighter—LEKTROLITE. Speaking of thumbs, take a look at your own, you cigarette smokers! Look at your teeth, too! Are they stained a yellowish brown from your tobacco smoke? Join the smarter ring-side crowd, who have done away with stained finger-tips and teeth by saying "Thumbs up for LEKTROLITE". It has been discovered by extensive laboratory tests that when a cigarette is lighted with a flame (almost 2000 degrees F.) staining tars are produced by the first puff. These are drawn back in the cigarette where they are condensed and re-vaporized as the cigarette burns. But low-temperature tars, which are formed when a cigarette is lighted "flamelessly", either by contact with the glowing tip of another cigarette or by contact with the flameless LEKTROLITE, are soluble and leave no permanent stain. With the LEKTROLITE you need never be ashamed of your thumbs, and you will find harsh throat irritation ceasing—no matter which cigarette you use. No wonder we say "Thumbs Up"!

More about the LEKTROLITE lighter, in case you aren't already familiar with its mysterious performance, before we tell you about the novel "Nose-Bite Test". No smudged fingers because there is no dirty flint. No scorched brows or eyelashes because there is no flame. Instant light without effort on your part in any weather, be it wet or windy. Operates with equal ease in the strongest breeze, for there is no flame to blow out. Simply remove the cap, touch lighter to the cigarette tip, puff and there is your light. No buttons, no flint, no wheels, no flame, no smoldering wick, no odor, no taste! LEKTROLITE has two smaller brothers, GLOLITE and GLOLITE MIDGET, each performing their parallel duties with the same precision at a more modest purchasing price.

LEKTROLITE $5 AND UP —Sold at all finer stores. In fine metal and enamel finish; also sterling silver and 14 kt. gold models up to $300.

★

GLOLITE $2.50—Sold at all finer stores.

★

GLOLITE MIDGET $1.00 —All Glolite models in meerschaum finish Plascon in colors. This model also sold at all golf clubs.

Light without Flame
Touch cigarette to the lighter's tip—puff and smoke . . . that's all.

CLIP THIS COUPON NOW!

For sale at your favorite haberdasher, druggist, golf club, jeweler or direct from:
PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Enclosed find $______ for which send me No.______
GLOLITE MIDGET GLOLITE LEKTROLITE
MY DEALER'S NAME IS______
MY NAME______
ADDRESS______
CITY______ STATE______

HERE'S A MATCHLESS GIFT FOR ANY CIGARETTE SMOKER ★ ★ ★

YOUR NOSE ALSO KNOWS

Now for the "Nose-Bite Test". Light a cigarette with a match, or flame, drawing in a long steady pull and, without inhaling, blow out the smoke through the nose. A smarting and burning sensation is usually experienced. Then light a second cigarette from the glowing end of the first,—or from a LEKTROLITE flameless lighter, and make the same test. In this case, the "bite" is gone.

THE PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO., 521 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED UNDER LEKTROLITE PATENTS

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 14D

Carlton Brown says: "I was born on December 24, 1912. Attended elementary schools in Rio de Janeiro and New York. After three years in preparatory school, I decided that I'd had enough of formal education. I have traveled in Brazil, France, Italy, China, Japan, Africa, Corsica, Sardinia, Martinique, and Dominica, partly in the company of my father, Bob Brown, and partly by the hitch-hike method. Spent a year and a half in the south of France. I have worked as a bartender, bellhop, commercial artist, press agent, reporter, ghost writer, and salesman, among other things. I have had stories printed in This Quarter, The Boulevardier, Story, The American Mercury, Americana, Rob Wagner's Script, and many of the little magazines. I am married and about to become a father. I'm spending the summer in Woodstock, working on a novel and short stories."

Gus Berkes

Gus Berkes, by whom you will find no story nor article on any page, nor any picture either, is presented here because he is the David who, with pastepot, scissors and sliderule, slew the Goliath of continuity problems that had us talking to ourselves for the first five or six issues of Esquire. It is now two months since anybody has beefed about the manner in which our stories and articles are carried over into the back pages, so we feel that it is now both safe and seemly for him to come out front and take a bow. The Philadelphia columnist who used to explain the occasional nonappearance of his copy by saying that he was out hunting for the end of an Esquire story has apparently lost his best alibi.

•

Joseph Fulling Fishman was for eleven years the only inspector of prisons for the United States government, traveling approximately one hundred thousand miles a year throughout the United States, Alaska and Porto Rico, investigating every phase of the administration of every kind of penal institution. He is the author of various articles on crime and prison subjects which have appeared in the American Mercury, the Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, the Forum, Vanity Fair, the Herald-Tribune Syndicate and other newspapers and magazines.

•

Jack Morrow has spent sixteen of his forty-three years in the Pacific area as soldier, newspaper editor and student of international problems. As his article on page 76 indicates, he was with the Intelligence Department of the Canadian army in Siberia during the days of inter-Allied occupation.

•

L. A. G. Strong, whose dialogue *Over the Toast*, appears on page 44, is a well-known British writer, the author of several novels, many short stories, poems, and critical essays. His first editions, incidentally, are being grabbed up pretty generally by eager collectors. Among his novels are: *Sea Wall*, *Brothers*, and *The Garden*. He has assembled some of his short stories in a book called *The English Captain*, has done a critical treatise, *Common Sense About Poetry*, and made a compilation of his verse, *Selected Poems*. His latest novel, just brought out in this country by Alfred A. Knopf, is entitled *Corporal Tune*. It was published in England by Golcanz, and has aroused a lot of enthusiasm among English critics. It is a study of the emotions and reactions of a sick man.

Viva
Cuba
G. de Zayas

Wouldn't you like a BACARDI Cocktail as we mix it in Cuba?

CARTA DE ORO
FILADELFIA
1876
Ron
Bacardi Superior
DE
BACARDI Y C.IA
ESTABLECIDOS EN 1862
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
GRADUACION

Then, please, Señor, do it this way:

1 jigger of Bacardi
Juice of half a green lime
1 bar-spoonful granulated sugar
Shake well in cracked ice

If you have been to Cuba, you have tasted *the* Bacardi cocktail. You know how delicious it is. And you may have wondered, perhaps, why so often you order a Bacardi cocktail in this country and find it—delightful, yes—but different perhaps from what you have remembered. Well, then, here is the Cuban way. So now you can treat your guests to the real, true Bacardi cocktail that every visitor from Cuba has always talked about.

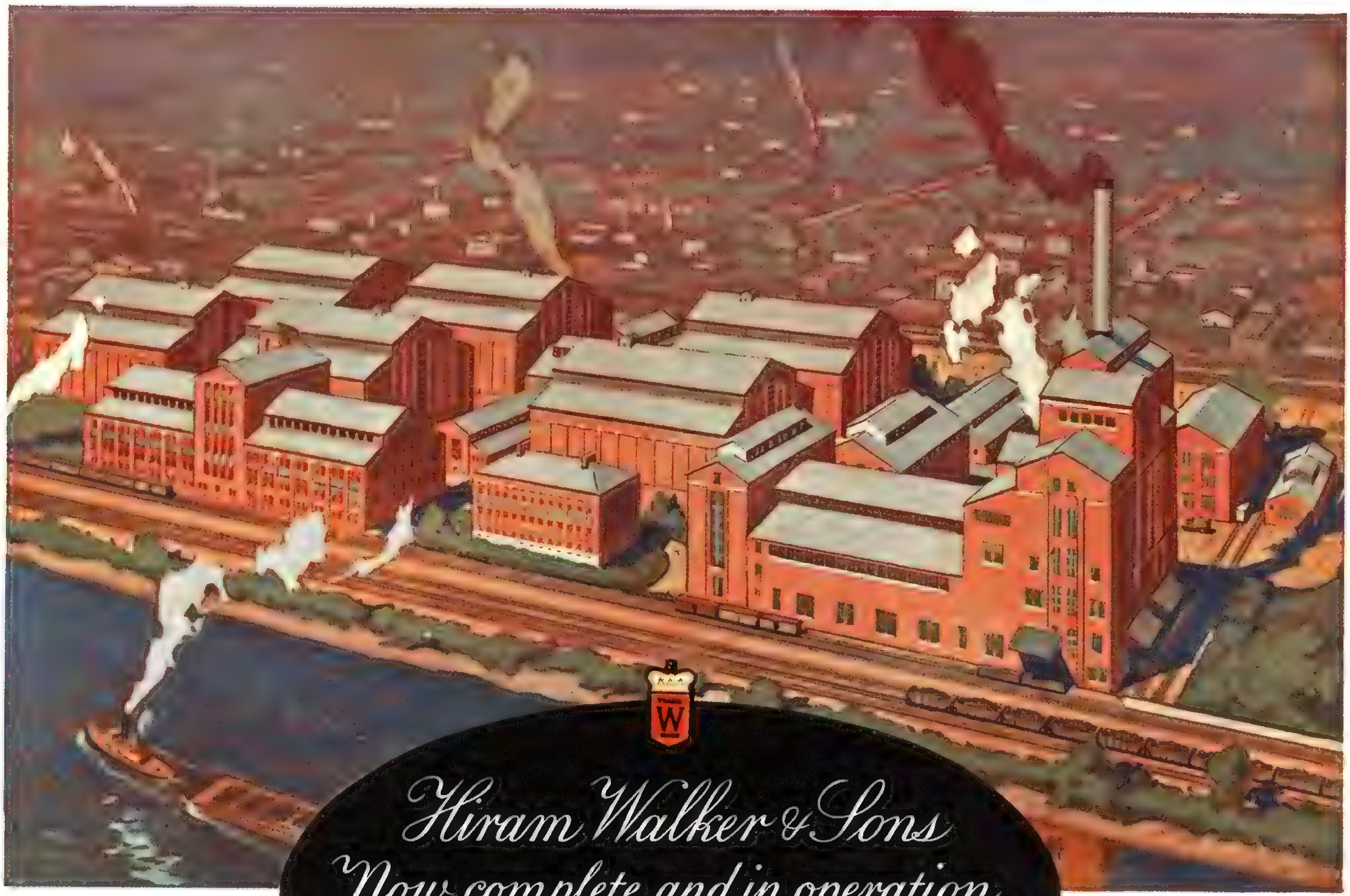
A Schenley
IMPORTATION

BACARDI

Copyright, 1934, Schenley Import Corp.

SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., SOLE AGENT IN THE UNITED STATES FOR COMPAÑIA RON BACARDI, S.A.

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful



Hiram Walker & Sons

Now complete and in operation

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST MODERN DISTILLERY

From the moment that Hiram Walker & Sons decided to build a distillery in the United States, no trouble or expense was spared to add the most modern innovations of the distiller's art to the 75-year skill and experience of this famous old house.

It was natural that this new distillery should be the largest in the world—the great demand in America for Hiram Walker products made this necessary. And with due regard for Hiram Walker's reputation, as well as for the obligations it imposed, this new distillery is thoroughly modern architecturally, and equipped with the newest and most modern distilling and bottling machinery. Every modern means is employed to safeguard the traditional quality and purity that have so long been associated with the Hiram Walker name.

Located at Peoria, Illinois, covering 22 acres of ground; cost, $5,000,000.00; daily capacity, 100,000 gallons; 24 fermenting tanks with capacity of 120,000 gallons each; bottling house capacity, 10,000 cases of quarts every 7-hour day.

It is also deeply satisfying to know that the construction of this great distillery not only entailed a very considerable investment in American labor and materials, but also that its continued operation provides work for thousands of American hands—and affords a ready and profitable market for millions of bushels of grain grown by American farmers.

Hiram Walker & Sons of Peoria will continue the sound manufacturing and merchandising policies for which this house has so long been notable throughout the world. Only in that way will this vast new American enterprise render a real and lasting service to the millions of people in this country who know and appreciate really fine liquor.

Be sure to visit the Hiram Walker Exhibit in the "Canadian Club" Cafe at the Century of Progress, Chicago

Hiram Walker & Sons

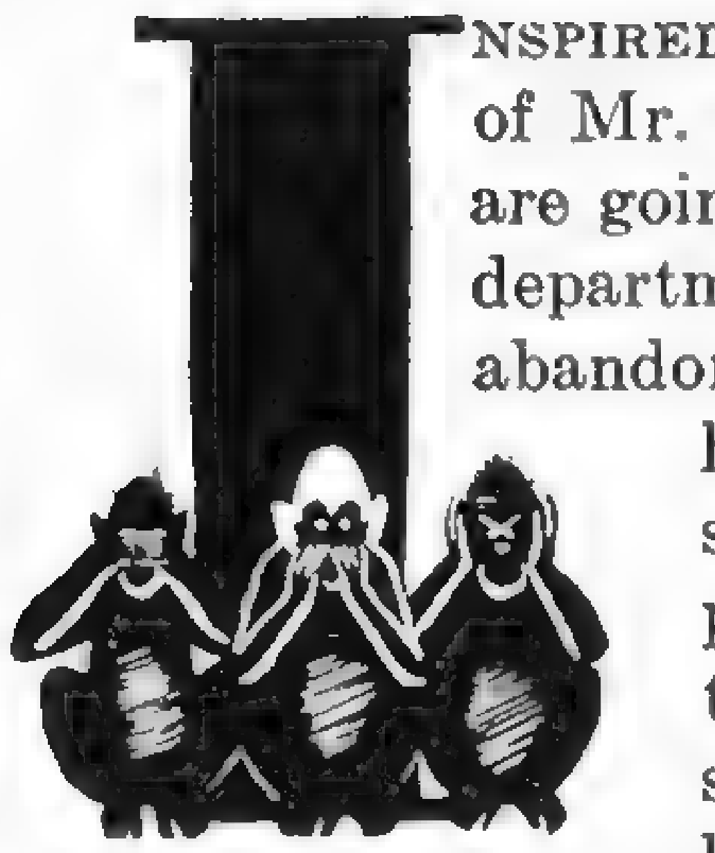
PEORIA, ILLINOIS • WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

Defense of Dirty Words

A Cuban Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY



INSPIRED by reading a column of Mr. Westbrook Pegler we are going to try to keep this department clean. Since it has abandoned, temporarily, the higher carnivora, and seems to deal, principally, with the migratory fishes of the gulf stream, this should be fairly easy. It is true that your correspondent has seen the marlin consummating the act of reproduction but since this merely consists in the female marlin heading into the current while the male marlin heads in the opposite direction, and while they are side by side, but with their heads far apart, the female expels the eggs and the male the milt, the male then catching the eggs in the basket-like opening of his gill covers, exactly as the grouper does in breeding, we hope this simple act, though undoubtedly difficult to perform (try it yourself), can be classified as good clean sport and a description of it calculated to raise the tone of the entire magazine.

What seems to have gotten under what used to be our skin before it peeled was a statement by Mr. Pegler that "Ring Lardner never wrote a dirty scene or line or even a dirty word, although he produced some pieces dealing with acts of misconduct by very unpleasant characters."

Now the three subheads on Mr. Pegler's piece are Dirty Trend After War, Not Essential to Success, and Foolish To Try Justification. These are mentioned, not to impute them to Mr. Pegler, who, when he writes about sports, has given your correspondent plenty more entertainment and amusement than your correspondent we are sure could ever give Mr. Pegler, but to explain why your correspondent was aroused.

Ring Lardner has not been dead long enough for anyone more interested in literature than in the personality of his friends to criticise him with the impartial scalpel of the post-mortem examiner. But when it is done, and it will take a finely ground and disinterested scalpel to post him properly, for there were many places which Battle Creek, Michigan and Chicago made difficult to dissect, it will be stated that what kept Ring Lardner from being a great writer was the very thing for which Mr. Pegler praises him in his column.

It was not that he did not care for the human race, any writer would need the breadth of love of an Aimee MacPherson to embrace all classes of it, but he felt superior to the part of it that he knew best. And I am a little afraid that Mr. Pegler is morally superior to it too.

Take the matter of dirty words. I doubt if a day has passed in my life in which I have not heard what Mr. Pegler calls dirty words used. Therefore how could a writer truly record any entire day and not use dirty words?

On certain days and in certain places I have heard almost no sentences which did not contain at least one of the words which both the Latin races and ourselves use in times of stress. The principal one of these words is that uttered by General Cambronne at the battle of Waterloo.

It was a single word and it was spoken instead of that classic phrase "The old guard dies but never surrenders." The general said, "Merde." But that is a word Ring Lardner would not write in English, nor I take it, in admiration for his purity of speech, would Mr. Pegler. And no true idea of war can be conveyed without using the true words, nor can any true pictures of professional sport be given without using the words.

It is true that writing in a daily paper or in a magazine Mr. Lardner was restricted in his use of words. But when a writer publishes a book, he can use whatever words he finds are necessary to the accurate presentation of the people he is writing about if he and his publishers will take the risk.

There is a very definite risk of the book being suppressed, there is a certainty of alienating many readers, and it is inevitable that Mr. Woollcott and Mr. Broun will write something devastating about small boys, back fences and the walls of privies. None of these contingencies is very important.

Now what professional boxers fight for is money. No amateur boxers stay in amateur boxing many years if they are hit much.

The amateurs who stay in as amateurs a long time are those who are hard to hit and who know how to administer lots of punishment. They like it. If they turned professionals they would be hit plenty and would not like it.

Mr. Lardner and Mr. Pegler are both pros. They write for money. Or rather Mr. Lardner did and Mr. Pegler does. But, with the late W. O. McGeehan, they are intellectuals. Otherwise why would they feel superior to other pros because they make their money with their hands? The only way I could explain the late McGeehan's attitude toward prize-fighters was that he felt his particularly offensive brand of superiority toward preliminary fighters because he made more money pounding a typewriter than they did pounding each other; while he hated the headliners because they made more than he.

Mr. Lardner felt superior to them because they were not respectable. I do not know how Mr. Pegler really feels because Mr. Pegler has to be funny once a day, or make it six days a week, the year around and when anyone has to do that it is often difficult to know how he feels exactly about anything, except getting his piece done.

But I respect Mr. Pegler. He is a pro and he was very, very good on the Astor wedding and his offer to take over the publication of the Astor-Gillespie correspondence and put it on a sound basis was top in columning.

But what about this other pro who has just gone down again, a foolish expression on his face (he never saw that one at all), who's shaking his head again, but it won't clear, come on and fight (he's up now), finish the bastard, go on finish the bastard, in the belly Tony, in the belly (down again), shaking his head again, too goofy to take a count, kill the spick of spicks, in the belly Tony, in the belly, bring his hands down, now you got him, oh baby did you see that one (he's down), get up you yellow bas-

Continued on page 158B

An Address to Caliban

A stirring indictment of Chicago, not so much for what it has done as for what it has failed to do

by THEODORE DREISER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Periodically I find it stimulating as well as romantic to return to Chicago. You see, a fair part of my youth was spent there. It was the first great city that I ever entered, and to this day, because of its highly individualized temperament, it remains one of the most arresting and fascinating. It was and is vital, even in these nationally reduced hours. The spread! The strength! The hope of it all!—One feels it keenly on entering. And this latest World's Fair, with its fresh fancy and mental stimulus for all, attests it.

In fact, even as early as 1883 when I first saw it, Chicago's fame had run around the world. The adventurous, practical as well as wishful, were setting out for it from nearly every land—Iceland to Africa. It was a new gold or hope-rush, such as California knew in '49, the Klondike in 1908. Actually in spirit and enthusiasm it was the same. The clangor of the building of it! The plans for its future—wealth, fame, beauty! Jobs were as easy to get then as now they are difficult. Although only thirteen years of age when I first entered it, in one single summer of three months I managed to become by turns a newsboy, a cash boy, an errand boy for a confectionery store. Thereafter I returned to school.

Later and in more experienced days and ways, I observed what might be called the temperamental as well as the mental planning of the future of the city on the part of its politicians, merchants, bankers, educators, newspapers and their organizations. And how vocal they were! The aspirations of all of them! It was to be the biggest and greatest of all our American cities.

And even by that time (1886) it had its North Shore Drive, a minute fragment of what it is today—its Prairie and Michigan Avenues, both now desolate, Prairie Avenue disposed of entirely, I believe, and its packers and magnates and public characters of various sizes and weights—Pullman, Medill, Field, Armour, Altgeld, Yerkes, Harper, McCormick, Palmer, their buildings, homes, plants, lawns, carriage houses. And, of course, there was Lincoln Park and Humboldt, Garfield and Douglas and South and Jackson Parks, already set aside as beauty and for the future use of the growing city, and for the most part connected by roads if not boulevards, in the present sense. And confined within those boulevards, was all of the then Chicago—its South, North and West Sides with their railroad yards, packing plants, steel works and what not. But what is now the Loop had no elevated roads, no electric trolley cars, only a single cable service on the South Side, and for the North and West Sides, horse cars and horse cars only. I saw Yerkes lay his West and North Side cables and later change them to electric.

In 1886 I saw the building of the first Chicago skyscraper, which was called The Home Insurance Building, and stood on the northeast corner of LaSalle and Adams. It was fourteen stories high, I believe, and the first of its kind in America. Then came swiftly and before my very eyes, the Auditorium, the Masonic Temple, and a whole Loop of tall buildings, most of them from sixteen to twenty-two stories and all of them quickly and subsequently to be imitated by New York. And all of that was between 1886 and 1891, when I left. Subsequently for various reasons and at intervals of from three to five years I have had occasion to study and wonder over it—its industry, power, wealth, ideals, if any.

Personally, I knew Carter Harrison the elder, Armour, Yerkes, Marshall Field, Joseph Medill and others. I have noted and even recorded its graft and its gang life. Also its social and aesthetic development—always raw and strong it still manages to lead in many ways—fairs, mail order houses, industrial plants, etc., etc. And it should be, as I see it, so very, very great. For it has what so many American cities have not, beauty of location, convenience of position, virility and health, and all of the force and magnetism that springs from being central and so useful.

But has Chicago made of itself all that it should? Or even a reasonable measure of the same? I have seen it regularly. And always growing—enormously. Yet every time I arrive I am as much depressed as I am electrified and enthused. For with all of its energy and strength and struggle and health, what has it really done? Built a truly beautiful city? Or a truly happy one? I looked about me the last time that I was there and every other time since I left and saw what? Perfect parks? Noble drives? Arresting and inspiring public buildings? A beautiful library? An adequate and beautiful hall of science? Adequate and beautiful if small homes for the many? Cleanly comfortable and architecturally, at least, respectable manufacturing plants or places of labor? And all paying adequate and therefore decent wages? I ask you?

This last time I was there, I walked as well as rode over miles and miles of this great metropolis, North, South, East and West, saw its parks, universities, schools, hospitals, civic buildings, jails, depots, hotels, and of course, the Fair. Its principal wonder and beauty at present is the Fair—that so very gay, original, beautiful and illuminating achievement with its inspirational architecture and its truly splendid mental coördination and representation of the advances and achievements of the human mind to date. In fact, this is a better—more beautiful and more valuable Fair than that of 1893—and that was one of the high-water marks of Western esthetic as well as mental advance.

But apart from that? The Michigan Avenue skyline? Of course. And its foreground of sward, museums and the blue waters of Lake Michigan. Bravo! One of the world's great skylines. But still retaining as I note its unsightly and so irritating and even disgusting railway tracks, with their wheezing and squeaking engines and cars. The bawl of miserable cattle in transit! The clang and crash of bells and cars, in your hotel room! The cinders and smoke arising and floating over all! Yet neither Chicago's civic pride, nor its strength nor its rage has been able as yet to overcome the fierce social indecency of it all.

But, of course, there is the new lake shore front with its lovely lagoons stretching from Evanston to Jackson Park and that is a great thing—one of the civic wonders of the world. Chicago is like that. It can do such things. Yet its bordering boulevards need to be repaired, its busses to be rebuilt and its rattling thundering street cars to be done away with entirely. And worse, Jackson Park with its dried up lagoons! How come? And in Lincoln and Grant Parks the grass and vegetation neglected—when these are such essential parts of Chicago's present physical charm.

But after that what? Well, I saw Chicago's boasted Opera House in Wacker Drive. My word! What a wretchedly planned commercial office building in a back street! And unquestionably planned to do duty as such in case its attempted role as an opera house should prove unprofitable. And yet—touted as beauty—Chicago! Great God!

And next—the new Post Office—the largest in the world—stupendous for size. But as for form! And then as for theatres, a worthy orchestra hall, a hotel of real individuality and beauty—such as the Ambassador of Los Angeles, the Royal Palms at Palm Beach—where? Yet—Chicago has the lake, the land, the wealth, the visitors.

But my quarrel with Chicago is not on these limited grounds, by any means. Far greater and less easily remedied are the charges I have to bring. I charge for instance that not millions but billions in money and products have been made or created in Chicago. You find its beef, its pork, its binders and reapers, its tin cans and Pullman cars, and nails and frogs and switches and steel and what-not nearly all over the world. Also the houses, estates, yachts, cars, museums, and self-laudatory beneficences of those who have profited most by its industry everywhere, but in Chicago. Yerkes built a rare mansion in New York. Pullman at the Thousand Islands, Deering one in Miami and another in France, Field, Leiter, the Morris's in England and elsewhere. You can hear of them and their doings to this day in the fields of lavish expenditure in the outside world. But what of Chicago? Has much — or anything been done for the millions and millions who have lived in, worked and died there since Chicago was founded — worked in its great mills and abattoirs, its railroad yards and mail order houses and farm machinery plants and what-not else?

I call your attention to the vast and shabby and grime stained and smoky and ill-paved and ill-housed regions of the North and South and West Sides, West of Michigan Avenue, the Loop and North Clark Street. Why the region extends almost from Kenosha to the Indiana-Illinois line. And is it wretched and ragged and disheartening? Do I need to insist on it? Also the miles and miles of unnecessary railroad yards with which the region is interlarded and which break this great area into a series of misshapen islands of really miserable homes—those of the workers of the enormous manufacturing plants that are put down anywhere and without the least regard to the comfort and welfare of the thousands and hundreds of thousands who must make their livings in or near them—and by the same token live among them. And the odors of the repulsive stock yards! And the soot from the steel and nail industries, to say nothing of the bleak grey and unlovely lines of them all!

But why? Does not Chicago know that the day of the sprawling railroad yard is over—that all that can now be done on miles and miles of sprawling tracks can just as well be done in a single skyscraper yard with the same mileage of tracks mounted on floors one above the other, and with more convenience and civic beauty for all? New York has taught her that. But no. Fully a fifth of the city, I should judge, is still given to these unsightly and slightly used and all but neglected areas. And all because of what? A habit? Social indifference is the real phrase—"To hell with where you make your money, so long as you spend it in the right places." Is not that the unsocial answer of the dollared and unpatriotic industrialist who does not care how he makes his money or whom he inconveniences—so long as he makes it and does not have to live amid the filth or shabbiness or misery, or all three, which accompany the making process for him?

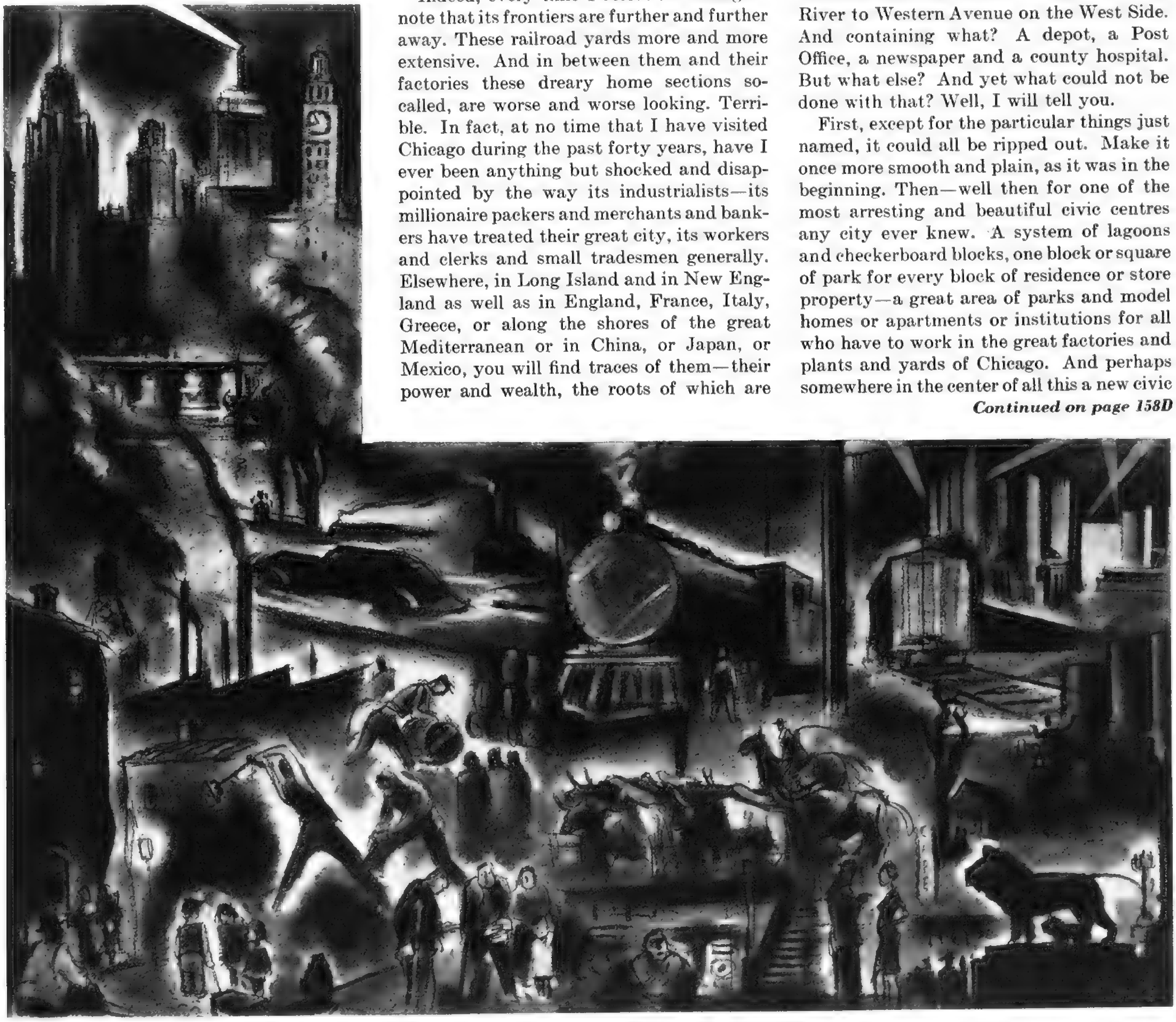
Indeed, every time I arrive in Chicago I note that its frontiers are further and further away. These railroad yards more and more extensive. And in between them and their factories these dreary home sections so-called, are worse and worse looking. Terrible. In fact, at no time that I have visited Chicago during the past forty years, have I ever been anything but shocked and disappointed by the way its industrialists—its millionaire packers and merchants and bankers have treated their great city, its workers and clerks and small tradesmen generally. Elsewhere, in Long Island and in New England as well as in England, France, Italy, Greece, or along the shores of the great Mediterranean or in China, or Japan, or Mexico, you will find traces of them—their power and wealth, the roots of which are still in Chicago, but which elsewhere blossom as estates, mansions, yachts, museums, and gifts of various kinds—yet all provided for by work done in Chicago, by workers of Chicago.

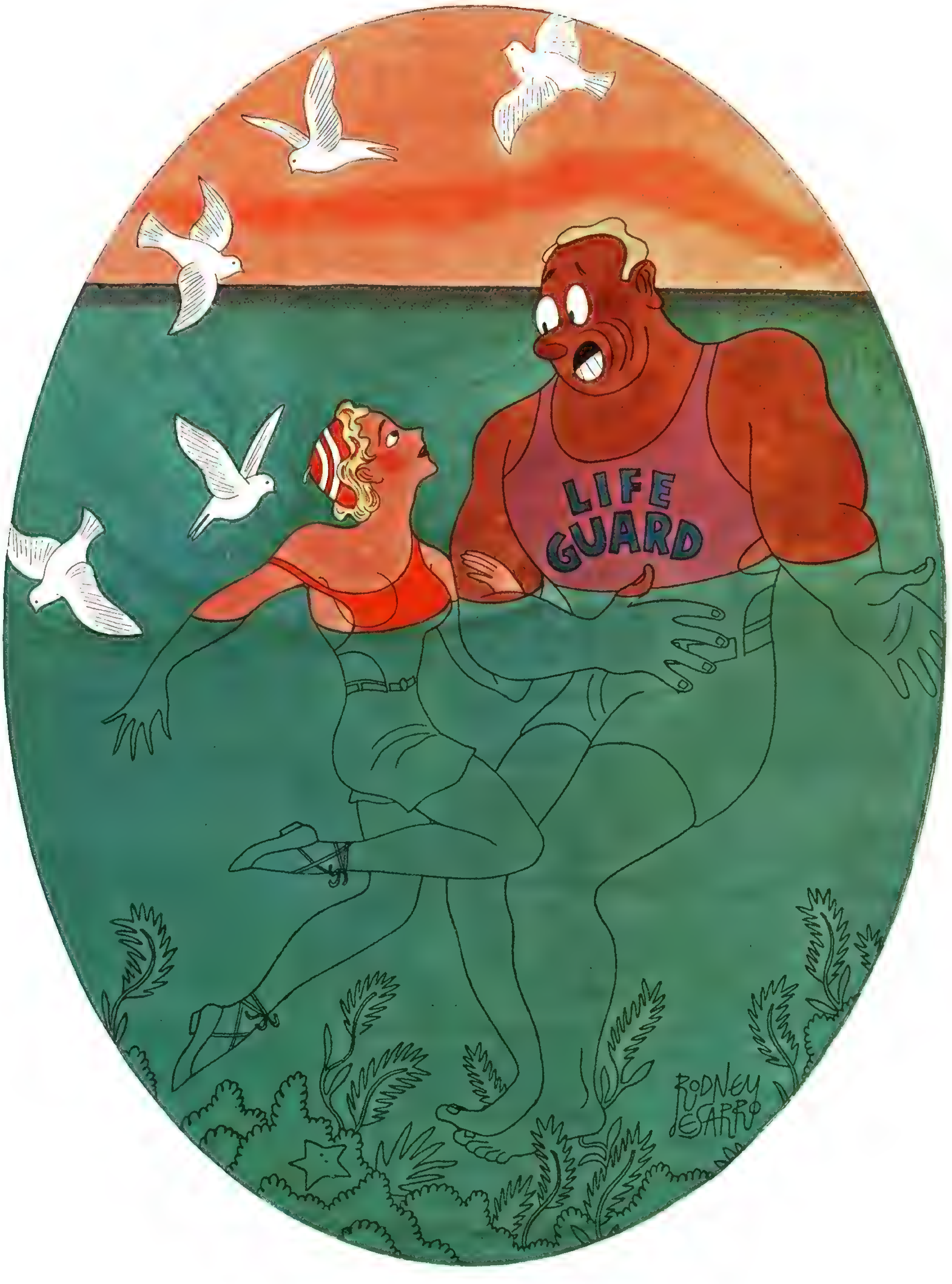
And yet in quite all the factory and store windows of Chicago, its great plants and yards, the workers of Chicago busy at their benches and wheels or machines, and making, making, making, whatever is made in Chicago. And along with that, chimneys belching smoke, engine bells clanging, a veritable blare and tangle of life and energy, so much so that sometimes I have been tempted to say to myself, "Well, if they lack the beauty and the pleasure that this wealth should and does provide for the *owners* of these things elsewhere, at least they have the energy and perhaps the joy of work that goes with creating it all here." And that is true. Here in this most vital of all cities, its gorgeous position at the foot of Lake Michigan, its chance for skyline and lagoon, you have the most miserable of all metropolitan interior conditions—its great factory and railroad and worker centers. And nothing—literally nothing—done to make them endurable.

And yet, how easy so to do. And how inspiring and humane! If Chicago only would, there is that great decayed and reprehensible area surrounding the Loop—from Roosevelt Road to 32nd Street on the South Side—from the Chicago River to Chicago Avenue on the North Side, and from the Chicago River to Western Avenue on the West Side. And containing what? A depot, a Post Office, a newspaper and a county hospital. But what else? And yet what could not be done with that? Well, I will tell you.

First, except for the particular things just named, it could all be ripped out. Make it once more smooth and plain, as it was in the beginning. Then—well then for one of the most arresting and beautiful civic centres any city ever knew. A system of lagoons and checkerboard blocks, one block or square of park for every block of residence or store property—a great area of parks and model homes or apartments or institutions for all who have to work in the great factories and plants and yards of Chicago. And perhaps somewhere in the center of all this a new civic

Continued on page 158D




LIFE GUARD
RODNEY deSARRO

"But if I keep holding you up you'll never learn to swim"

The Life of Reilly

The era of wonderful nonsense brought a life of golden ease to the sportsreporting gentry

by WESTBROOK PEGLER

▪ SPORTS ▪

Some of the best writing in American journalism and considerably more of the worst, appears on the sport pages of the newspaper.

The sport department is a curious principality in the newspaper shop, presided over by an official who is called the sport editor. He has many duties, including, in some cases, that of editing the material which is used to fill the space allotted to his section. To generalize, and concede the inevitable exceptions, the sport department is editorially autonomous and the managing editor seldom intrudes.

The sport editor is a sort of pundit, probably a columnist. His task of getting around among the boys, day and night, writing his daily essay, mooching passes for the prizefights, wrestling shows and ball games and deciding solemn issues of which A is always making bets with B, does not leave him much time in which to refine the copy which goes into the paper.

For that matter, he may not have a very good ear for excellence in English prose. Sport editors are likely to have been copyboys who grew up hanging around the baseball ticker or college-varsity men of the standard, dumb athletic type who went straight from the local campus to the sport department of the paper because their education was restricted to sports and they were too lazy to go to work. A sport editor recruited from either of these groups will have missed the benefits of the professional training which is to be had only on the editorial side.

Almost any good news reporter can make good on the sport side. But a man whose entire experience in the business has been confined to the sport department, with its free-and-easy style and loose editorial discipline would have a hard time meeting the standards of the city desk.

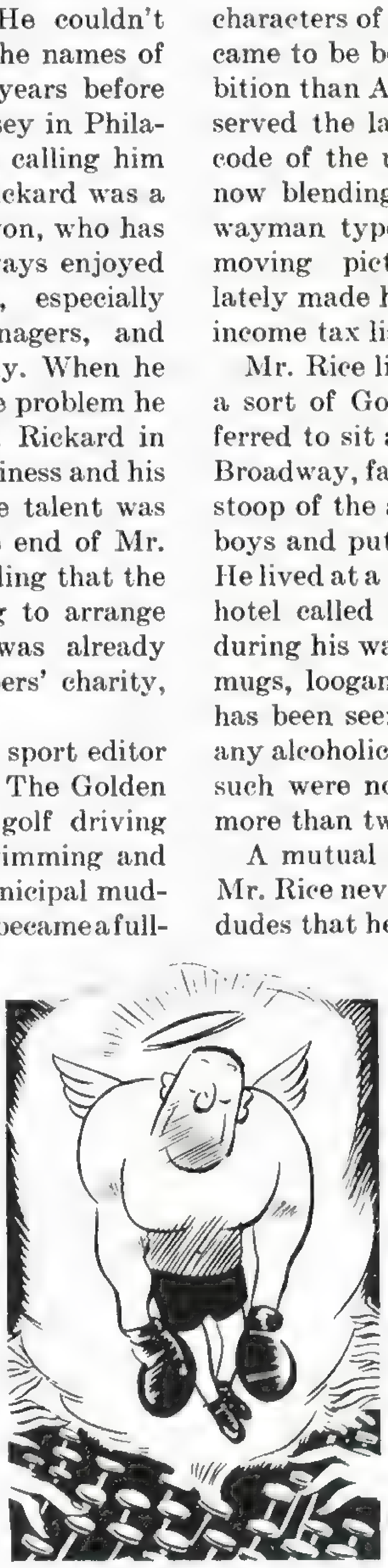
The sport editor also may be expected to originate contests or tournaments or imitate such activities after they have been used successfully in other cities, to stimulate circulation.

Paul Gallico, as sport editor of the New York Daily News, once conceived the not altogether novel idea of conducting an amateur boxing tournament. But he called it the Golden Gloves, and that did it. The Golden Gloves, under his promotion, became the greatest tournament of fist-fights in the history of pugilism. With its demure price-range and enthusiastic fury, it interfered seriously with the business of Madison Square Garden and the languid professional artists.

Mr. Damon Runyon, of the Hearst papers in New York, contributed further to the distress of the soulless Garden Corporation with his Milk Fund promotions which have a charitable effect but do the Hearst circulation no damage, either. Mr. Runyon came to be called Tex in the profession because he learned to out-cunning Tex Rickard, himself, in the scheming for interesting matches. Mr. Rickard never did know much about fighters. He couldn't even remember or pronounce the names of more than a few. Until two years before Gene Tunney met Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia, Mr. Rickard was still calling him Toomey or Twombley. Mr. Rickard was a box-office promoter. Mr. Runyon, who has a curious taste for pickles, always enjoyed the society of prize-fighters, especially heavyweights, and their managers, and knew hundreds of them socially. When he applied himself to the box-office problem he soon became the equal of Mr. Rickard in that important phase of the business and his personal acquaintance with the talent was his advantage. So, toward the end of Mr. Rickard's life, he was often finding that the prizefight which he was trying to arrange for his soulless corporation was already bespoke by Mr. Runyon's papers' charity, the Milk Fund.

Mr. Gallico has ceased to be sport editor of the New York Daily News. The Golden Gloves, the Silver Skates, a golf driving tournament and an annual swimming and diving regatta in one of the municipal mudholes in Central Park eventually became a full-time occupation. He was turning out his daily composition one-handed much of the time, and had to choose between journalism and promotion. He slipped the ring on the finger of his original occupation and became a writer for better or for worse.

The sport writers were not very well paid until the beginning of the Era of Wonderful Nonsense, shortly before the war. The acknowledged and envied leaders up to that time were Grantland Rice, Runyon and W. O. McGeehan.



Mr. Rice had come up from Tennessee, by way of Cleveland, to introduce a heroic style of sport-writing and idealize the athlete on the New York Evening Mail. Mr. Runyon was no hero-worshipper. He was a Colorado country-boy with wish-bone legs, known as Alfred in his old home town and a prizefight fan at heart. Mr. Rice was a fan, too, but his passions were football and golf. They both wrote verse. Mr. Rice's was winged and inclined to beauty. Mr. Runyon's was low-down and realistic, not to say sordid. Both of them were nigh onto poetic at times.

But Damon, or Alfred, was at his best when he was given a job of reporting. He had an ear for the American language and a remarkable passability with the truly ornery characters of the Underworld with whom he came to be better acquainted during Prohibition than Al Capone, himself. He has preserved the language and the quaint moral code of the urban hoodlum type, which is now blending off into the motorized highwayman type, in his magazine pieces and moving picture scenarios, which have lately made him one of the eminents on the income tax lists.

Mr. Rice likes refined people and became a sort of Gold-Coaster. Mr. Runyon preferred to sit around Lindy's delicatessen on Broadway, far into the night or perch on the stoop of the all-night bank, listening to the boys and putting in an oar now and again. He lived at a prizefighters' and book-makers' hotel called the Forrest where his rooms, during his waking hours, were a congress of mugs, loogans, eggs and guys. He never has been seen to take any nibble or sip of any alcoholic beverage since he decided that such were not any good for man or beast more than twenty-five years ago.

A mutual friend of theirs once said that Mr. Rice never could get anything out of the dudes that he ran with but a lot of bum tips on the market whereas Mr. Runyon was earing in usable material every time he came out of his bed-room and draped his skinny frame, attired in one of his musical comedy bathrobes, over one of his plush hotel chairs, lit a cigarette and began to listen. I do not say whether this comparison is correct. Anyway, Mr. Runyon received some very bum tips on the horses. You could make a fair living wage booking his bets on the steeds, year in and out, so often wrong and so very wrong he is.

Continued on page 90

The Making of a Saint

A robust and lively narrative, cast in Kansas language, by a comer among the young writers

by FRANCIS FUHR

• FICTION •

Old Medlock, he was pretty ornery and lowdown. Mrs. Medlock, she was gettin' awful sick and tired of old Medlock's boozin' and a-horsin' around with fast women!

This Medlock, he thinks he's pretty slick, see! He thinks he's got his wife fooled, see! He hasn't got wise that his old woman is layin' for him!

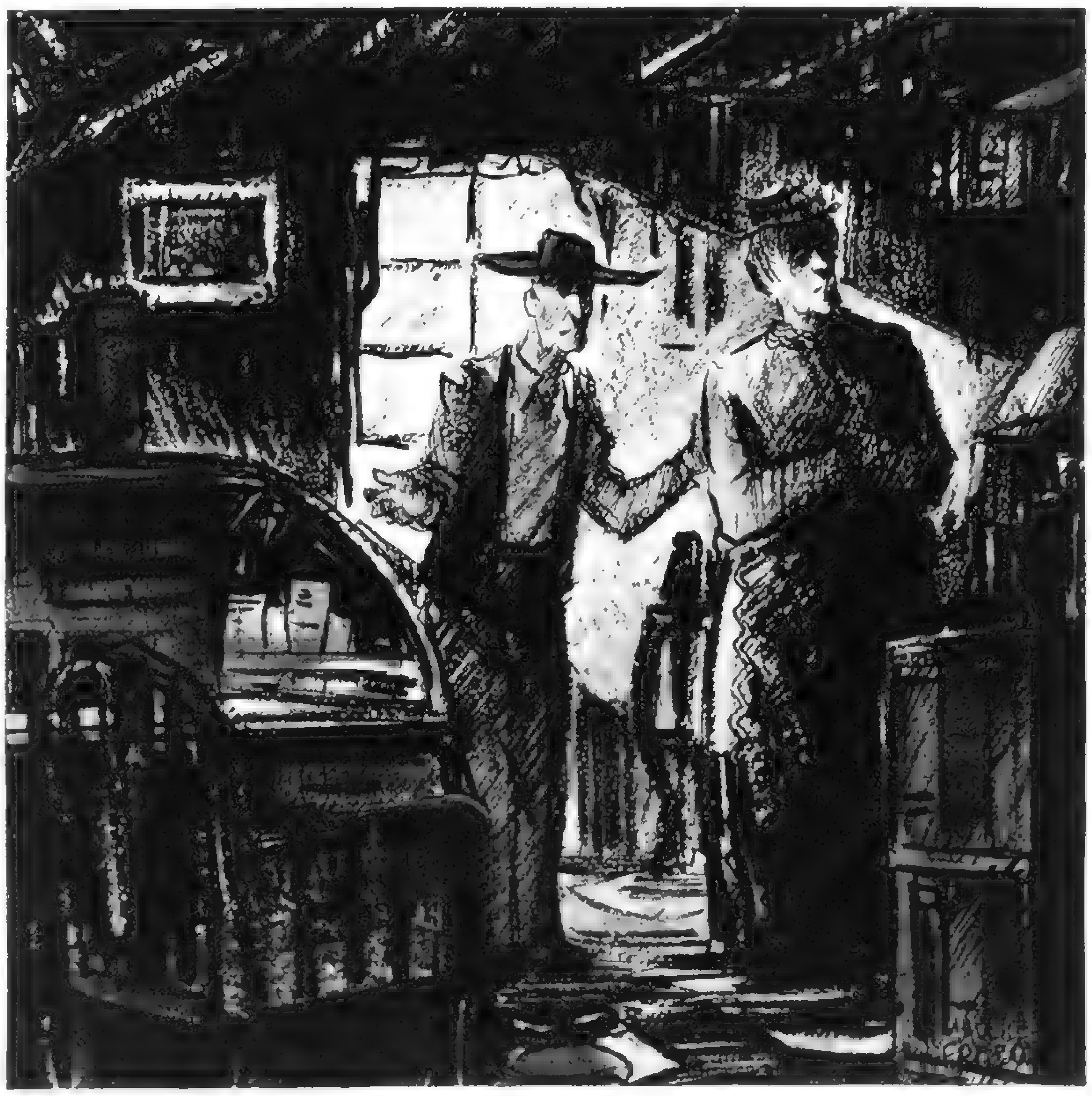
Finally, one mornin' durin' harvest, the old lady sneaks up on him, see, and ketches him cold turkey pullin' some of his monkey-doodle business with the cook in the cook-shack. There's hell to pay! She goes on the warpath, jumps in the Chevy, drives to town, and tells lawyer Tooler that she can't live with no skunk like Medlock no longer! She says old Medlock is just gettin' awful! She says that of all the triflin' lowdown boogers in the United States, old Medlock takes the cake! She says that if anyone ever deserved to go to the hot place, its old Medlock!

This lawyer Tooler, he and Medlock had boozed around considerable together, and was pretty thick, see, so as soon as Mrs. Medlock snorts out of his office, he rings old Medlock on the phone and chirps: "Hey, Medlock, you miserable old sinner, what kind of a stink have you got into now? Your wife was in here a minute ago raisin' a helluva rumpus about a divorce and she's goin' to sue you for the south quarter!"

This scares old Medlock up good, because there ain't more than one other thing he likes better than that south quarter.

"What!" he yells, "The south quarter! Why damn her soul! That's the best quarter I got! Where are you now, Tooler? Well, wait for me! I'll be right in. Hold everything until I get there!"

Old Medlock, he runs out of the house like he's crazy, jumps in the Ford truck, and heads rattley-bang for town. On the way, he meets Mrs. Medlock comin' back. She lets on like she don't see him at all and heads the Chevy down the middle of the road right at him, hell-bent-for-election. Old Medlock, he has to give his truck a quick turn for the ditch and damn near upsets. It nearly jolts his fool head off. He jams on the brakes, stops about two inches from the telephone pole, looks back at his wife's cloud of dust, and says to hisself: "Whew! The old heifer is out to get me!"



By the time he gets to lawyer Tooler's office, he's about sick from thinkin' about losin' that south quarter. This lawyer Tooler, he's a comical cuss. He sees that old Medlock is awful worried, and he thinks he'll have some fun by scarin' him up good.

He don't crack a smile: he looks at old Medlock pretty straight and hard, and says real serious: "Well, Medlock, you got yourself in a pickle, didn't you? It looks to me like you might just as well prepare to kiss that south quarter goodbye! If I've got things sized right, it looks to me like your wife must have caught you *in flagrante delictu* this time."

Old Medlock, he looks pretty sick, and blurts: "I'll say she did. If you mean what I think that means!"

Lawyer Tooler, he gives a start, sits up straight, and yells: "What? She did? I was just speakin' allegorically! Where did this happen?"

Old Medlock, he looks pretty sheepish, and says kind of silly-like: "In the cook shack, Tooler."

Lawyer Tooler, he blows up, and snorts awful disgusted: "Hell's Catoot! Medlock, you're old enough to know better than to pull a trick like that so close to home. You ought to have a guardian."

Old Medlock, he tries to explain:

"I still don't see how she ketched me! The way I worked it was pretty slick, see! I tells Emmy, see, that I'm goin' over to have a look how the harvest's comin' along on the south quarter, see! Then I sneaks off down by the crick, ties my horse out of sight in the willows, and crawls on my belly to the cook shack. She couldn't have saw me. I thought I was listenin'! There I am, see, when, by God, if Emmy didn't sneak up quiet as a cat, and catch me slick as a whistle. I never was so surprised in my born days."

Lawyer Tooler, he blows up again, and snorts. "It serves you right! You was pretty slick all right! You crawled into a mess! Hell's Bells, Medlock, a six year old boy would have knowed better than that! If you ain't in a fix!"

Old Medlock, he begins to sweat and wring his hands, and plead: "My Gawd, Tooler, ain't there some way you c'n save that south quarter for me. I had to talk for two years 'fore I slicked Pete Friessen's widow out of it. You ain't goin' to let Emmy turn around and do me out of it now, are you? What are we goin' to do?"

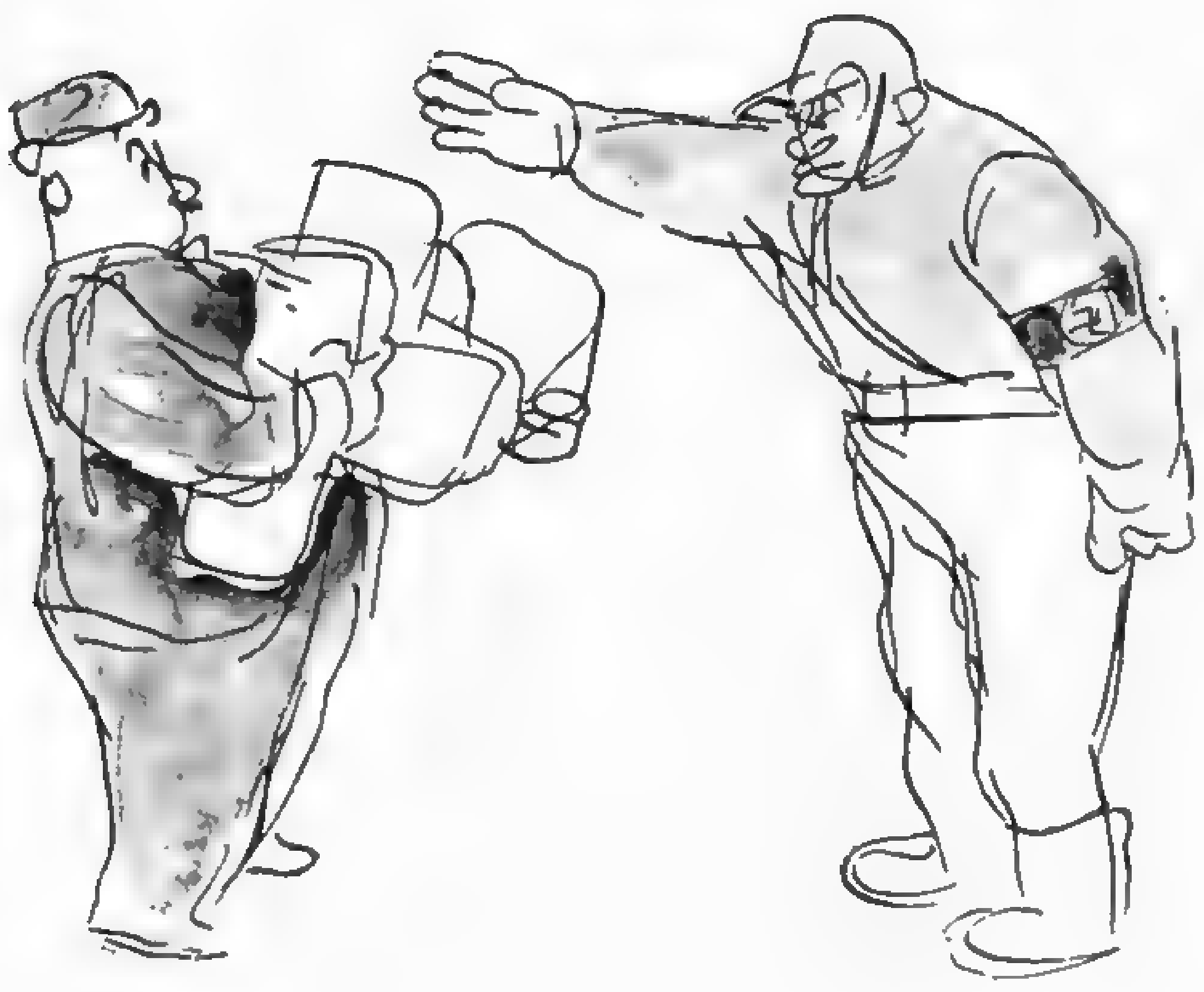
Lawyer Tooler, he acts like he's pretty much up a tree. He hums and haws. Finally he says: "It's about got me stumped, Medlock. I hardly know what to advise, but I know one thing—if I get you out of this I'll be a world-beater! I believe this is one of the most flagrant cases in the history of American jurisprudence!"

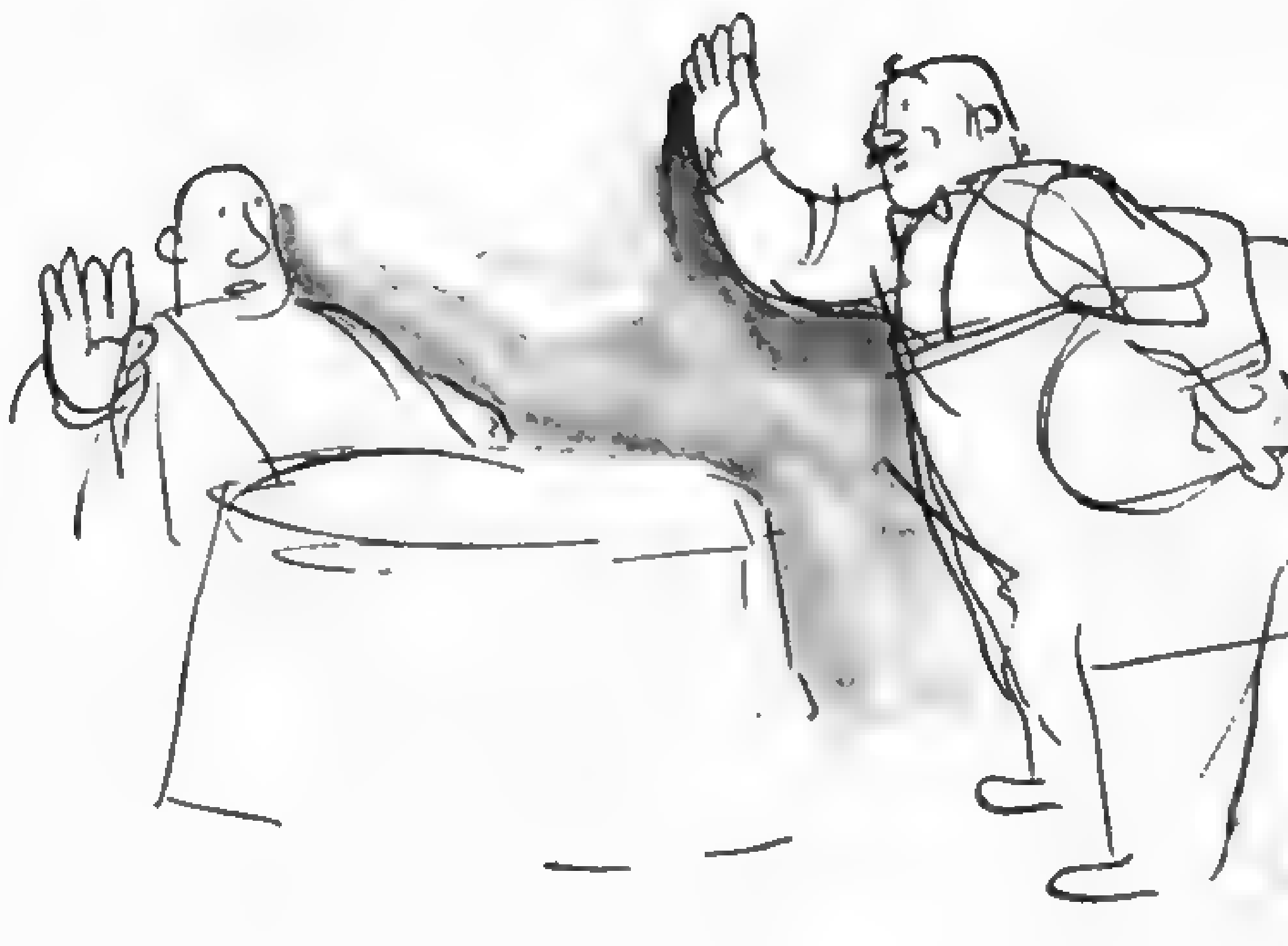
Old Medlock, he jumps up, paces Tooler's office for a minute, then takes out his check book, slaps it on Tooler's desk, and bawls: "Tooler, there's $500 in it for you if you save that south quarter. There ain't a finer quarter section in the county. It's level as a table and richer than a barn floor!"

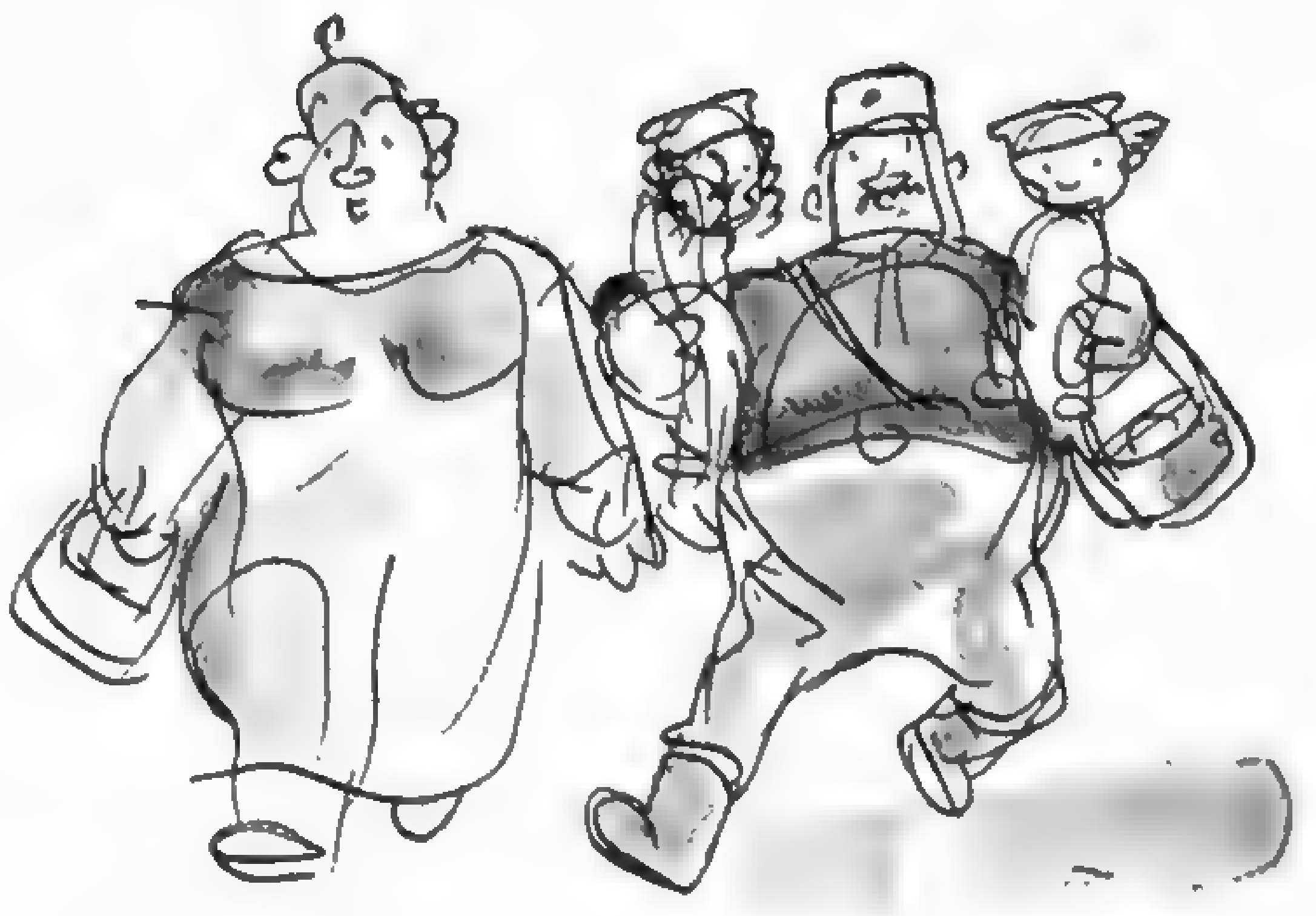
Lawyer Tooler, he makes a big-hearted gesture, and says: "Put up your check book, Medlock! We'll talk about financial remuneration later. But I'll tell you this much, I wouldn't handle this case with a pitchfork, if me and you hadn't growed up together, and been such close friends for so long. Sit down while we give this case some serious consideration!"

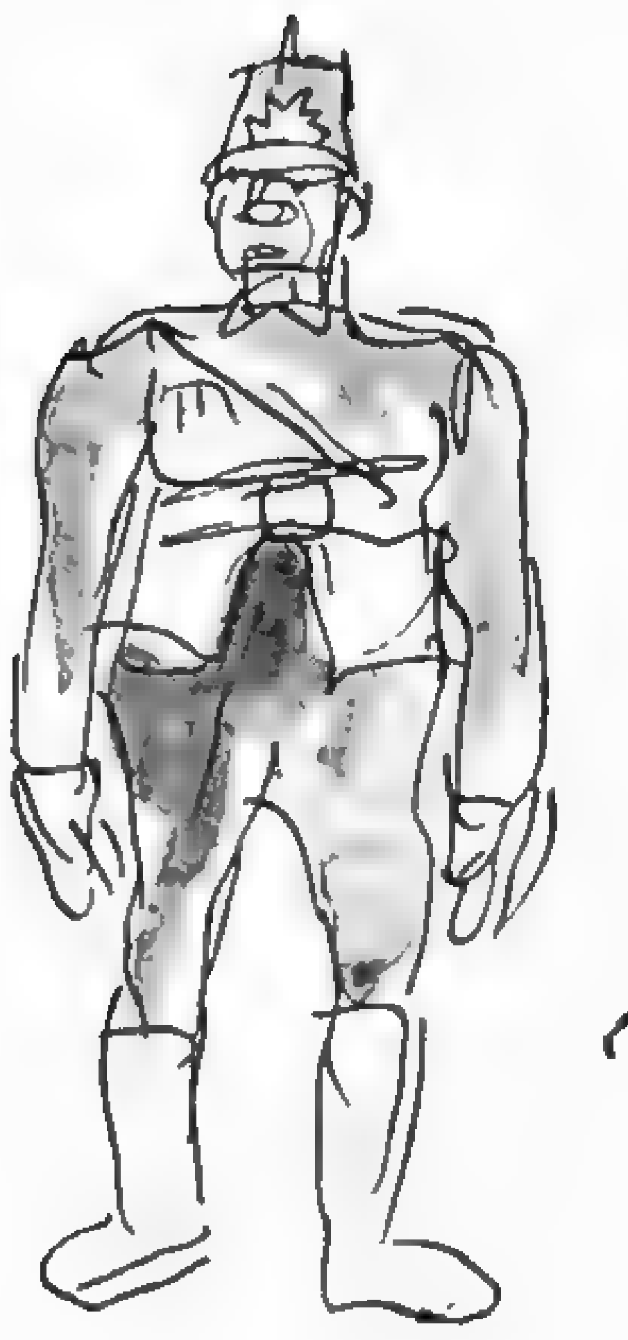
Lawyer Tooler, he leans

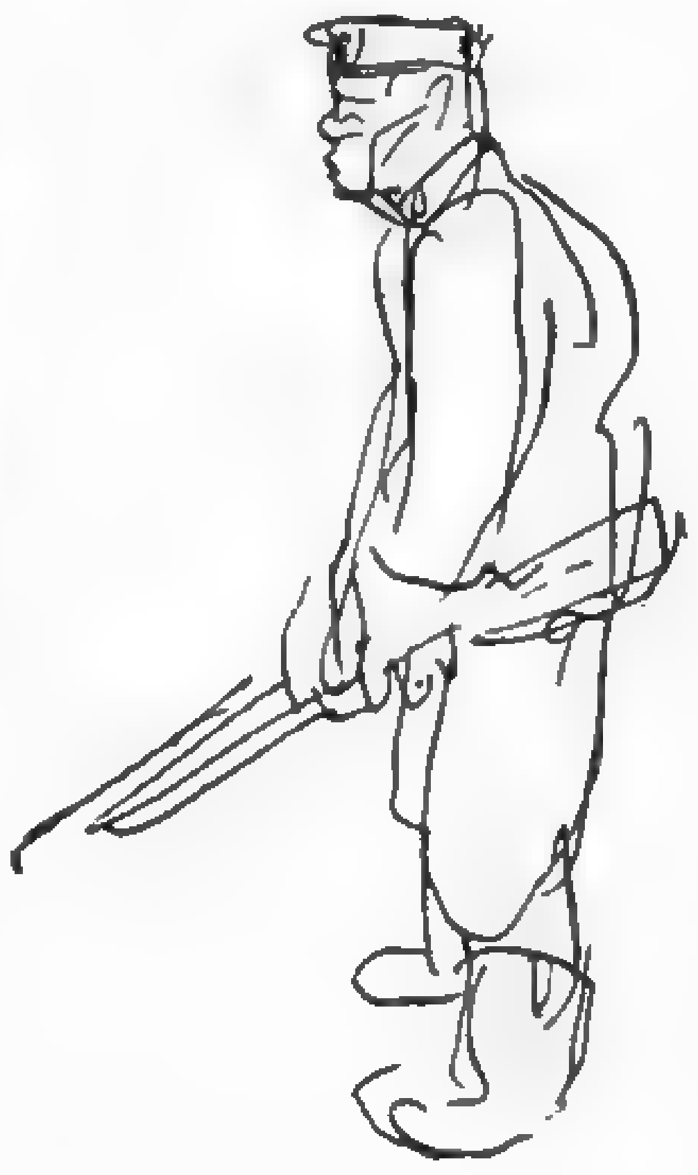
Continued on page 164

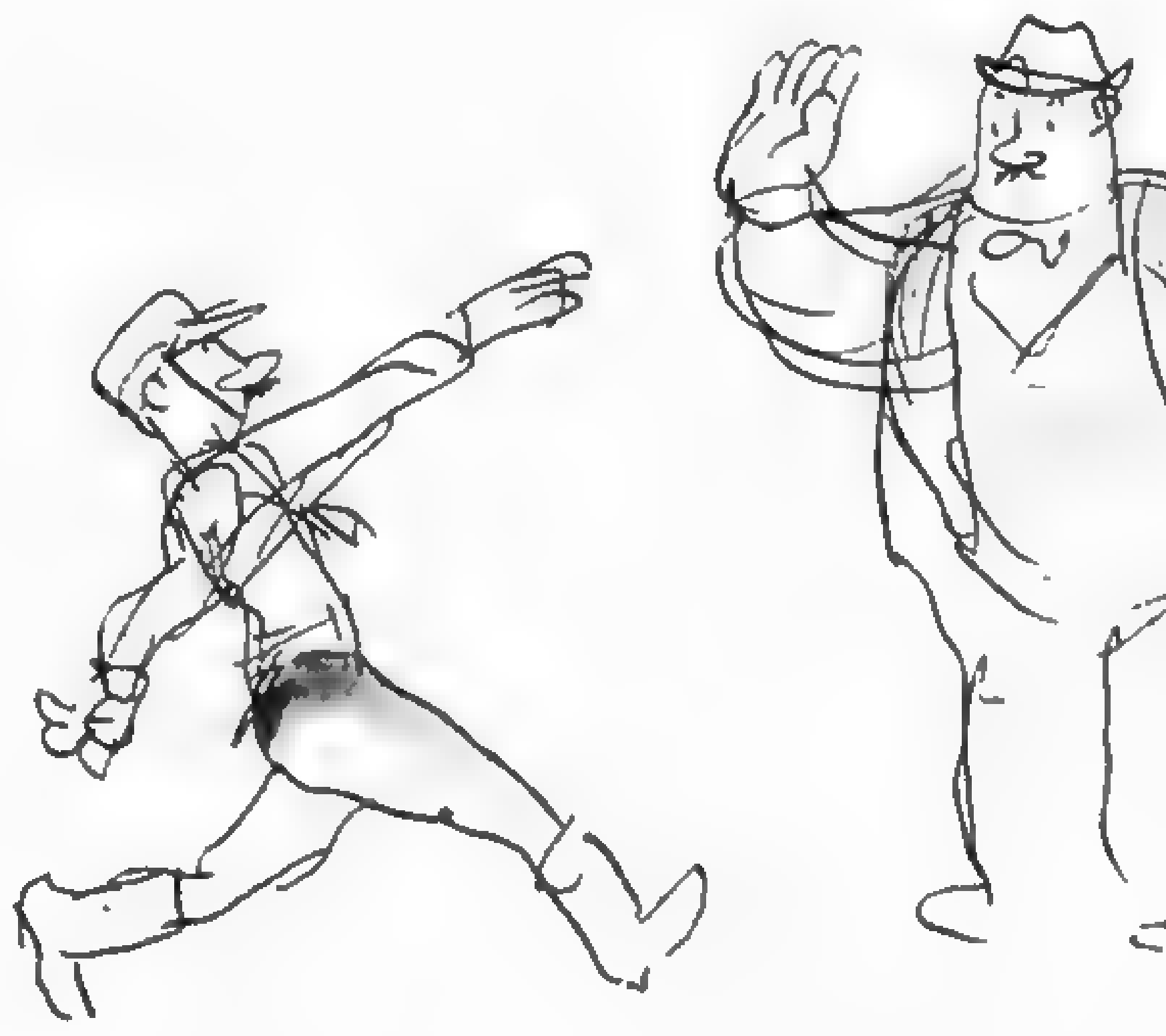


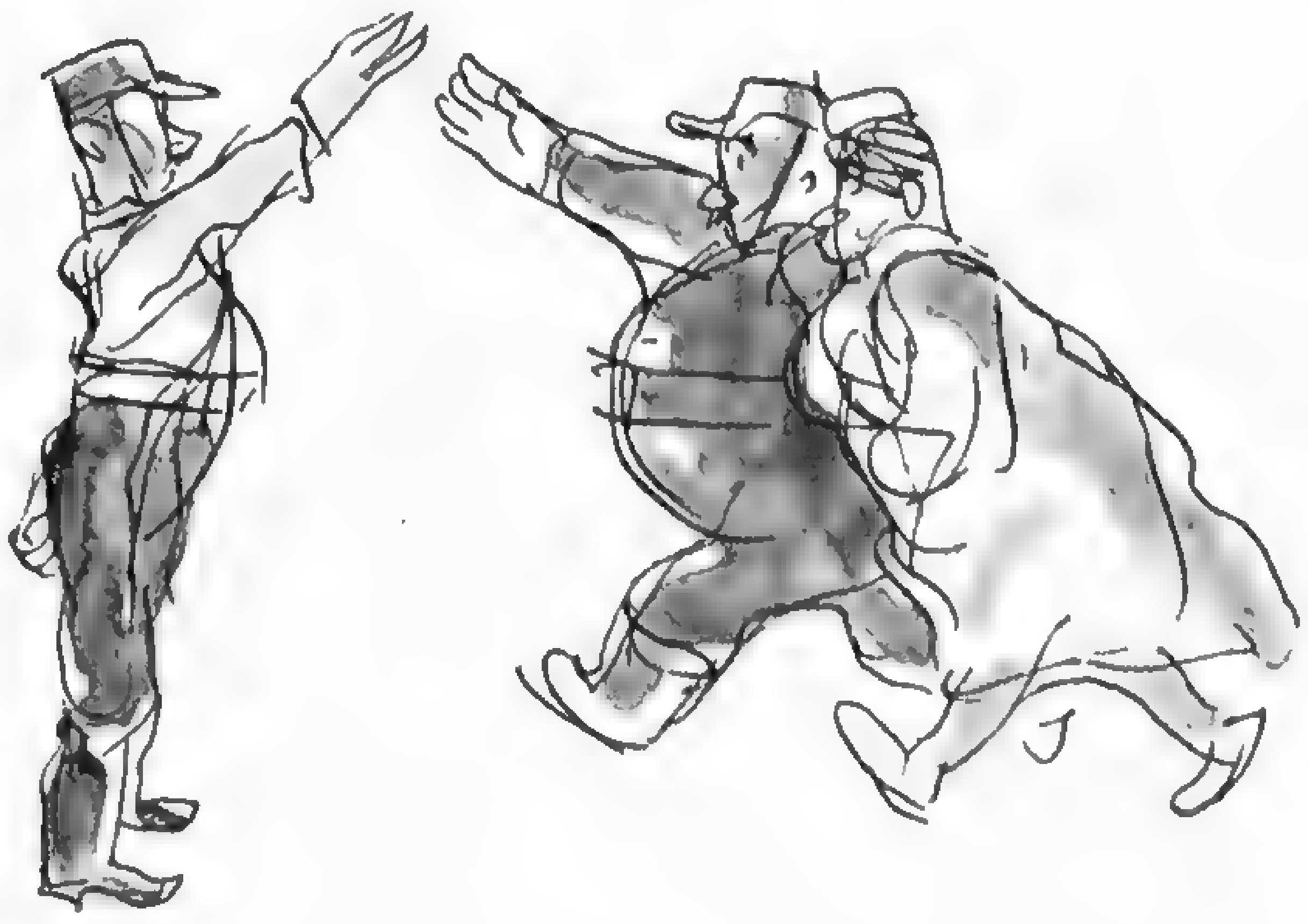








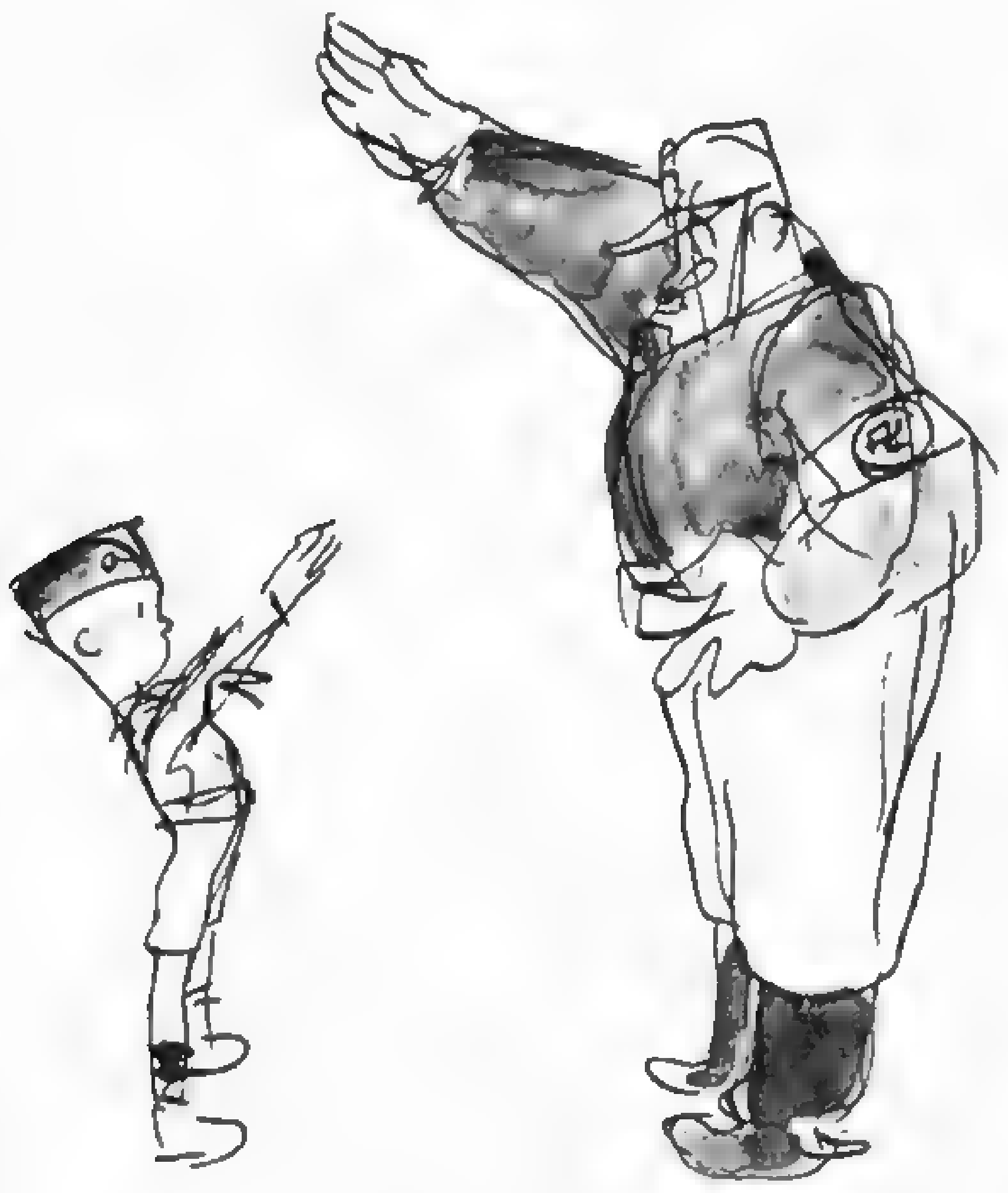


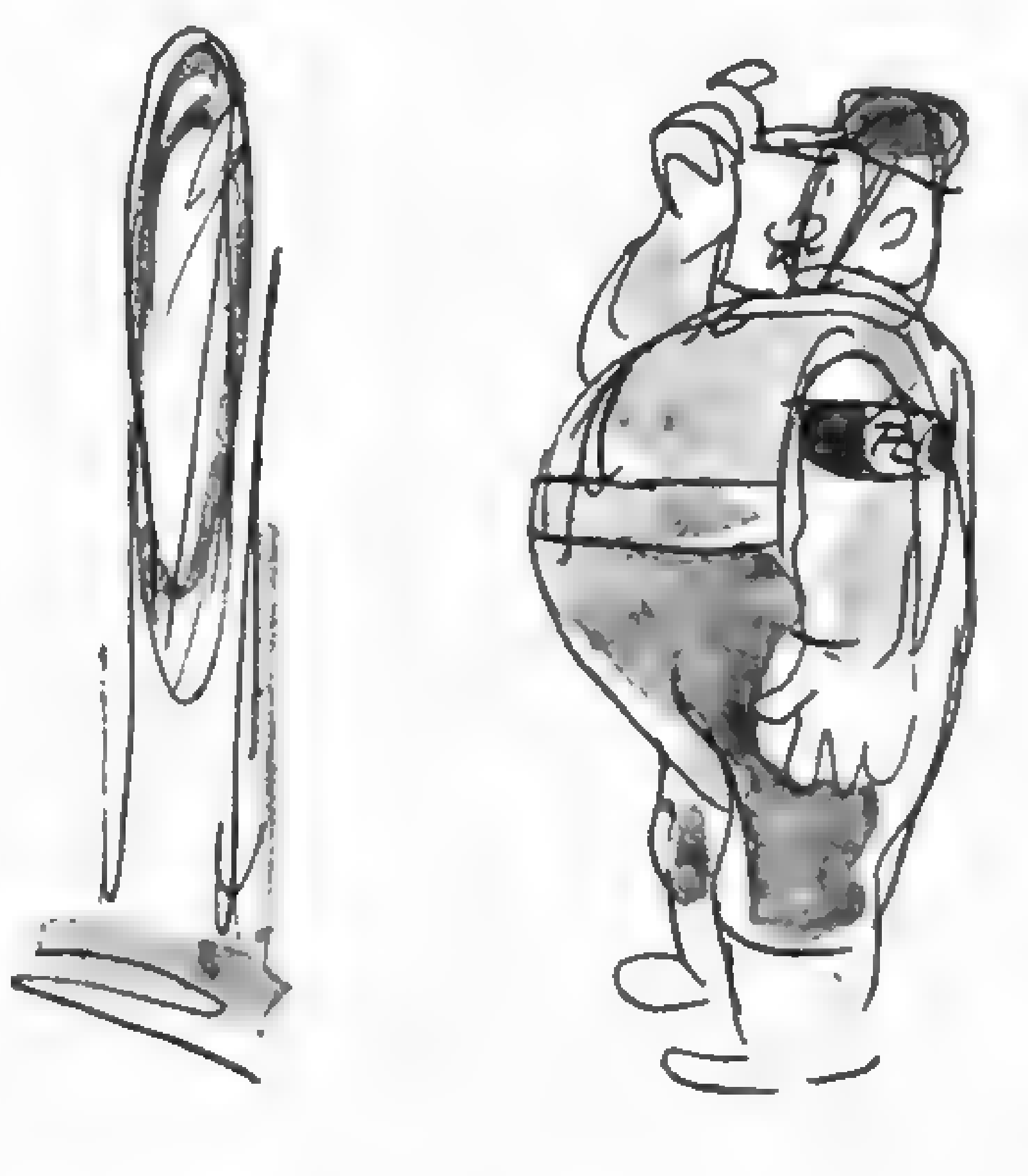


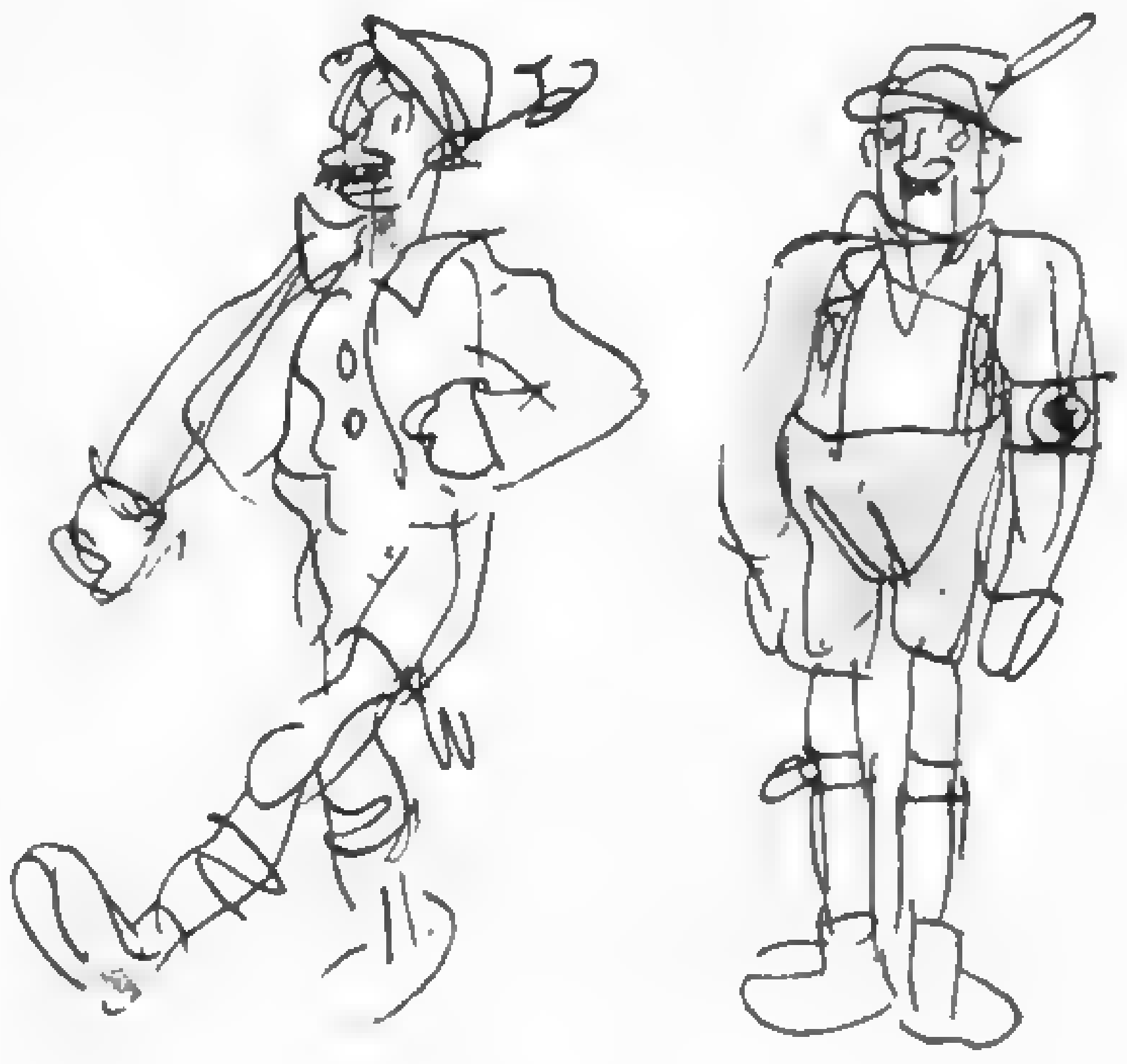
BERLIN 1/7/34

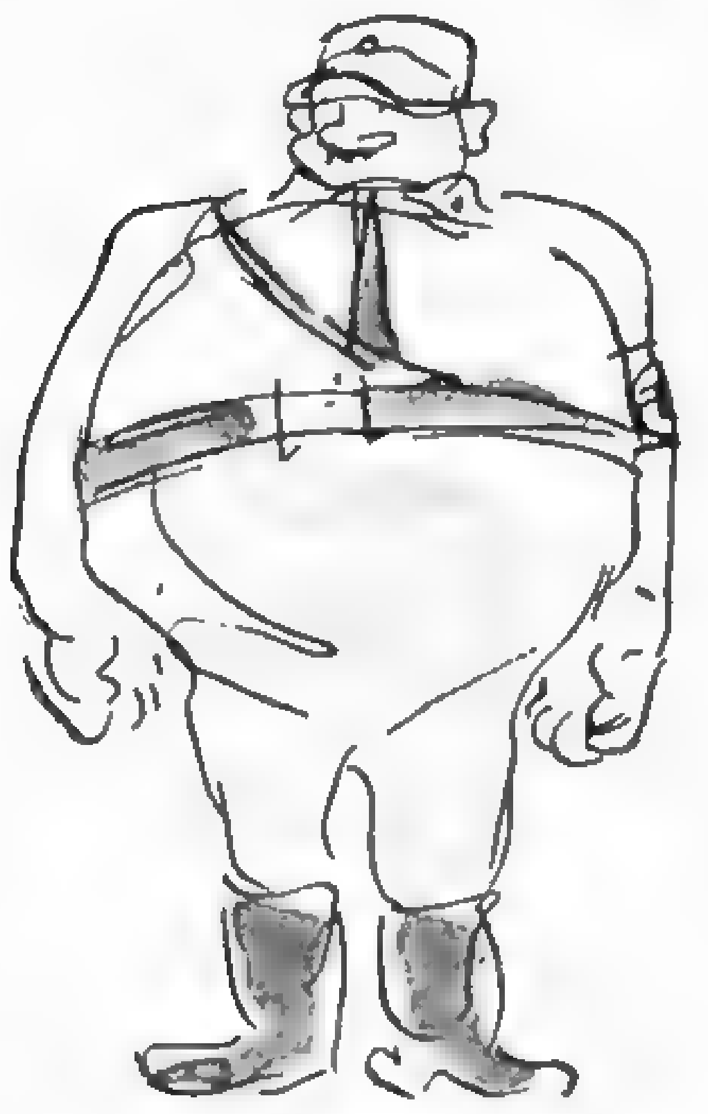
by JOHN GROTH

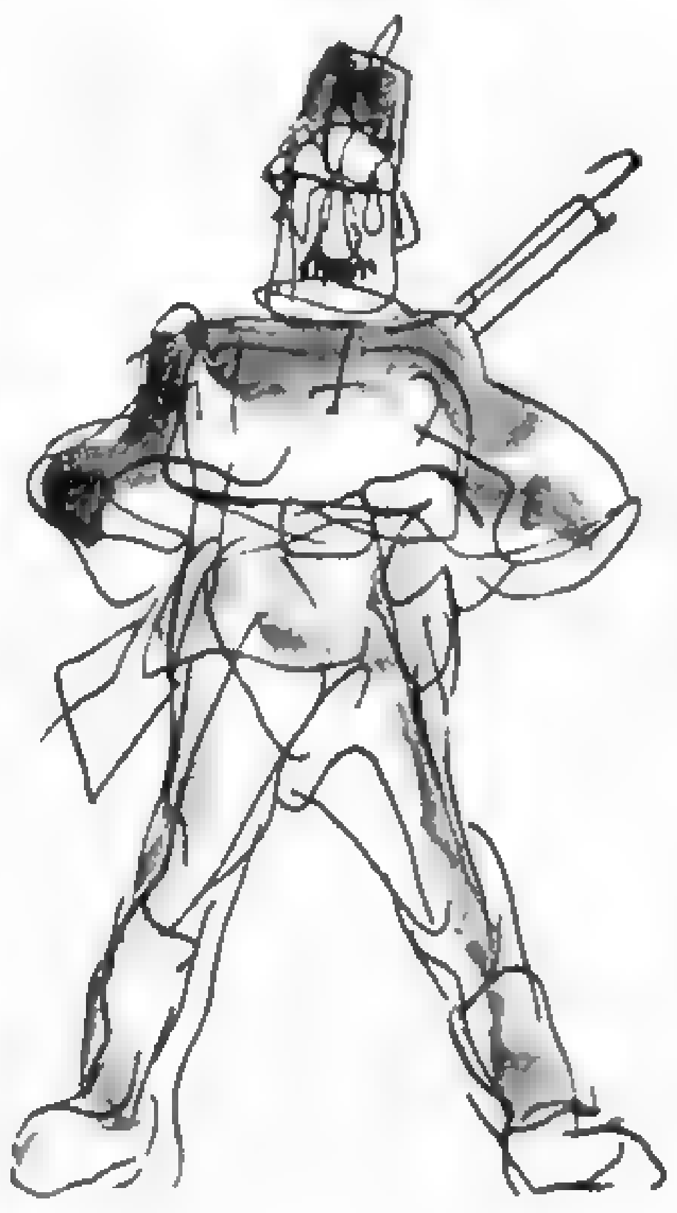
Heads have rolled but nobody as yet knows whose or how many . . . the Paris editions of the Chicago Tribune and the New York Herald-Tribune are sold out in five minutes on the streets of Berlin, because there is no German press and you have to read a foreign paper to find out anything at all . . . even the correspondents are stumped to learn anything definite . . . and while beneath the surface Germany seethes, outwardly everything is stolid, placid . . . fat burghers in stormtroop uniforms setting out for picnics . . . *Heil Hitler* on every lip . . . ten year olds exchanging salutes with generals of sixty . . . outstretched coin boxes for Nazi contributions (and you'd better or else) . . . outstretched arms in Nazi salutes (to be returned though you drop your bundles) . . . and pictures of the leader everywhere you look . . . the leader kissing babies, blessing dwarfs, presenting colors, inspecting airplanes, or, most frequent of all poses, chin on hand in noble contemplation . . . Germany's blanket of brown is edged with red . . . and heads will roll.

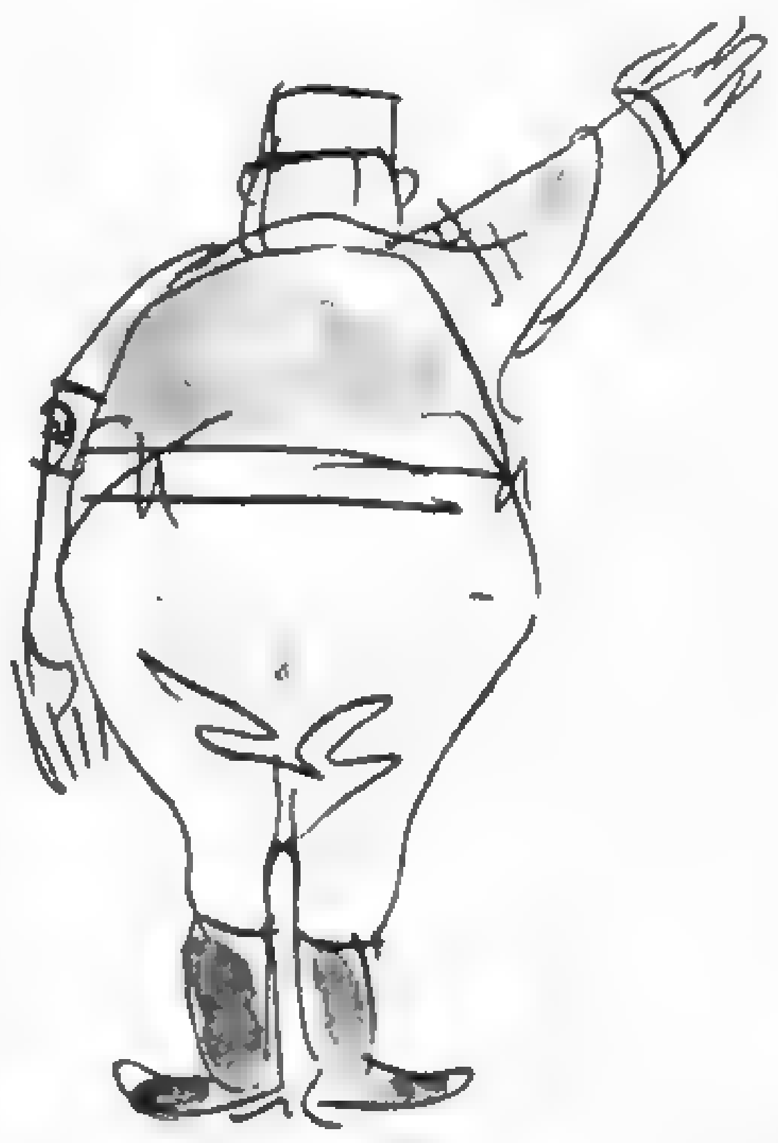


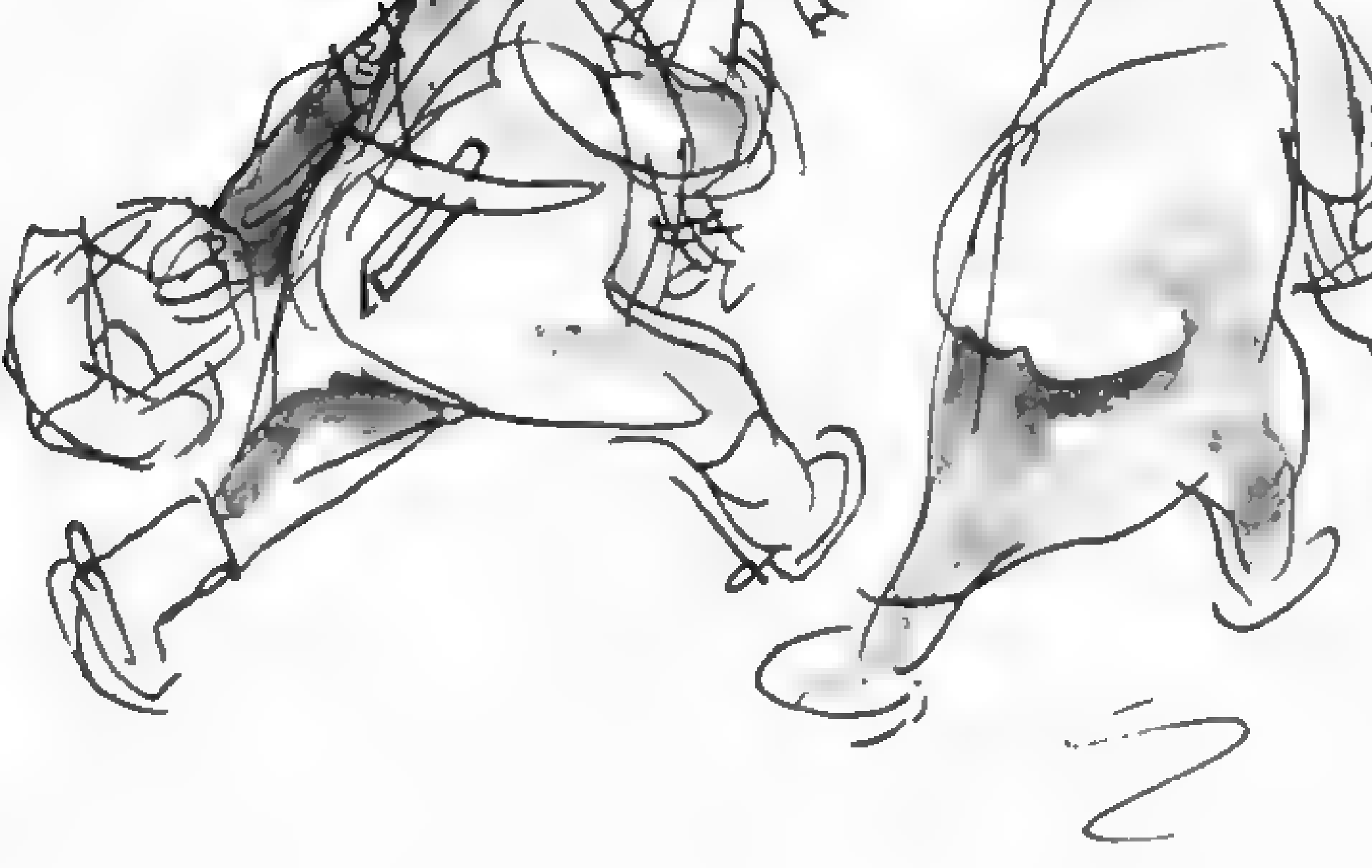


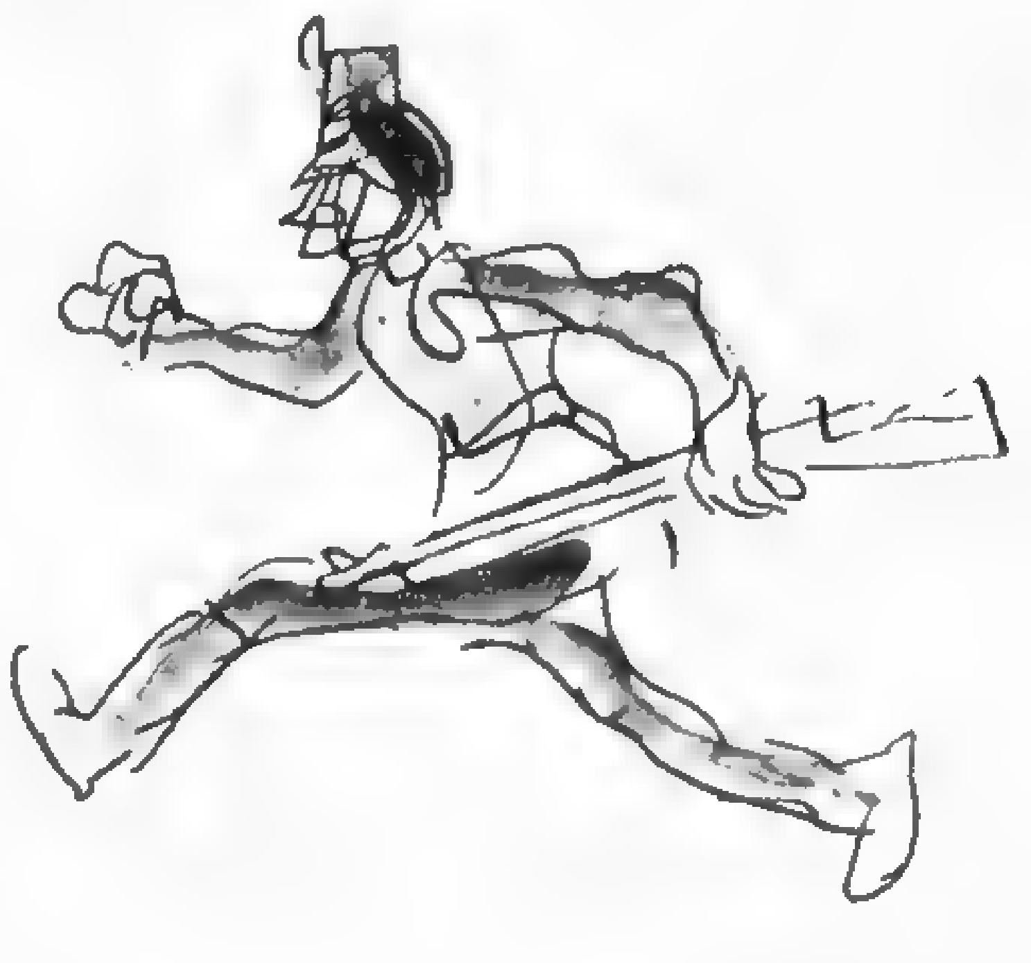


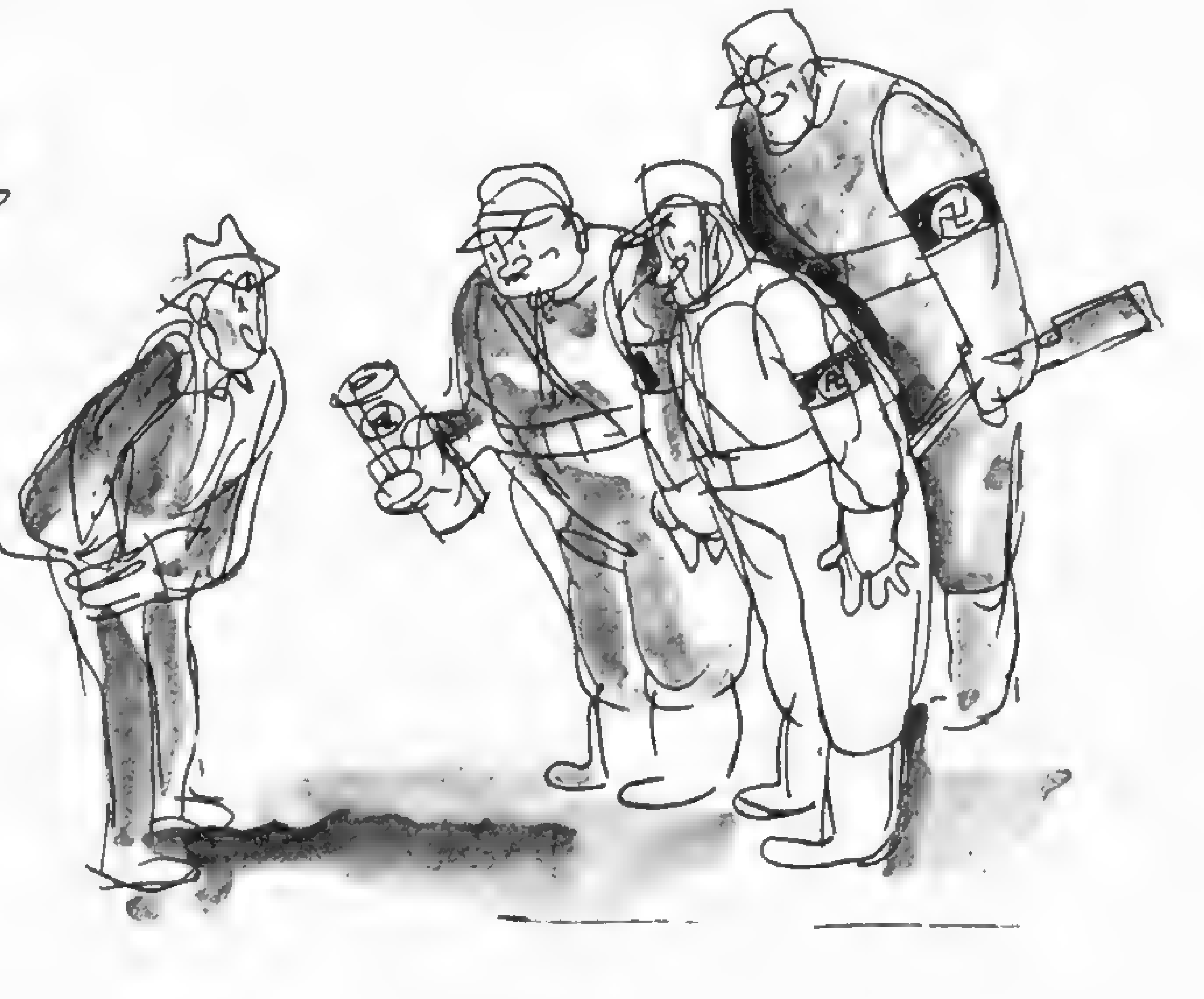












The Runaway

Sensitive study of the moods and pains of boyhood, of the longing for far-away places

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

▪ FICTION ▪

In the lumberyard by the lake there was an old brick building two stories high and all around the foundations were heaped great piles of soft sawdust, softer than the thick moss in the woods. There were many of these golden mounds of dust covering that part of the yard right down to the blue lake. That afternoon all the fellows followed Michael up the ladder to the roof of the old building and they sat with their legs hanging over the edge looking out at the whitecaps on the water. Michael was younger than some of them but he was much bigger, his legs were long, his huge hands dangled awkwardly at his sides and his thick black hair curled up all over his head. "I'll stump you all to jump down," he said suddenly, and without thinking about it, he shoved himself off the roof and fell on the sawdust where he lay rolling around and laughing.

"You're all stumped," he shouted. "You're all yellow," he said, coaxing them to follow him. Still laughing, he watched them looking down from the roof, white faced and hesitant, and then one by one they jumped and got up grinning with relief.

In the hot afternoon sunlight they all lay on the sawdust pile telling jokes till at last one of the fellows said, "Come on up on the old roof again and jump down." There wasn't much enthusiasm among them, but they all went up to the roof again and began to jump off in a determined, desperate way till only Michael was left and the others were all down below grinning up at him and calling, "Come on, Mike. What's the matter with you?" Michael longed to jump down there and be with them, but he remained on the edge of the roof, wetting his lips, with a silly grin on his face, wondering why it had not seemed such a long drop the first time. For a while they thought he was only kidding them, then they saw him clenching his fists. He was trying to count to ten and then jump, and when that failed, he tried to take a long breath and close his eyes.

In a while the fellows began to jeer at him; they were tired of waiting and it was getting on to dinner time. "Come on, you're yellow, do you think we're going to sit here all night?" they began to shout, and when he did not move they began to get up and walk away, still jeering. "Who did this in the first place? What's the matter with you guys?" he shouted.

But for a long time he remained on the edge of the roof, staring unhappily and steadily at the ground. He remained all alone for nearly an hour while the sun like a great orange ball getting bigger and bigger rolled slowly over the grey line beyond the lake. His clothes were wet from nervous sweating. At last he closed his eyes, slipped off the roof, fell heavily on the pile of sawdust and lay there a long time. There were no sounds in the yard, the workmen had gone home. As he lay there he wondered why he had been unable to move; and then he got up slowly and walked home feeling deeply ashamed and wanting to avoid everybody.

He was so late for dinner that his stepmother said to him sarcastically, "You're big enough by this time surely to be able to get home in time for dinner. But if you won't come home, you'd better try staying in tonight." She was a well built woman with a fair, soft skin and a little touch of grey in her hair and an eternally patient smile on her face. She was speaking now with a restrained, passionless severity, but Michael, with his dark face gloomy and sullen, hardly heard her; he was still seeing the row of grinning faces down below on the sawdust pile and hearing them jeer at him.

As he ate his cold dinner he was rolling his brown eyes fiercely and sometimes shaking his big black head. His father, who was sitting in the armchair by the window, a huge man with his hair nearly all gone so that his smooth wide forehead rose in a beautiful shining dome, kept looking at him steadily. When Michael had finished eating and had gone out to the veranda, his father followed, sat down beside him, lit his pipe and said gently, "What's bothering you, son?"

"Nothing, dad. There's nothing bothering me," Michael said, but he kept on staring out at the grey dust drifting off the road.

His father kept coaxing and whispering in a voice that was amazingly soft for such a big man. As he talked, his long fingers played with the heavy gold watch fob on his vest. He was talking about nothing in particular and yet by the tone of his voice he was expressing a marvelous deep friendliness that somehow seemed to become a part of the twilight and then of the darkness. And Michael began to like the sound of his father's voice, and soon he blurted out, "I guess by this time all the guys around here are saying I'm yellow. I'd like to be a thousand miles away." He told how he could not force himself to jump off the roof the second time. But his father lay back in the arm chair laughing in that hearty, rolling, easy way that Michael loved to hear; years ago when Michael had been younger and he was walking along the paths in the evening, he used to try and laugh like his father only his voice was not deep enough and he would grin sheepishly and look up at the trees overhanging the paths as if someone hiding up there had heard him. "You'll be all right with the bunch, son," his father was saying "I'm betting you'll lick any boy in town that says you're yellow."

But there was the sound of the screen door opening, and Michael's stepmother said in her mild firm way, "If I've rebuked the boy, Henry, as I think he ought to be rebuked, I don't know why you should be humoring him."

"You surely don't object to me talking to Michael."

'I simply want you to be reasonable, Henry."

In his grave, unhurried way Mr. Lount got up and followed his wife into the house and soon Michael could hear them arguing; he could hear his father's firm patient voice floating clearly out to the street; then his stepmother's voice, mild at first, rising, becoming hysterical till at last she cried out wildly, "You're setting the boy against me. You don't want him to think of me as his mother. The two of you are against me. I know your nature."

As he looked up and down the street fearfully, Michael began to make prayers that no one would pass by who would think, "Mr. and Mrs. Lount are quarrelling again." Alert, he listened for faint sounds on the cinder path, but he heard only the frogs croaking under the bridge opposite Stevenson's place and the far-away cry of a freight train passing behind the hills. "Why did dad have to get married? It used to be swell on the farm," he thought, remembering how he and his father had gone fishing down at the glen. And then while he listened to the sound of her voice, he kept thinking that his stepmother was a fine woman, only she always made him uneasy because she wanted him to like her, and then when she found out that he couldn't think of her as his mother, she had grown resentful. "I like her and I like my father. I don't know why they quarrel. They're really such fine people. Maybe it's because dad shouldn't have sold the farm and moved here. There's nothing for him to do." Unable to get interested in the town life, his father loafed all day down at the hotel or in Bailey's flour and feed store but he was such a fine looking dignified reticent man that the loafers would not accept him as a crony. Inside the house now, Mrs. Lount was crying quietly and saying, "Henry, we'll kill each other. We seem to bring out all the very worst qualities in each other. I do all I can and yet you both make me feel like an intruder."

"It's just your imagination, Martha. Now stop worrying."

"I'm an unhappy woman. But I try to be patient. I try so hard, don't I, Henry?"

"You're very patient, dear, but you shouldn't be so suspicious of everyone and everybody, don't you see?" Mr. Lount was saying in the soothing voice of a man trying to pacify an angry and hysterical wife.

Then Michael heard footsteps on the cinder path, and then he saw two long shadows flung across the road: two women were approaching, and one was a tall, slender girl. When Michael saw this girl, Helen Murray, he tried to duck behind the veranda post, for he had always wanted her for his girl. He had gone to school with her. At night time he used to lay awake planning remarkable feats that would so impress her she would never want to be far away from him. Now the girl's mother was calling, "Hello there, Michael," in a very jolly voice.

"Hello Mrs. Murray," he said glumly, for he was sure his father's or his mother's voice would rise again.

"Come on and walk home with us, Michael," Helen called. Her voice sounded so soft and her face in the dusk light seemed so round, white and mysteriously far away that Michael began to ache with eagerness. Yet he said hurriedly, "I can't. I can't tonight," speaking almost rudely as if he believed they only wanted to tease him.

As they went on along the path and he watched them, he was really longing for that one bright moment when Helen would pass under the high corner light, though he was thinking with bitterness that he could already hear them talking, hear Mrs. Murray saying, "He's a peculiar boy, but it's not to be wondered at since his father and mother don't get along at all," and the words were floating up to the verandas of all the houses: inside one of the houses someone had stopped playing a piano, maybe to hear one of the fellows who had been in the lumberyard that afternoon laughing and telling that young Lount was scared to jump off the roof.

Still watching the corner, Michael suddenly felt that the twisting and pulling in the life in the house was twisting and choking him. "I'll get out of here. I'll go away," and he began to think of going to the city. He began to long for a freedom in strange places where everything was new and fresh and mysterious. His heart began to beat heavily at the thought of this freedom. In the city he had an uncle Joe who sailed the lake boats in the summer months and in the winter went all over the south from one race track to another following the horses. "I ought to go down to the city tonight and get a job," he thought: but he did not move; he was still waiting for Helen Murray to pass under the light.

For most of the next day, too, Michael kept to himself. He was uptown once on a message, and he felt like running on the way home. With long sweeping strides he ran steadily on the paths past the shipyard, the church, the railway tracks, his face serious with determination.

But in the late afternoon when he was sitting on the veranda reading, Sammy Schwartz and Ike Hershfield came around to see him. "Hello Mike, what's new with you?" they said, sitting on the steps very seriously.

"Hello Sammy, Hello Ike. What's new with you?"

They began to talk to Michael about the colored family that had moved into the old roughcast shack down by the tracks. "The big coon kid thinks he's tough," Sammy said. "He offered to beat up any of us so we said he wouldn't have a snowball's chance with you."

"What did the nigger say?"

"He said he'd pop you one right on the nose if you came over his way."

"Come on, guys. Let's go over there," Michael said. "I'll tear his guts out for you."

They went out to the street, fell in step very solemnly, and walked over to the field by the tracks without saying a word. When they were about fifty paces away from the shack, Sammy said, "Wait here. I'll go get the coon," and he ran on to the unpainted door of the whitewashed house calling, "Oh, Art, oh, Art, come on out." A big colored boy with closely cropped hair came out and put his hand up shading his eyes from the sun. Then he went back into the house and came out again with a big straw hat on his head. He was in his bare feet. The way he came walking across the field with Sammy was always easy to remember because he hung back a little, talking rapidly, shrugging his shoulders and rolling the whites of his eyes. When he came close to Michael he grinned nervously, flashing his teeth, and said, "What's the matter with you white boys? I don't want to do no fighting." He looked scared.

"Come on. Get ready. I'm going to do a nice job on you," Michael said.

The colored boy took off his big straw hat and with great care laid it on the ground while all the time he was looking mournfully across the field and at his house, hoping maybe that somebody would come out. Then they started to fight, and Michael knocked him down four times, but he, himself, got a black eye and a cut lip. The colored boy had been so brave and he seemed so alone, licked and lying on the ground, that they sat down around him, praising him, making friends with him and gradually finding out that he was a good ball player, a left handed pitcher who specialized in a curve ball, and they agreed they could use him, maybe, on the town team.

Lying there in the field, flat on his back, Michael liked it so much that he almost did not want to go away. Art, the colored boy was telling how he had always wanted to be a jockey but had got too big; he had a brother who could make the weight. So Michael began to boast about his Uncle Joe who went around to all the tracks in the winter making and losing money at places like Saratoga, Blue Bonnets and Tia Juana. It was a fine, friendly, eager discussion about far-away places.

It was nearly dinner time when Michael got home: he went in the house sucking his cut lip and hoping his mother would not notice his black eye. But he heard no movement in the house. In the kitchen he saw his stepmother kneeling down in the middle of the floor with her hands clasped and her lips moving.

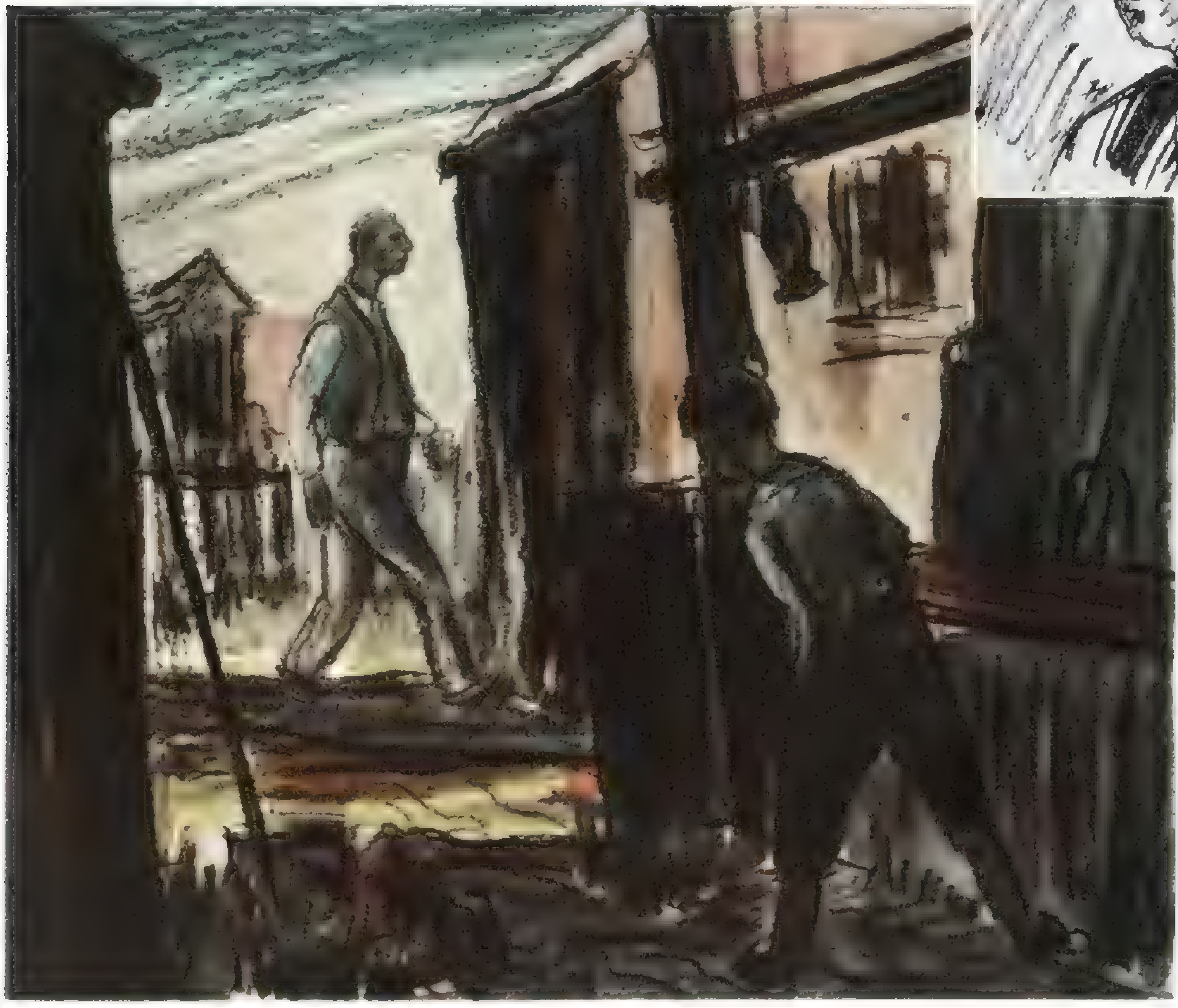
"What's the matter, Mother?" he asked.

"I'm praying," she said.

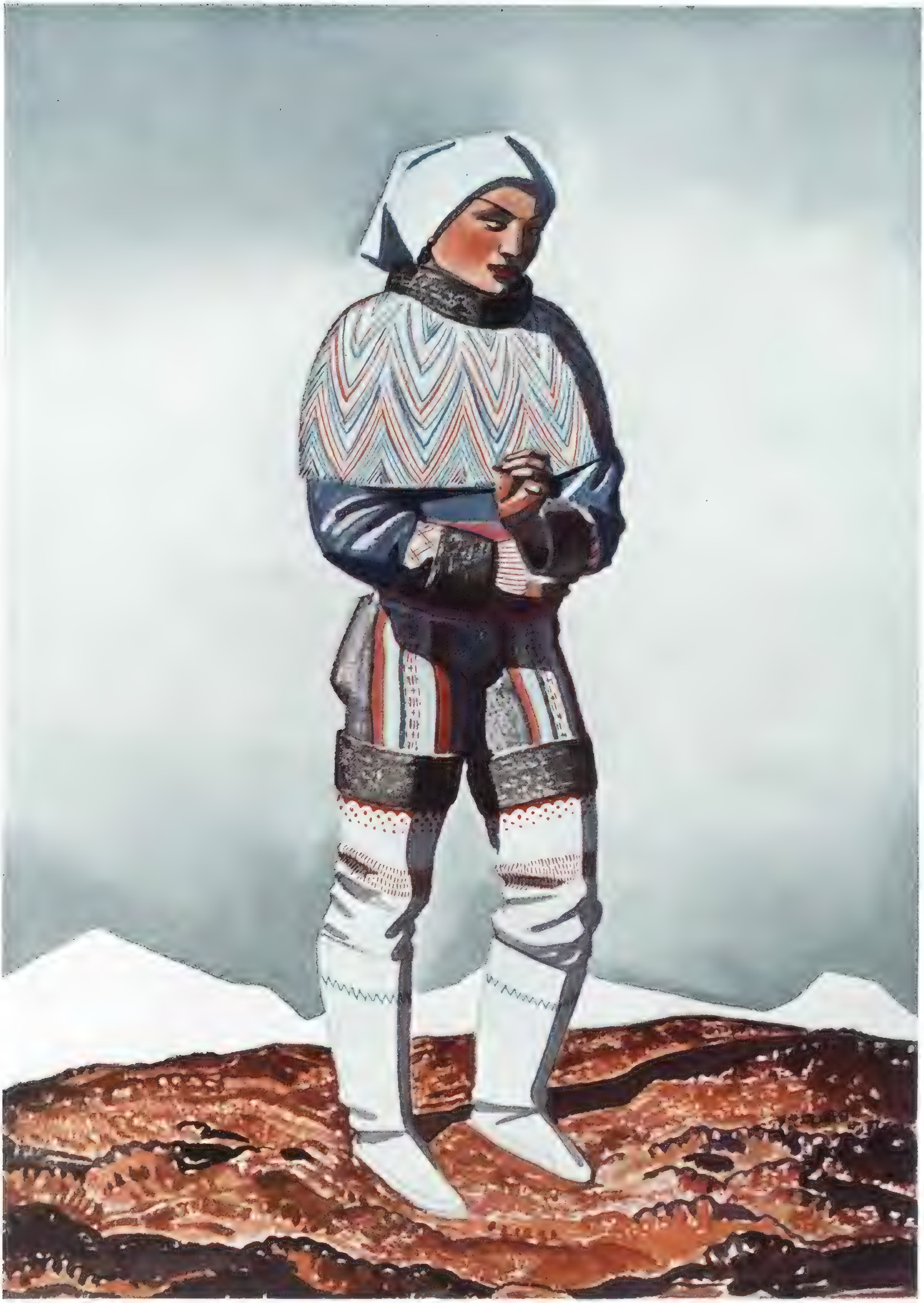
"What for?"

"For your father. Get down and pray with me."

"I don't want to pray, mother."



Continued on page 120



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE

WATER COLOR BY ROCKWELL KENT

"BLONDE ESKIMO"

The Blonde Eskimo

The third of three stories in this series about Greenland, both written and illustrated

by ROCKWELL KENT

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THINGS always get so complicated: and nobody wants complications. You clean house today: Splendid! And you start collecting again tomorrow. You go to Reno—or she does—in January: Hurrah!!! And in June?—you're both collecting again. There's a perversity in man that makes him endlessly defeat his best and pleasantest intentions. So that when you go to Greenland or some place like that, thinking: good! no telephones, no motors, no taxes, no (these now are personal reflections) rotten advertising jobs, no dirty low-down crooked Essex county politicians—you get there and find that simple, homely, natural, carefree life all complicated by unreasonable yearning for the most serious complication of them all: for Her. It's good and wholesome to get off and yearn: good medicine. Who likes good medicine!

The administering of the doses began with the gradual tapering off or petering out of home communications due, of course, to the decline in frequency of Greenland sailings as the winter neared (and interpreted by the exile as loved ones' loss of interest). The sailings over, there remained the radio.

That splendid instrument of salutary torture is disposed at such intervals along the Greenland coast as to offer to the outside world the unfailing delivery of messages of deep affection to the least and most remote of Greenland exiles, and to give the exile not a chance to ask the world why not. It is one of those unfair things that don't work both ways. Your wife can send the message "Am leaving you" or "Will never leave you." It is received in Greenland and, if you're living in North Greenland as I was, is broadcast from the Godhavn station at four o'clock that afternoon. Then everyone tunes in and listens. "I have messages," begins the operator, "for Ritenbank, Kakertat, Ikerasak, Umanak, *Igdlorssuit!*" Then I prick up my ears. And suppose that in the month of December the wife of some artist wintering at Igdlorssuit *does* send a message; and that the air after due preliminary warnings does say to him for her: "Am leaving you"—or, "Will never leave": What in either case can the poor devil do about it? For not only is Godhavn on an island many hundred miles away, but Igdlorssuit itself is on an island; and the December sea is neither free of ice nor frozen hard enough to support a sledge and dogs. The patient takes his medicine.

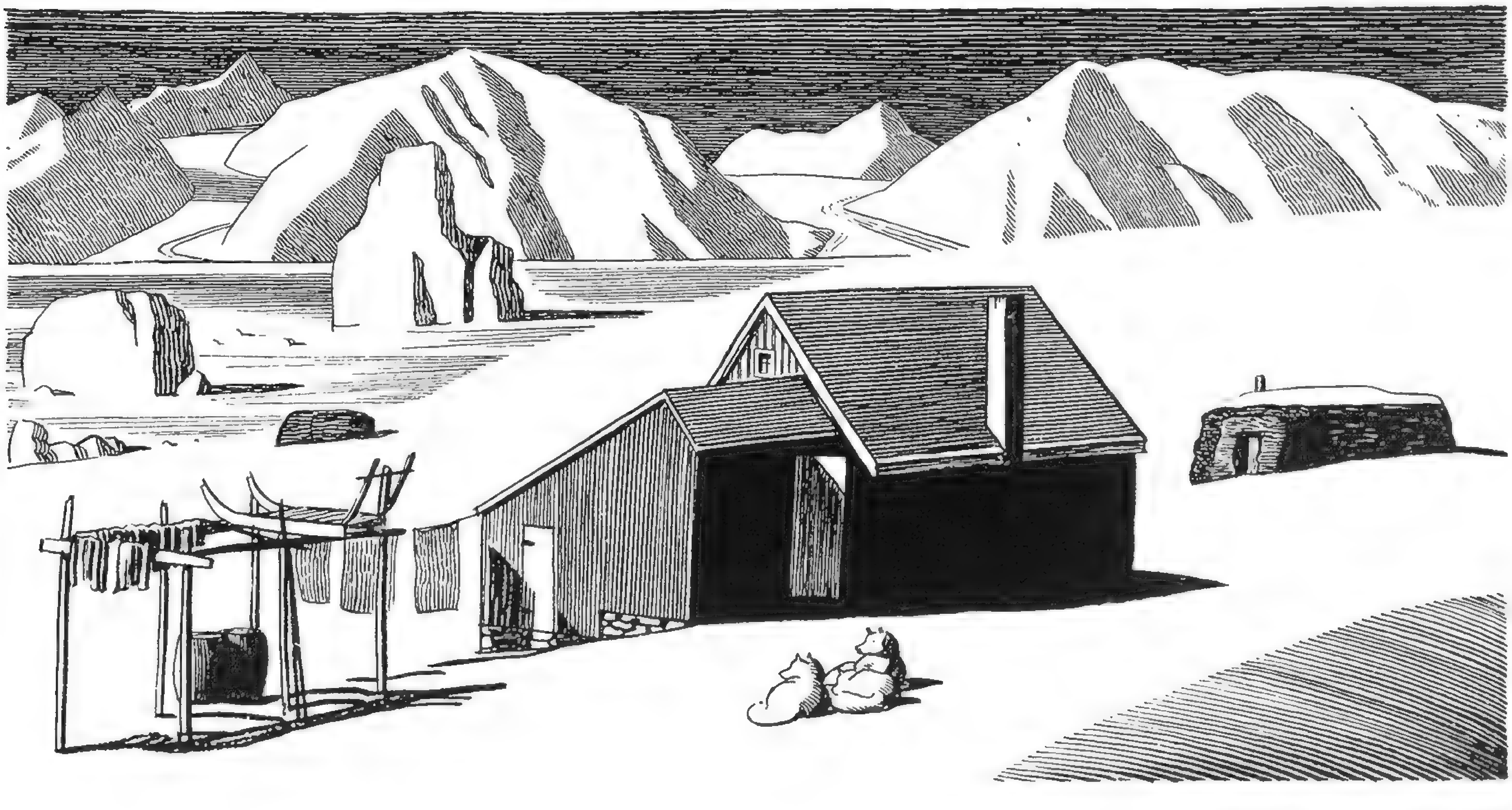
But consider the situation of the dope addict, of one accustomed to partaking generously of that most insidious of all narcotics, love; maroon *him* on an island, entice him to the cure by playing up the glamour of the wilderness, of solitude, of open spaces—all that sort of thing: entice him there believing it—poor fool!—and *let* him think his friends will still sneak in the stuff to him by radio; just *get* him there, well settled on a sea-girt island fifty miles from nowhere; give him, for pity's sake, a house, food, raiment, books, his flute, his paints and canvases, give him the *things* of life—those things fools think they live by! Leave the rest to God. And God—believe it!—gives our fool God's works.

He starts his program with September gales. Massed fleets of icebergs drive full sailed before them. They crash, they grind their bulwarks, split, capsize and, rolling over, send out mountain waves that rock the fleet. Howl of the gale, thunder of splitting bergs, wash of the sea: the fall has come. What late September ushered in becomes November, rain becomes snow. Fall?—winter overnight. And in the year's twilight a setting sun at noon shoots lurid rays between massed low hung clouds and green black ocean plain to kindle mountain sides of snow to flame. Then darkness.

It was as though perfectly contrived by those who had my cure in hand that the means of outside communication which I did possess, and that might have served me for some time into October, my motor boat, should on exactly the twentieth of September be assailed by ice which, driven shorewards by a proper gale, picked her right up, her anchor notwithstanding, and piled her on the land. Well done, well timed! Now sever the umbilical radio.

Within twenty-four hours of when the

Continued on page 130



Our Literary Nudism

An editor's reaction to "this new candor," the opposite of the credo stated on page 19 of this issue

by EDWIN BALMER

• ARTICLE •

We were not in the least surprised to receive from a friend of ours the letter just below.

He edits a high brow magazine which is not only extremely smart but, in the better senses, a wholly "modern" magazine.

He wrote to me and, I believe, to other editors whom he deemed to be confronting the same contemporary trend:

"I am afraid that you will think this is a somewhat preposterous sort of letter.

"I am writing it because we are a little in a quandary here as to how far it is wise for us to go in the direction of tabooed words. I often feel that I am more than a generation behind the trend of the day when I read the manuscripts that are sent to us, go to the movies, glance at the tabloids, or read the novels of Faulkner *et al.*

"Would you, as a favor, tell me whether or not you permit, in your pages, such words as *Christ* (used as an expletive), *bitch*, *bastard*, or *Lesbian?*

"I find an increasing insistence on these words in the manuscripts that are sent me by young and often really promising writers. Before deciding how brave we are to be as apostles of the new candor, I thought it best to drop you this line. I confess to feeling a little silly in writing it."

Because some discussion of the sort suggested was certainly due and overdue, we were not surprised.

You who are not in the editing trade, and therefore may judge of the "new candor" only from what reaches you in print, you do not know the half of it. We still save you from something. Not from much, I agree; yet from something.

Now the question seems to be, should we continue to do it?

My reply to my friend was, in part:

"I am very glad you brought this matter up for discussion, because it is not only the words but the subjects which require the use of such words that give us difficulty.

"It has been amazing to me to see, in recent years, the apparently unashamed increase of perverted subjects. I have had to read many stories that were for the most part excellent and well done, but under which lay an unpublishable idea."

At least it seemed to me an unpublishable idea. But what idea is today "unpublishable" or fails of publication, if not in magazine, then in book form?

Not long ago a young lady authoress appeared in my office with a manuscript which she was submitting for serial publication; and as she came recommended by a literary agent of standing, and also already had obtained a book contract for her manuscript, and as she was in haste to have a decision before sailing for Europe, I set to the reading of her novel without first putting it through "the mill."

The "mill," in our shop, involves a first reading by younger members of our staff—who, I must confess, occasionally startle me by the calmness of their comments upon some of the manuscripts they read; but this one topped anything they have yet reported. Its candor was complete and plus; there was no situation which even by inadvertence grazed any of the decencies.

I could not believe that anyone would bring it out even between book covers; but some one did. The book contract which the lady authoress proudly produced in reply to my expressed doubts was genuine.

"I was told to write it raw," she observed, "and I am sure to sell ten thousand. Why don't you climb aboard the bandwagon?"

I find that, as to our present position in regard to printing profane and obscene expressions, I replied to my friend that we permit on our pages *damn* when it is a characterizing bit of dialogue, but that we prefer to draw a pencil through the *God* in the proffered *God damns* indigenous to modern American manuscripts.

Further, we feel it well to substitute another expletive for the "*Jesus Christ's*" liberally offered by contemporary authors as exclamations or comments when other words run low. Also we are reluctant to encourage writers to habituate their characters to labeling each other as bitches and bastards, playfully or otherwise. And we like to avoid Lesbianism.

I recall the comment of one of my manuscript readers who spared herself—and me—the synopsizing of a novel sent by an agent, and in respect to which I had not had the fortune to act as shock-absorber.

"I tell you, Mr. Balmer," she replied to my first question as to the subject of this particular *tour-de-force*, "it makes those novels of ordinary adultery seem just nice."

Such are the subjects offered, as my friend notes, by young and often really promising writers, and with ever-increasing insistence.

Closing my manuscript portfolio, I open some of the buckram-bound best-sellers of some of my own friends, I go to the movies and glance at the tabloids, and I wonder whether the reaction of distaste is silly.

Let us leave out any debate as to the absolute rightness or wrongness of anything. Let us leave it merely to taste, good or bad; for that, at least, is left us.

There is probably nothing more moral or "right" in employing Latin-derived euphemisms rather than the crude Anglo-Saxon vulgarities now affected, but it is certainly better manners.

The stage, at some spots in New York, has gone the limit; and some books also have arrived at the place where there is nothing beyond. The literary "strip-act" has at last removed even the loin-cloth. As to vocabulary, the writers not only have exhausted the dictionary, but have tapped, for fresher obscenities, the treasures of the back-fence thesaurus. No word so low but some one, today, finds it essential to his literary life.

Do most of us really like it?

It appears to me, as an editor, that there is at least reasonable doubt as to the persisting pleasure produced by some of the words and ideas so freely scattered upon published pages.

There is a distinct difference in usage, even between book-publishers, as there is between magazines; and while the best book-publishers undoubtedly would have refused the volumes previously referred to, yet their own present code of candor certainly is more emancipated—to put it lightly—than the code of magazines of similar standing.

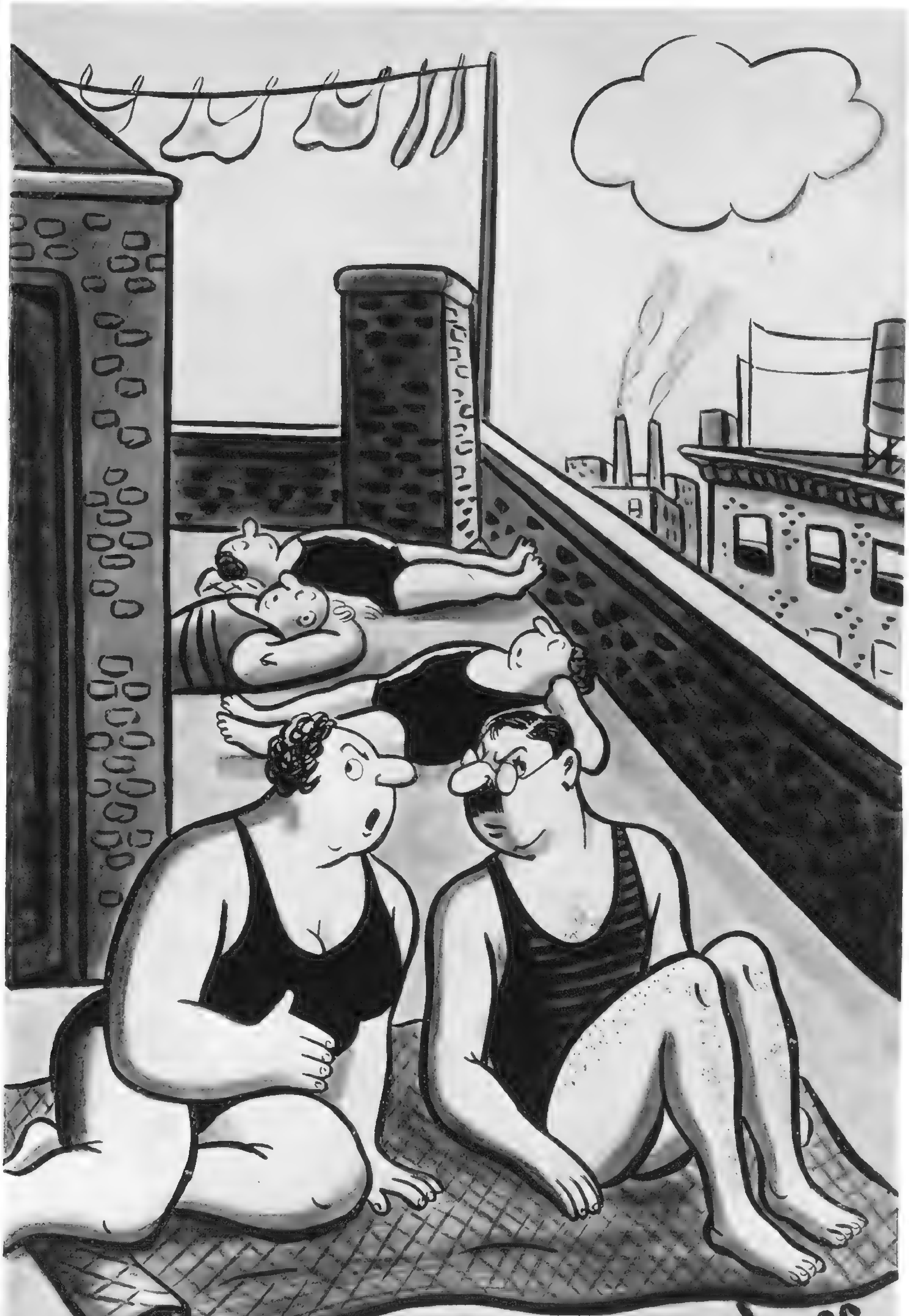
As editor of the Redbook Magazine, I had the privilege of first publication of that very modern mystery story, "The Thin Man." Mr. Alexander Woollcott, a most competent critic, believes and declares it "the best detective story yet written in America."

Before buying it, I read it with the greatest appreciation, but in the manuscript as it came to me, were lines which did not seem to enhance the story. In fact, upon one of the pages was a phrase—put in the form of a five-word question—which had never before reached my desk as part of a literary production.

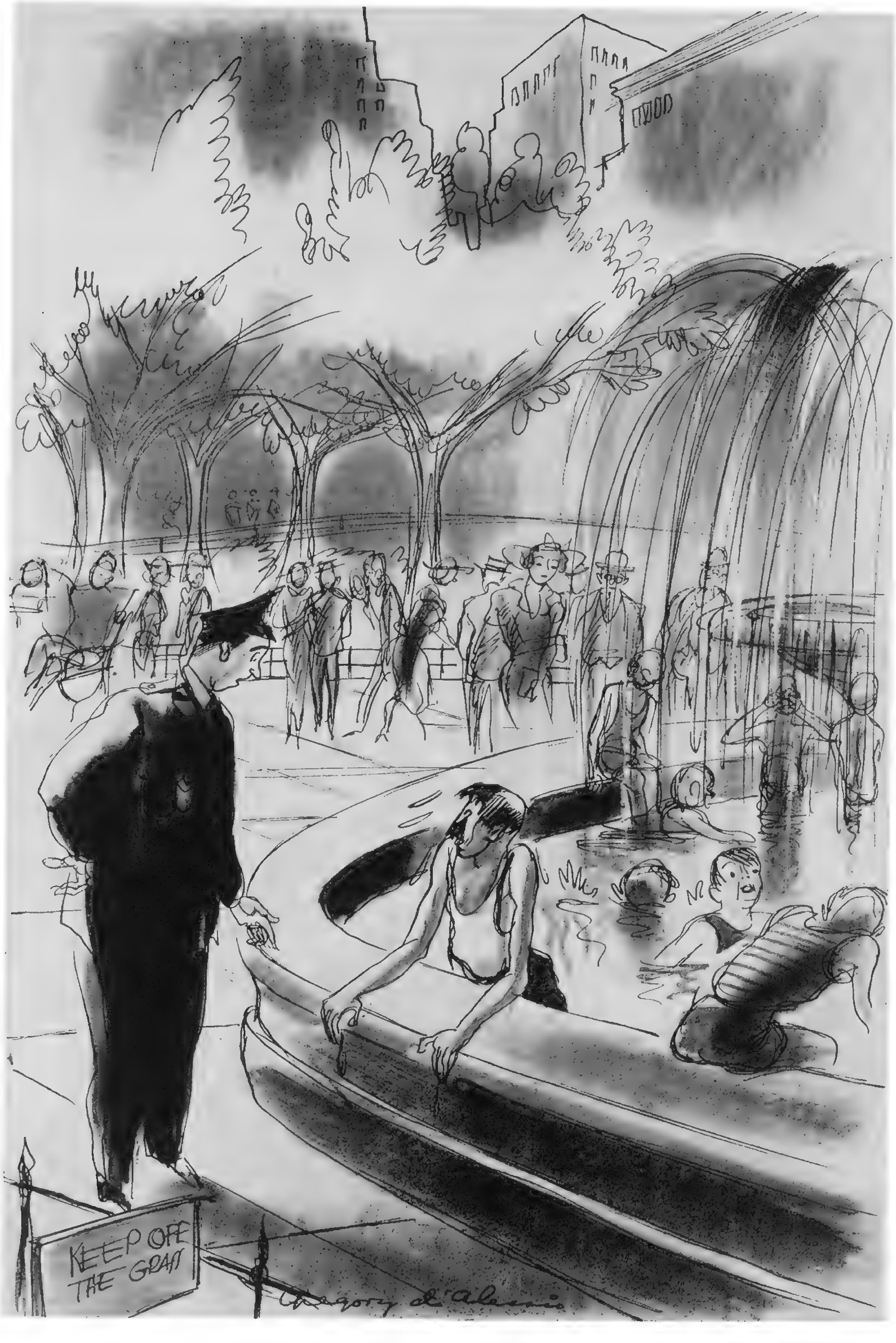
I have not asked my distinguished friend, but I feel that it would have been a rare phrase in the manuscripts reaching him, or he surely would have queried it in his list of debatable words. At any rate, I confess that I drew a pencil through those five words.

"The Thin Man," after its magazine appearance, was brought out in book form, and promptly became a very best seller; its publisher is a firm famous for its excellent selection of fiction and for its maintenance of high literary standards.

Continued on page 89



"I don't know Henry—this place is turning out to be a regular Coney Island"


KEEP OFF THE GRASS
Gregory d'Alessio

"— but aren't you a bit old for this sort of thing?"

The Beauty Pageant

A picture, limned with acid, of the purring demeanor of those babes who strut the boardwalk

by CHARLES M. BAYER

▪ FICTION ▪

OKLAHOMA CITY, spine imbedded in the white beach sand, drew up a forearm and squinted at her wrist watch.

"My Gawd!" she wailed, "I'll be late for my date."

She jerked to her feet, flicked the sand from her breasts and scampered, lickety-split, under the Boardwalk to the beach entrance of her hotel. Her recent companions watched the undulant weavings of her buttocks. They lost no time turning on the heat.

"Date, huh!" sneered Pittsburgh. "I'll bet my chance at the title she's stepping out with that red-headed judge she worked on yesterday in the parade. D'ya see how she worked the baby eyes on that guy?"

"Baby eyes, hell!" protested Erie vehemently. "Bedroom eyes, if you ask me."

"Well, honey," contributed Portland, "you're one that should know." Erie glared at her, red-faced, but held silence. Portland winked knowingly. Portland slapped a string of gum in and out of her even-toothed maw. She gazed admiringly at the saliva bubbles. "Yeah," she said, finally, "and that dame from Washington. From what I hear, if she wins they won't call her Miss America."

Portland, who knew the dramatic value of silences, held pause a moment. Then, "They'll call her Mistress America."

The others shrieked with laughter.

"If Scranton ain't a married woman, she better be pretty soon." Minneapolis was sitting in judgment. "Looks like four months gone to me. As for that baby from Chicago, I'd . . ."

"Huh?"

"Oh, 'scuse me, dearie. I didn't know you were around. Besides, I guess it was 'Frisco I had in mind."

Cincinnati, sensing a storm, quickly turned the gossip back to harmonious directions. "Will somebody tip me off where a cartoonist rates being a beauty judge?"

"Well," drawled Philadelphia, a catty touch in her tone, "maybe with the gang they got entered this year they need cartoonists for judges."

"Meaning just who?" snarled Cincinnati, leaning forward menacingly.

There might have been words and hair-pulling about it. But just then Officer Michael Gilligan frowned forward through the sand. He trudged up to the group, fists on hips, outrage sizzling through every pore.

"Hey, you janes gotta scram," he sputtered. "Cripes, y'don't believe in givin' the 'magination a workout, do ya? You can't wear them kind o' suits on this beach. Where d'ya think y'are? In th' Follies?"

"Not yet, but soon, big boy," retorted Springfield.

"Yeah?" sneered Officer Gilligan.

"Yeah," Springfield assured him in saccharine tones.

"Y're one o' them smart babies, hey?" glowered Officer Gilligan.

"Ma and pa say I was a smart baby," Springfield informed him. The girls in the group giggled at Officer Gilligan. He fidgeted uncomfortably. "Yeah?" he commented. "Yeah," Springfield acquiesced.

"You got a nerve," Toledo interposed. "Tellin' us not to come on the beach in these suits! If you look close—and that's all you cops've been doin' since we hit this burg—these're the same suits, some of'm, we wore in the Neptune Parade yesterday right on this Boardwalk of yours, savvy? And you made people pay two bucks a seat to see us in these same suits. Well, Mister Wise Guy, we're givin' the public the same treat today, free gratis f'r nothing, see? I didn't hear any objections yesterday, and do I hear any now, Wise Guy?"

Officer Michael Gilligan scratched a perplexed scalp. He murmured about fresh dames and plodded away. A gale of derisive laughter followed the poor man. His face was terribly red. He was still sputtering when he ran into Officer Williams, along the beach. But he got around to confiding, when he cooled down, that "if th' old lady'd take a trip out of town, I'd make a coupla passes at some o' them janes. There's a couple's pretty swell looking 'n' I could use 'em, believe me."

"Hell," snorted Officer Williams, "y' shoulda been with me two o'clock this morning when I peeked into th' Silver Slipper."

"Yeah?" urged Officer Gilligan, a bit of envy in his voice.

"Yeah?" agreed Officer Williams. "They was six o' these janes. Polak Joe was throwin' th' party. Champagne 'n' everything. You know Polak Joe, how he does it up. Geez, these janes ain't allowed to step out without their chaperones. That's a laugh, ain't it? One o' th' janes, that phoney blonde from The Bronx, she had a uke 'n' damn if she don't strip down to her shimmy to play it. But th' pay-off was the belly dance New York put on, um, um, um. I went right home in a hurry after that. But Marge, she ain't a pageant beauty."

Officer Williams sighed regretfully.

"Yeah," commented Officer Gilligan, "she's a beauty, that babe from New York. Guess she'll cop the prize, hey?"

"Well, she c'n cop any prize I got," vowed Officer Williams.

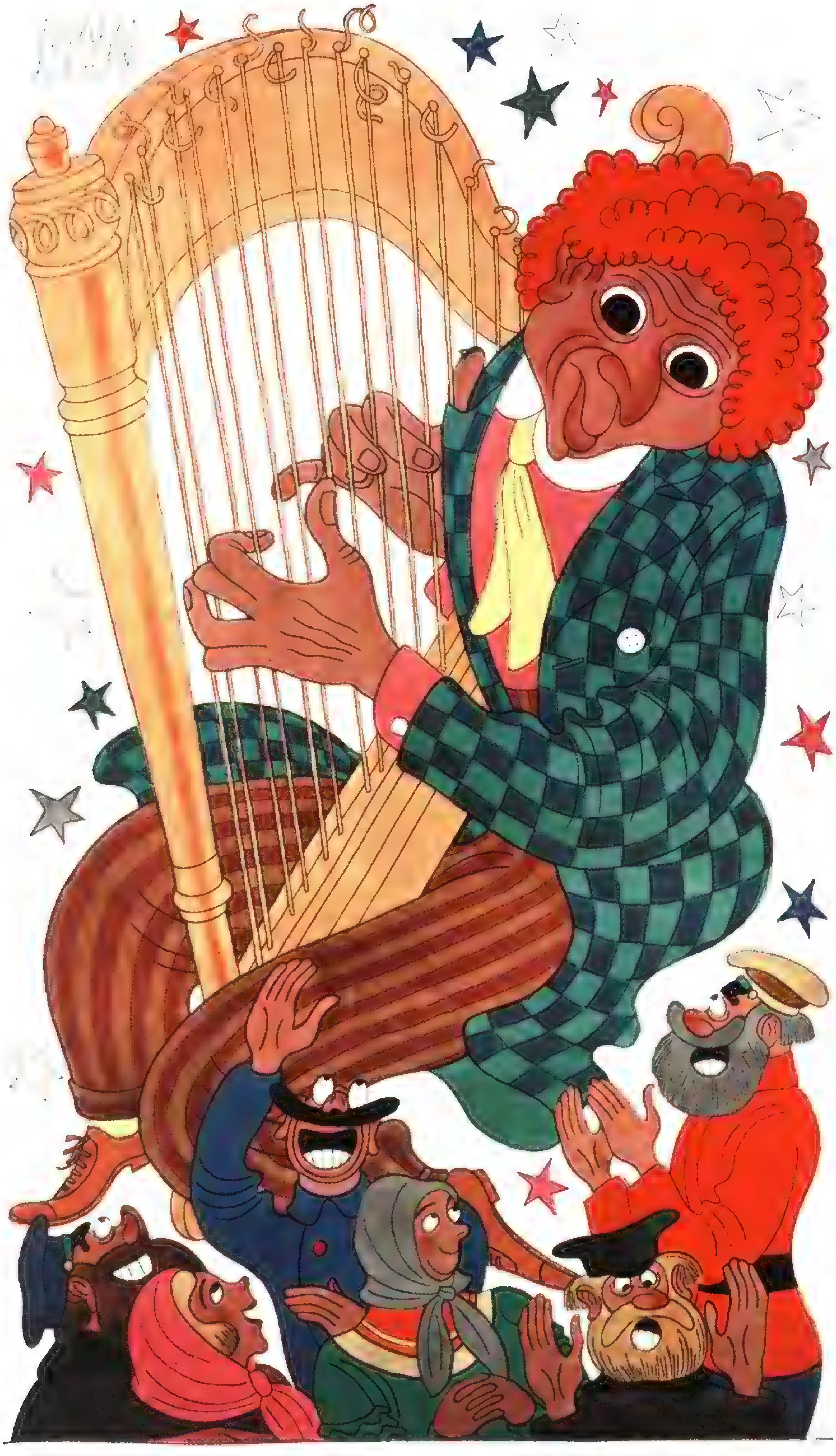
Continued on page 111

Good Representation

A serious, which is not to say a sober, account of the Russian experiences of a great comedian

by HARPO MARX

ARTICLE



"RUSSIA isn't a country," said Groucho when he heard of my proposed trip. "It's a state of mind." Maybe so, but it's the biggest state of mind I've ever seen. I really think the remark was dictated by jealousy. Didn't they say the same thing when Balboa claimed Pocahontas for the King of Spain?

I have found that people divide themselves into two camps regarding the story of my trip: those who don't believe it, and those who haven't heard it. Unfortunately I have brought back no snapshots of myself carousing with the Cossacks swimming the Black Sea, or skiing down the Urals. My only souvenirs of the trip are a photograph of an American farm machine and an article that appeared in Moscow's most progressive evening journal. Of these, more later. The reader's only reason for believing any facts hereinafter narrated is the unimpeachable honor of the Marxes. There is an old family proverb that says, "A lie is not a lie until it is disproven."

The advance agents for my Russian expedition were a couple of journalists named Walter Duranty and Alexander Woollcott. Mr. Duranty is the Kremlin correspondent of the New York Times. Mr. Woollcott is a reformed dramatic critic who has laid down his poison pen to purr into the microphone. The pair of them had been gadding about Moscow, giving the Five Year Plan the once over, when they came across an instance of fearful inequity. America had four Marx Brothers, and Russia none. Why should Russia get all the breaks? In any event, they had an earnest consultation with Dankman, the Will Hays of the Muscovite amusement world, and somehow succeeded in persuading him that the Soviet would earn the undying gratitude of the American public by importing me for an engagement at the Moscow Art Theatre.

The first I knew of all this was a wire signed "STANKMAN" inviting me to appear in Moscow with or without my supporting company. We were on the coast shooting "Duck Soup" at the time, so nothing surprised me less than receiving an incomprehensible message from Russia. However, when the original cablegram was followed by long explanatory wires from Woollcott and Duranty I began to suspect that there might be something in it, after all. This Woollcott is a great fellow for words but only where he charges for them. A two-hundred-word cable sent at his own expense is not his idea of a practical joke on someone else. I wired back, "Leaving for Russia in five weeks. What is the Russian for blondes?" He replied, "Brunettes."

As it happened, the production of "Duck

Soup" was delayed when Chico broke his leg in a mild discussion over a no-trump bid. Instead of getting to Russia in mid-summer as we had originally planned, I was detained in Hollywood until September. I finally set out with three hundred knives (for stage use only), four red wigs, two harps, a gift copy of "Marie Antoinette," and a booklet entitled "Russian in Six Easy Lessons." After spending two weeks on the first lesson I decided that I would have to rely on my stage technique to get around.

I landed in Cherbourg, and after a minor tussle with the customs officials, went directly to Paris. My first impression was one of dejection. The gay capital of continental Europe was nursing a hangover. The dropping dollar and the rising war threats had driven most of the tourists and expatriates back home. The first cheering note of my ten days in Paris was the arrival of Noel Coward from London. Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Yvonne Printemps and Romney Brent all went over to the Gare St. Lazare to meet him. After he had kissed them all impartially Lynn said "Noel darling, what strange sights one does see in Paris!" That was the only way she could get him to notice that I was playing his "I'll See You Again" on the harp in the middle of the crowd of commuters and playing it in full costume with red wig and all. Even then, the rat didn't really pay any attention. I kept saying "Cinq francs, Monsieur" but he ignored me successfully until I picked up the harp and threw it at him.

While in Paris I sent a series of wires to Dankman asking when he expected me in Moscow. After waiting a week without receiving a reply, I set out for Russia, armed with several suits of heavy underwear that the Lunts had selected for me at Le Printemps and enough bed warmers, hot water bottles, and electric heaters to keep all Little America at a constant boiling point.

After two days and nights of continuous self-communion (my fellow passengers spoke everything but English), I overhead a lady at the next table in the dining car regretting that she hadn't bought any chewing gum for the trip. It was only my twenty years of unbroken silence on the stage that stifled a shriek of delight such as had never been heard in the whole Danzig corridor. Instead I tossed a package of gum on her table. Scenario writers please copy.

By sealing our trunks on leaving Paris we had postponed the ordeal of customs examinations until we reached the Russian border. But that more than made up for any excitement that had been lacking before. The examiner spoke no English, so we conversed in one part German and three parts pantomime. The contents of my trunk would certainly have baffled Philo Vance.

He passed the harps, horns, and wigs in one contemptuous, though quizzical silence. But the three hundred knives were too much for him. Nor did the name of Marx on my passport serve to allay his fears. Karl Marx had started a revolution with a book. What would not I, who had doubtless inherited his lust for upsetting things, be able to accomplish with three hundred knives?

Perhaps I should explain, for the benefit of the unfortunate few who have never had the great treat of seeing me do my old knife act, that it is a scene in which a huge detective, hunting everywhere for the missing silverware, relies so heavily on his flair for an honest face that he refused to search me but merely shakes me by the hand. Unfortunately, he shakes it so vigorously that the stolen cutlery begins to fall out from all portions of what is known in polite circles as my person. That's all there is to it really. It is funnier to watch than to read about. At least I hope it is. I hope to God it is.

I tried to explain with photographs of my act, but he didn't recognize me in a wig. Then I went through a performance for him that merely confirmed his suspicion that through all Americans there runs a strain of lunacy. I was about ready to pack up my knives and start on the weary homeward trail when an English passenger who spoke a little Russian saved the day by explaining that he had seen me in pictures and I was really quite harmless, though not altogether sane. In the end I was permitted to enter Russia, though not before I had signed a document promising to take all three hundred knives out with me when I left.

I had been warned to wire ahead for a car because there are no taxicabs in Russia. On arriving in Moscow I found a driver waiting at the station and managed to convey to him the information that I wished to be taken to the Metropole Hotel. I couldn't even read the signs in the street. There is nothing like a different alphabet to bring home the alien feeling of a foreign land.

My first request after I had registered at the hotel was for an interpreter. The first girl they sent was so pretty that I hired her on the spot. In a few minutes I realized that she couldn't speak a word of English. As I couldn't persuade myself to fire such an attractive girl—and a blonde at that, Mr. Woollcott—I was forced to engage another interpreter to interpret her conversation. This second string interpreter was named Lydia Meletina but I called her "Melachrino." She had been employed in turn by George Bernard Shaw, Sinclair Lewis, the Lindberghs, and the Lunts. She certainly knew her job. We went to shows, dinners, operas, and rehearsals together. At the play "Melachrino" would whisper the lines in my ear as fast as the actors delivered them. Once I caught her ahead of the players themselves. She had accompanied so many tourists to the play that she knew it by heart.

As soon as I had settled down at my hotel I called Dankman and informed him of my arrival. He greeted me cordially, apologized for not answering my cables, and said he would call back at noon the following day. When I failed to hear from him the next day, which was Tuesday, I drove over to his office to see what was wrong. He invited me to appear in a special performance at the Moscow Art Club but regretted that he had no word as yet about a public engagement. I would surely hear from him Wednesday at noon.

Wednesday came, but no call from Dankman. I finally telephoned him, and received word that he would call without fail at noon Thursday. Meanwhile I had experienced some little difficulty in getting in touch with a friend at the National Hotel. The first time I asked the operator for the National Hotel she merely laughed. The next time she explained that I was calling from the National Hotel.

"But this can't be the National," I said, "I'm staying at the Metropole."

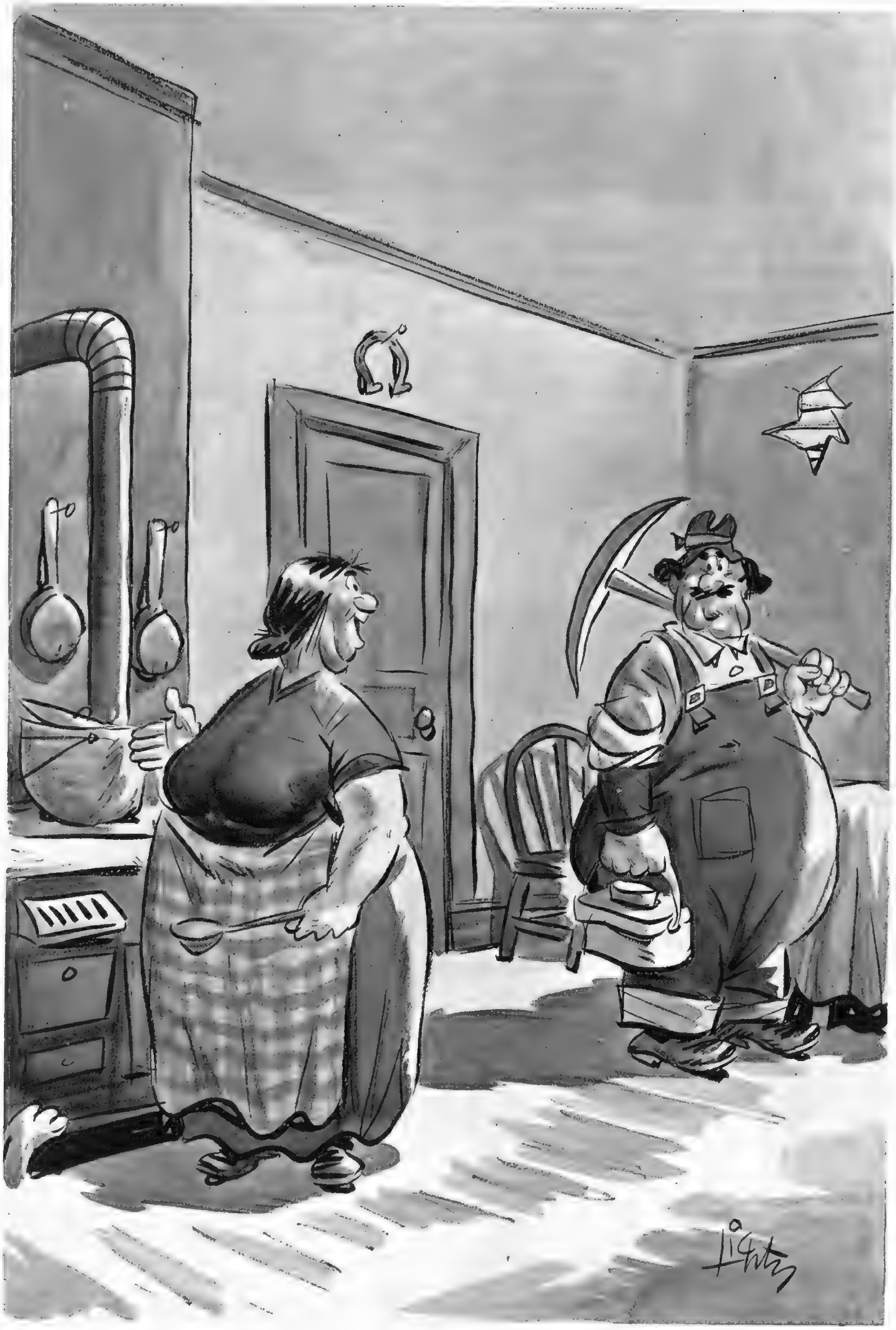
"It may be the Metropole to you, but it's the National to us," she replied.

I had been living in Moscow three days without knowing the name of my hotel. At least I thought it was Moscow. It might have been Vladivostok for all I knew.

For the first few days of my visit I lolled in the luxurious appointments of the imperial suite of the hotel, which for the past twelve years has been the exclusive property of British financiers, American writers, and French painters. Then I was asked politely but pointedly if I would not like to change to another room. It appeared that Mr. Bullitt was coming in, and of course one must show every respect to the new American Ambassador. The manager was disconsolate because the hotel had not an American flag with which to honor its eminent guest and during the seventeen years that the United States and Russia had not been on speaking terms he had quite forgotten the shape and pattern of the stars and stripes. I was the Betsy Ross of the occasion. The manager asked me to describe the American flag, and I nearly threw a monkey wrench into international relations by telling him to put in fifty-two stars. I had it confused with a pinochle deck. Or maybe I was counting Mexico and Nova Scotia.

Meanwhile Dankman and I were con-

Continued on page 118



"I got sompin' you like, Giusseppi—puree of tomatoes wit' groutons"

Toujours L'Amour

You may wave your fists before a Frenchman's nose for nothing, but socking him will cost you $3.98

by JOSEPH SCHRANK

• HUMOR •

THE concierge, mes amis, is the sacred cow of la belle France. You may shoot a lover and be forgiven, but ma foi! never, never shoot a concierge, even by accident, for that is serious.

Alors! after M. Sarthel—the same who got into such difficulties with the canaries of Madame Froidveaux the concierge—had vacated his cherished studio on the top floor, it was taken by Mademoiselle Petitpois, a designer of hats. Whether or not it was because that top floor studio cast some evil spell on all who occupied it, I do not know, but it soon became apparent that the concierge and the new locataire were fated to be less than friends. The reason was, alas, a material one—the matter of the tip. Every quarter when the rent was paid (to say nothing of Christmas and every time one gave a party) the concierge had to be tipped. The concierge herself informed you when you moved in what the amount of the tip was to be. It is an old French custom.

When Mademoiselle Petitpois paid her first quarter's rent, she offered the concierge an additional hundred franc note.

"Your 'for the drink,' madame," she remarked, which is French for "your tip."

Madame Froidveaux looked at the hundred franc note in Mademoiselle Petitpois' hand and replied, "They give me one hundred and fifty, mademoiselle."

"I am accustomed to paying one hundred, madame," replied the new locataire.

"It is not sufficient," said Madame Froidveaux with dignity.

"It is that or nothing," replied Mademoiselle Petitpois firmly.

Madame Froidveaux took the hundred francs.

Within twenty-four hours, all the tenants in the building had learned from the concierge that the new locataire was a hoyden of the worst sort, that she was apparently unaccustomed to living in an elegant building like this one, that she had a very questionable character and without doubt came from a disreputable family. Knowing what it meant to antagonize Madame Froidveaux, the tenants shook their heads and predicted plenty of trouble for Mademoiselle Petitpois.

It was not long in coming.

The concierge watched the movements of the new locataire even more closely than was her custom with all the tenants. The day after she moved in, a young man entered the building. Never having seen him before, the concierge stepped out of her room and confronted him.

"You desire, monsieur?" she demanded.

"Mademoiselle Petitpois, madame," replied the young man, giving his mustaches a gallant twirl.

"What do you wish with Mademoiselle Petitpois?" asked the concierge suspiciously.

"That," replied the young man, "is my own affair. If madame will permit—"

He bowed mockingly, stepped around her and walked on to the ascenseur, Madame Froidveaux glaring at his back.

The front doors of French apartment houses are locked after ten at night and the tenants are not given keys. As concierges invariably retire early, to get in after ten it is necessary to ring the bell and to keep ringing it until the concierge wakes up. To get out is equally difficult; one must stand outside the concierge's door bawling, "Cordon s'il vous plait!" Fortunate indeed is the locataire whose concierge is a light sleeper. But this is rare. For the most part they sleep the sleep of the self righteous, confident that le bon Dieu watches over concierges with a special tenderness. Madame Froidveaux was a particularly sound sleeper, a fact attested to by many a half frozen face on locataires waiting in a biting wind for her to pull the cord and let them in. But on this night, when Mademoiselle Petitpois' visitor arrived, she slept hardly at all—just dozed by fits and starts. She was waiting to hear that young man call out "Cordon s'il vous plait," so she could make him wait a half hour in the hallway. But she might have spared herself her pains and gotten a good night's sleep after all. For the young man failed to come down until the next morning.

At dawn, Madame Froidveaux, sodden with rage, poked her husband vigorously in the ribs with her elbow.

"Maurice!" she said. "That young man—he has not come down."

"Hrrrmpff . . ." replied Maurice, digging his face deeper into the pillow.

"That salle gamine, Mademoiselle Petitpois, she has a lover."

"Why not?" mumbled Maurice, his tongue thick with sleep.

"Without doubt she supports him as she is much older and not at all good looking."

"Why not?" repeated Maurice.

The concierge's guess this time was a good one. Mademoiselle Petitpois, whose millinery business was a thriving one, did indeed support her young man.

"And yet that species of cow refuses to give me my proper tip!" stormed Madame Froidveaux. "She will see, she will learn whom she has to deal with!"

"Calm yourself, my little cabbage, and get some sleep," said Maurice.

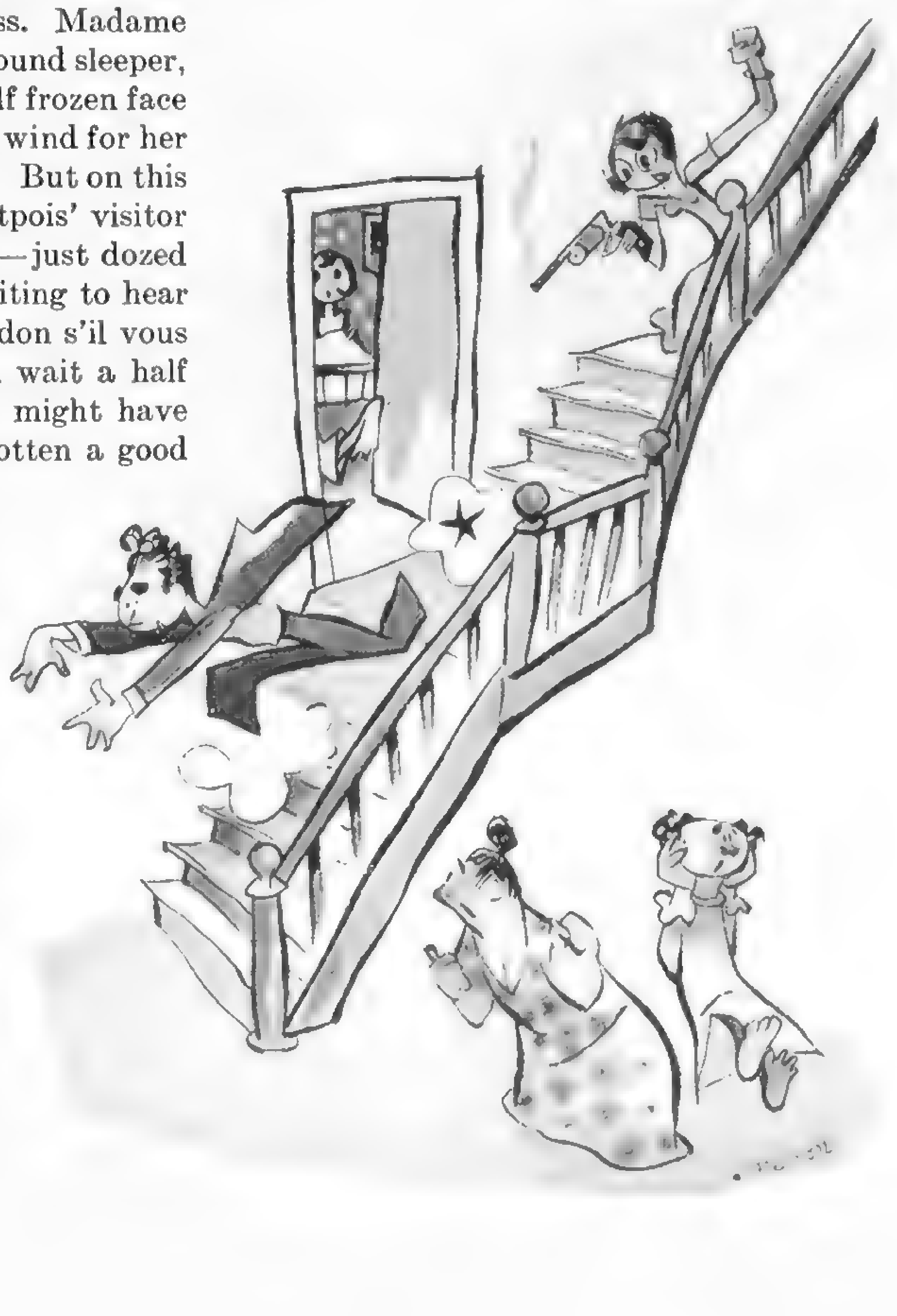
"She will suffer," declared Madame Froidveaux, "as I suffer!"

Twice a week, without fail, on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 p. m., Mademoiselle Petitpois' young man came and stayed the night. Madame Froidveaux did what she could. She told the young man Mademoiselle was out when she wasn't. He merely smiled and walked by her to the ascenseur. There wasn't much the concierge *could* do about it. A young woman has a right to have anyone she chooses spend the night with her—the law is inflexible on that point. It is an old French custom.

But at last her chance to do something came.

One Saturday evening, eight o'clock ar-

Continued on page 89



The Great Emancipator

Crediting Walter Hagen with the breaking down of barriers once separating pros from gentlemen

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

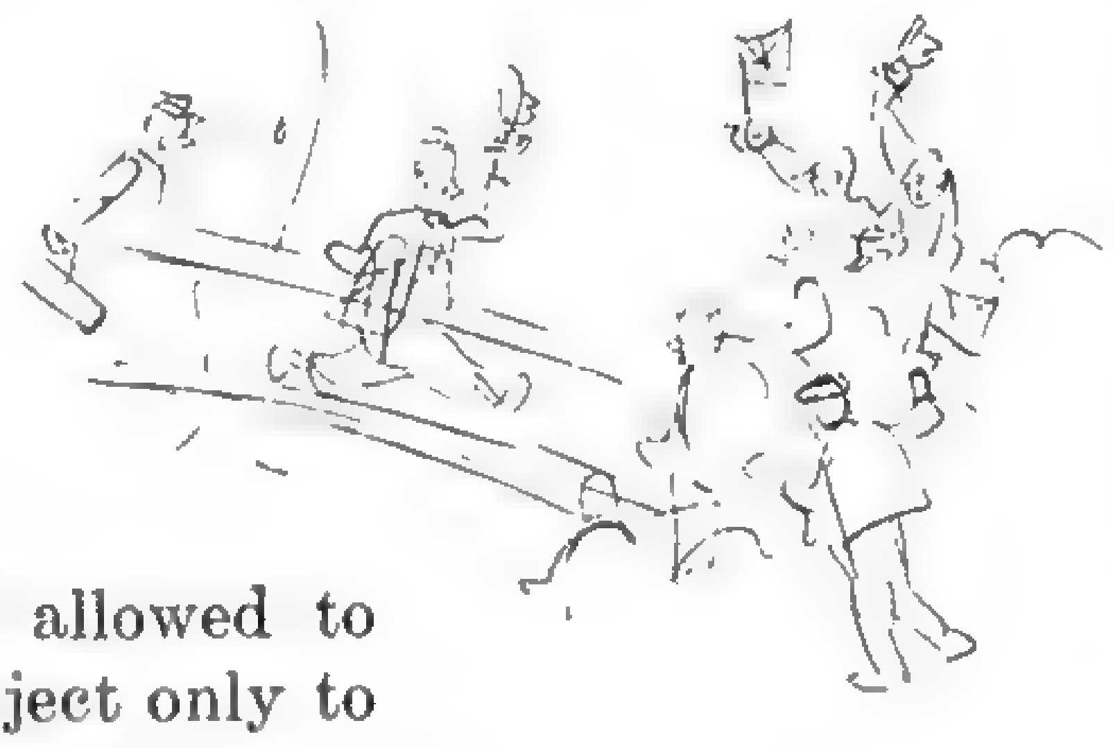
In the very old days professional athletes were slaves.

Then the best break a pro got was to be permitted by holders of Roman arena ringside seats to nominate the lion to gnaw on his meat and framework.

Things softened up a bit for pros when practices of slugging each other with lead-ballasted cesti or plunging runt swords into gladiatorial vitals were introduced. The softening consisted of slightly delaying the inevitable finish of the athletes which was by sack to the glue works.

It took almost ten centuries before professional athletes advanced in status far enough to separate the names of the vanquished in any athletic contest from obituary notices; defeat and death were one and the same in the simple times prior to that flowering of civilization represented now by such developments as boxing and wrestling commissions.

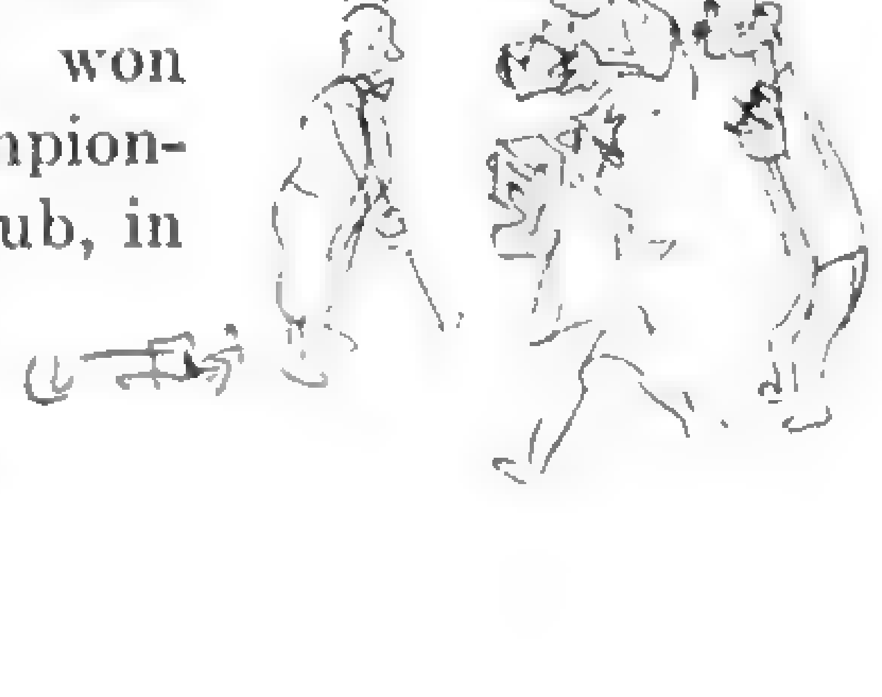
Then it required almost another ten centuries before professional athletes were allowed to prowl on the loose, subject only to the commands of the sporting nobility that willed them to perform in contests of more brutality than skill.



It was not until the sparkling nineties that the professional athlete achieved some social standing and then merely as a museum piece for men only. Basket-busted, pumpkin fannied chorus girls beat pro athletes into society and happily blended a restorative element of virility into the get of many a prominent family. Unfortunately the robust coryphees did not feel it incumbent upon them to bring into the upper social strata those brawny pugilists, handsome young men on the flying trapezia, or shifty, speedy professional foot racers with whom the choristers had whiled away tinseled hours of maidenhood.

So the pros again were left out in the murky, hoppy limbo of transfer corner saloons, which was not much of an improvement over the bloody arenas of the Roman days.

Here we have, roughly, about 2,000 years in professional athletics with the pros having gained for themselves during all this time only the right to keep living among the lower species.

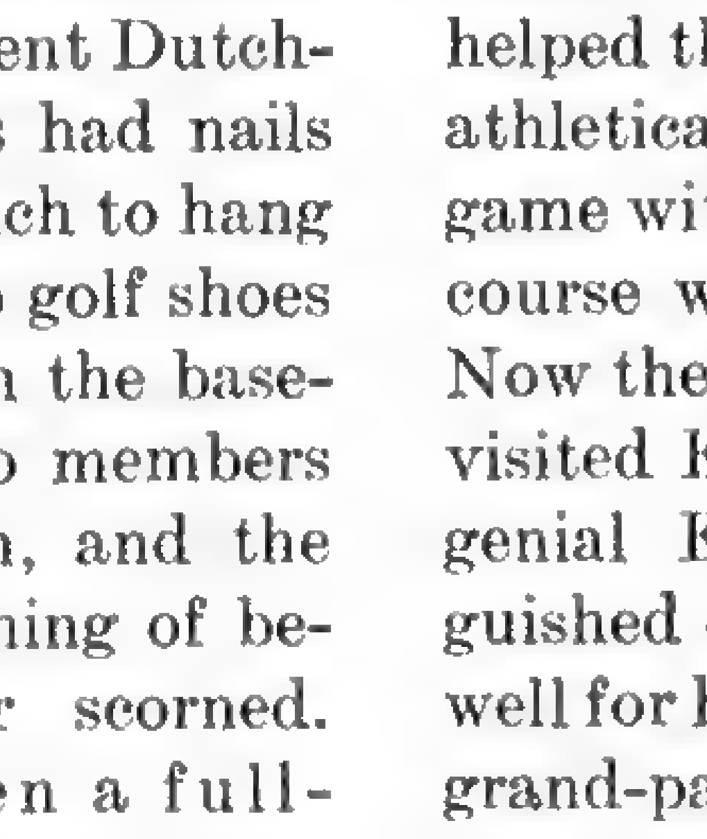


Then Mr. Hagen arrived. In ten years after the time Hagen won his first national golf championship, at Midlothian Country Club, in the southern fauborgs of Chicago, in 1914 the condition of professional athletes improved more than during the 2,000 years prior to the Hagen début as an athletic notable. True, there were professional baseball players for instance, who were accepted socially before Hagen registered in, but their social conquests were limited to acceptance by persons in trade. Polite society had not been polite to workingmen athletes.

Hagen changed all that. Well, maybe Hagen and conditions, but you can't blame a fellow for having been born at the right time and taking advantage of it.

Walter's playmate, the sage Tommy Armour, jests with Hagen by calling Walter "The Great Emancipator," but in a serious vein Armour stands solid on this verdict. Had it not been for the effrontery of Hagen in proclaiming by word and deed the doctrine of equal rights for the man who makes his living by athletics, all pros might still be competing with bus-boys for a rung near sea-level on the social ladder.

Hagen was Mister Hagen by his own introduction to his public long before he was Walter. He did not allow undue familiarity on the part of either peasantry or plutocracy while he was in his early twenties. Recall, that this was back in the days when American newspapers and magazines referred to professionals in golf stories by the raw address, Bill Mugg or Jock McGoof, and to the amateurs always with the respectful title of "Mister," a practice that now has vanished even in England and which disappeared mainly because of the Hagen influence.



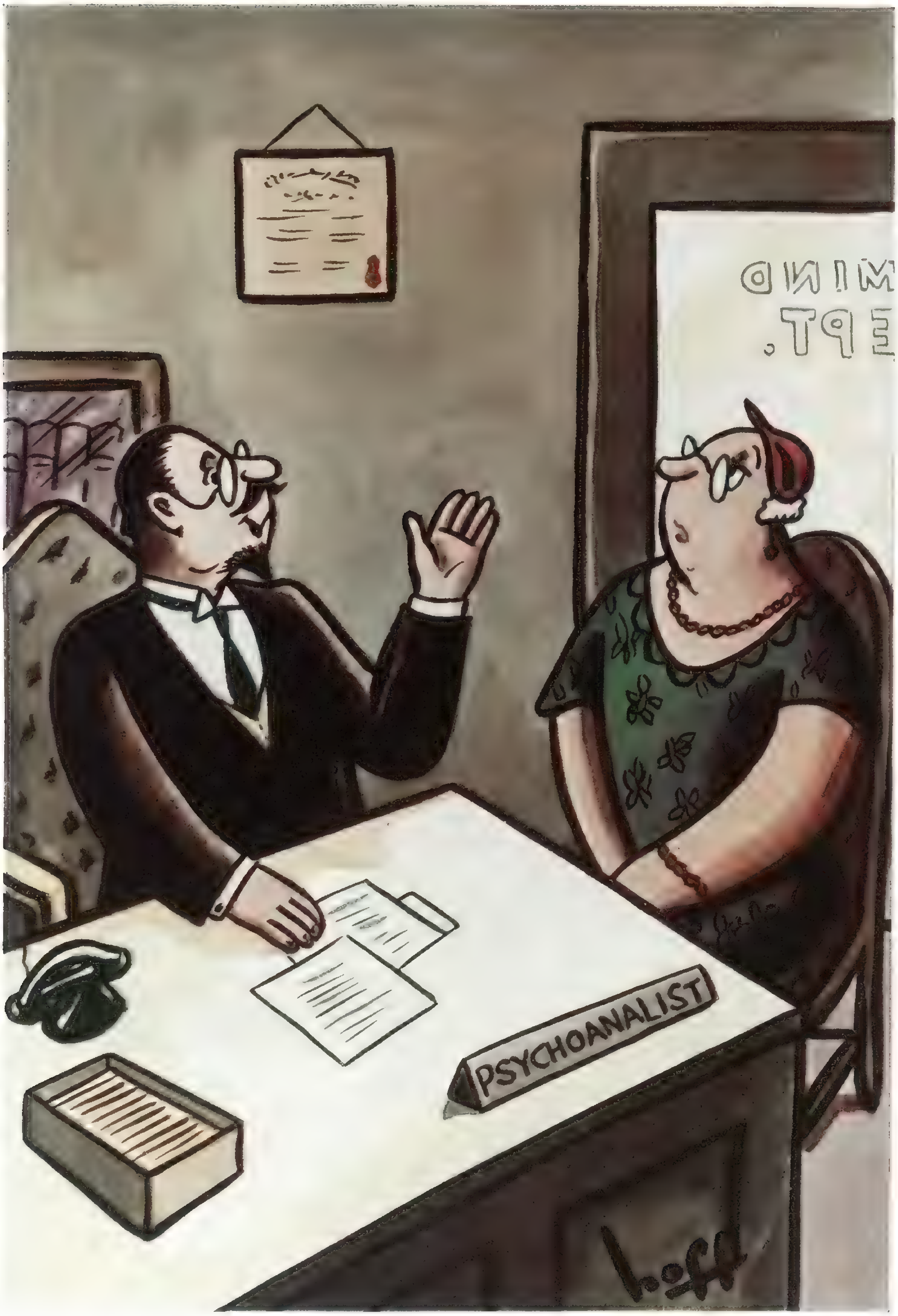
It was at Midlothian, when Hagen came to win his first championship, that the old caste system classifying professionals as untouchables was first swept aside by the self-sufficient Dutch-Irish boy. The golf professionals had nails in the clubhouse basement on which to hang their coats. They could change to golf shoes either outside the clubhouse or in the basement. The golf officials and club members didn't care which, and the pros thought nothing of being neglected or scorned. Hagen had been a full-fledged professional golfer only three years but the Rochester ex-caddie paraded blithely into the Midlothian locker-room, selected a vacant locker in a conspicuous and convenient spot and made himself at home with the members and amateur contestants. Then he went on the golf course, gave the Liberty Bell lusty yanks, the golf ball deft smacks and won the championship. From that time on, in golf, the professionals have sat down at the first table with the white folks.

Golf as the favored sport of the wealthy and influential gradually let down the barriers of twenty centuries that had prevented professionals from mingling with the select populace. After golf had succumbed because of the Hagen action, the sports of lesser social standing promptly approved the credentials of their professionals.

Pugilists married into society and cow-punchers became polo players; society and polo getting the long end of what pugilists and cow-punchers had been perfectly willing to have go as a draw decision. Tennis amateurs formally turned professional, college football players graduated into professional football instead of becoming cappers for "security" houses, sweet girl swimmers brought to the movies some genuine grade A curves of the human form divine instead of unprofitably slapping at the water for expense money and the dear old A. A. U. Slavery days for the professional athletes were over. Hagen had fought the civil war for the pros single-handed. He cock-tailed his way to victory at Shiloh, danced triumphant engagements at Lookout Mountain and Gettysburg, and played well-bred bridge hands marching through Georgia. Time after time he out-snooted the shock-troops of society snobs until they signed papers of unconditional surrender.

In the diplomatic phases of the war for pro freedom he never lost a skirmish. Even the Prince of Wales played along with Hagen and it helped the Prince socially, commercially and athletically. When Walter shot his first game with the Prince each shot taken on the course was a shot heard 'round the world. Now the American golf professional who has visited England and hasn't played with the genial Edward P is considered a distinguished character; Walter having done that well for his comrades in the cause. Edward's grand-pappy, King Edward, was a very democratic guy, especially with the dolls, but had he so far violated social regulations to be publicly the playmate of professional athletes it is doubtful that he would have

Continued on page 159


MIND
EPT.
PSYCHOANALIST
Hoff

"Just keep repeating to yourself for a month, Mrs. Van Pert—'I ain't goin' nuts, I ain't goin 'nuts, I ain't—I ain't—'"

Mother Carey's Chicken

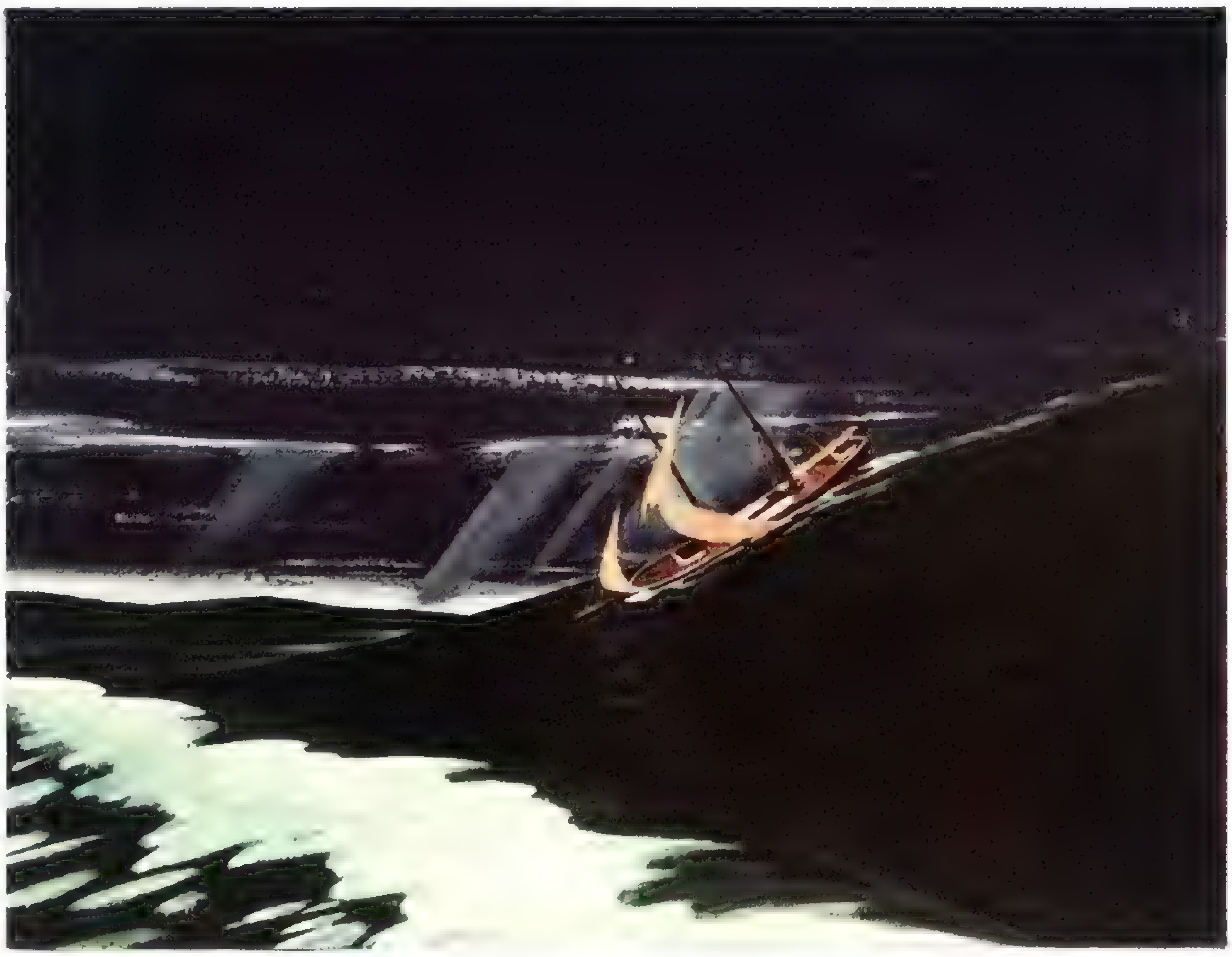
Of a stout little two-masted ship, a humble servant of the sea, Cinderella among vessels

by BILL ADAMS

• FICTION •

THERE once was a ship. A landsman, at any rate, would have called her a ship. Really she was not a ship; for a ship has three masts, and she had but two. She was a ketch; a little vessel with a mainmast a good deal shorter than her foremast, and sails that set fore-and-aft. Her name was the *Petrel*, and her home was Lerwick. And Lerwick, in case you do not know, is in the Shetland Islands. And the Shetland Islands, in case you do not know, are some four hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle. To make her home so close to the Arctic Circle, a ship must be stoutly built.

There was nothing fancy about the *Petrel*. She was a mere nobody of the sea; her cargo capacity a matter of only a hundred tons or so. Had she sailed those seas where sailed the clippers, they would have sped by her without so much as dipping their flags to her. But she never sailed those seas. The fragrant cargoes they carried, the sunny seas they knew, the gentle trade winds and warm blue waters, were quite unknown to her. There was never anything fragrant about her, unless you deem the odors of cod and of coal dust fragrant. She came in and went, in and out of little ports, with no fuss made over her coming and going.



She was one of countless little craft that, in that bygone era, went to and fro; much as village women, ignored by fine ladies, go to and fro upon their marketing; the aggregate of their hard-earned pennies contributing humbly to the wealth of nations.

In summer the *Petrel* voyaged to the shores of Iceland, some six hundred miles from home. To endure even summer in those waters a vessel must be viking hearted; and manned by such men as can smell their way through fog, mist, and rain; navigating by sea sense rather than by chronometer, chart, or sextant. When she came home, she came filled with cod. In winter she took what was an easier way, and avoiding the opener savage seas of the Iceland coasts, voyaged those seas, only a little less savage, between the Shetlands and Norway; or between the Shetlands and the British North Sea Coast. Coming home from Norway, she came with her hold full of ice. In from the British Coast, she came with coal. Cod, coal, and ice were the sole cargoes she knew. A very humble little servant of the sea, she was, with no frills whatever. And yet she remains immortal, for to her befell a happening that has never, in the world's history, befallen any other craft.

It is doubtful if any landsman ever heard of her. Her immortality is a matter confined to the knowledge of a few aged seafaring men. She would have asked nothing better.

No steam kettle could have done what the little *Petrel* did. No flying clipper, no iron-built Cape Horner, could have done it. Probably not one of her little sisters or cousins engaged in the coastal trade could have done it.

Had she not been named as she was, perhaps she could not have done it herself. It was as though she said, "You name me *Petrel*. Well, then, I live up to my name."

The petrel is, as perhaps you know, known to seafaring men as "Mother Carey's Chicken." Mother Carey is, as perhaps you know, the fabled wife of Davy Jones, who dwells at the cold sea bottom—beside his great locker filled with drowned seamen's bones. And that is perhaps why the *Petrel*, when Davy tried to take her, flipped her figurative finger in his face.

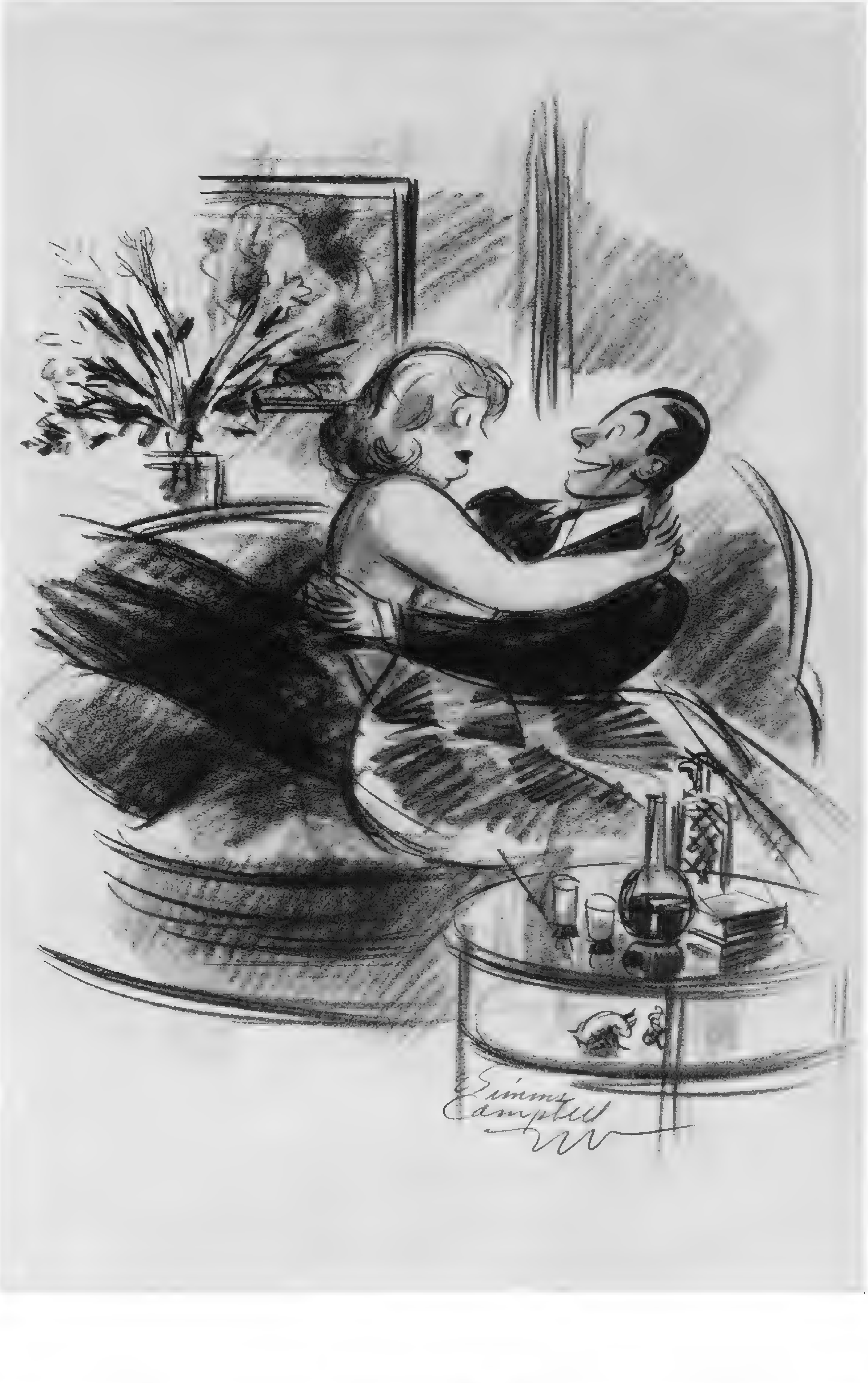
In early winter the *Petrel* came home from Iceland with her usual cargo of cod. Having discharged her cod, she made ready for a voyage to Norway to fetch a cargo of ice. And, since Lerwick had naught that Norway needed, she set out with her hold empty. Empty, that is, save for some twenty tons of stones dumped into her for ballast: weight enough to enable her to ride the winter seas with a reasonable degree of safety. Including her skipper, her crew numbered four men.

It was in early November that the *Petrel* set sail for Norway. You may know that dark came early, day late. Of the twenty-four hours some eighteen would be dark hours. Day and night being all one to a sailor, that would be of small consequence; particularly if the wind were favorable. But when she was not yet two days on her way the wind came from dead in her teeth, and blew up into a gale. That was, of course, part of the job; and for seven days and seven nights the *Petrel* fought her way into the gale, now on one tack, now on the other. On the seventh day a little island lying off the coast of Norway was sighted. Excellent. The *Petrel* had made precisely similar voyages many times.

But now, just when she was ready to slip round the Naze, the bleak headland at the southern extremity of Norway—she was bound for Christiania, beyond the Naze—the wind hauled again, and, no longer coming from southeast, blew up from due south: right in her teeth. That, though disappointing, would not have mattered so much had it not increased from a gale to a wind of hurricane force.

Just as every ship has her own especial peculiarity, so the *Petrel* had hers. She was what is known amongst sailors as a "weatherly ship." In other words, when the wind came from dead ahead, so that for her to

Continued on page 147



Jimmy Campbell

"So you think I'm a lot like my father, eh? Who else do you know that I know?"

The Witch à la Mode

A fine hitherto unpublished story, in the best Lawrence manner, of two who gave each other only anguish

by D. H. LAWRENCE

▪FICTION▪

A TRAIN across the valley threaded the opposite darkness with its gold thread. The valley re-echoed with vague throat. The two watched the express, like a gold-and-black snake, curve and dive seawards into the night. He turned, saw her full, fine face tilted up to him. It showed pale, distinct and firm, very near to him. He shut his eyes and shivered.

"I hate trains," he said, impulsively.

"Why?" she asked, with a curious, tender little smile that caressed, as it were, his emotion towards her.

"I don't know: they pitch one about here and there . . ."

"I thought," she said, with faint irony, "that you preferred change."

"I do like life. But now I should like to be nailed to something, if it were only a cross."

She laughed sharply, and said, with keen sarcasm:

"Is it so difficult, then, to let yourself be nailed to a cross? I thought the difficulty lay in getting free."

He ignored her sarcasm on his engagement.

"There is nothing now that matters," he said, adding quickly, to forestall her, "Of course I'm wild when dinner's late, and so on; but . . . apart from those things . . . nothing seems to matter."

She was silent.

"One goes on—remains in office, so to speak; and life's all right—only, it doesn't seem to matter."

"This does sound like complaining of trouble because you've got none," she laughed.

"Trouble . . ." he repeated. "No, I don't suppose I've got any. Vexation, which most folk call trouble; but something I really grieve about in my soul—no, nothing. I wish I had."

She laughed again sharply; but he perceived in her laughter a little keen despair.

"I find a lucky pebble. I think, Now I'll throw it over my left shoulder, and wish. So I spit over my little finger, and throw the white pebble behind me, and then, when I want to wish, I'm done. I say to myself, 'Wish,' and myself says back, 'I don't want anything.' I say again, 'Wish, you fool,' but I'm as dumb of wishes as a newt. And then, because it rather frightens me, I say in a hurry, 'A million of money.' Do *you* know what to wish for when you see the new moon?"

She laughed quickly.

"I think so," she said. "But my wish varies."

"I wish mine did," he said, whimsically lugubrious.

She took his hand in a little impulse of love.

They walked hand-in-hand on the ridge of the down, bunches of lights shining below, the big radiance of London advancing like a wonder in front.

"You know . . ." he began, then stopped.

"I don't . . ." she ironically urged.

"Do you want to?" he laughed.

"Yes; one is never at peace with oneself till one understands."

"Understands what?" he asked brutally. He knew she meant that she wanted to understand the situation he and she were in.

"How to resolve the discord," she said, balking the issue. He would have liked her to say, "What you want of me."

"Your foggy weather of symbolism, as usual," he said.

"The fog is not of symbols," she replied, in her metallic voice of displeasure. "It may be symbols are candles in a fog."

"I prefer my fog without candles. I'm the fog, eh? Then I'll blow out your candle, and you'll see me better. Your candles of speech, symbols and so forth, only lead you more wrong. I'm going to wander blind, and go by instinct, like a moth that flies and settles on the wooden box his mate is shut up in."

"Isn't it an *ignis fatuus* you are flying after, at that rate?" she said.

"Maybe, for if I breathe outwards, in the positive movement towards you, you move off. If I draw in a vacant sigh of soulfulness, you flow nearly to my lips."

"This is a very interesting symbol," she said, with sharp sarcasm.

He hated her, truly. She hated him. Yet they held hands fast as they walked.

"We are just the same as we were a year ago," he laughed. But he hated her, for all his laughter.

When, at the "Swan and Sugar-Loaf," they mounted the car, she climbed to the top, in spite of the sharp night. They nestled side by side, shoulders caressing, and all the time that they ran under the round lamps neither spoke.

At the gate of a small house in a dark tree-lined street, both waited a moment. From her garden leaned an almond-tree whose buds, early this year, glistered in the light of the street lamp, with theatrical effect. He broke off a twig.

"I always remember this tree," he said: "how I used to feel sorry for it when it was full out, and so lively, at midnight in the lamp-light. I thought it must be tired."

"Will you come in?" she asked tenderly.

"I did get a room in town," he answered, following her.

She opened the door with her latch-key, showing him, as usual, into the drawing-room. Everything was just the same: cold in coloring, warm in appointment: ivory-colored walls, blond, polished floor, with thick ivory-colored rugs; three deep arm-chairs in pale amber, with large cushions; a big black piano, a violin-stand beside it; and the room very warm with a clear red fire, the brass shining hot. Coutts, according to his habit, lit the piano-candles and lowered the blinds.

"I say," he said, "this is a variation from your line!"

He pointed to a bowl of magnificent scarlet anemones that stood on the piano.

"Why?" she asked, pausing in arranging her hair at the small mirror.

"On the *piano!*" he admonished.

"Only while the table was in use," she smiled, glancing at the litter of papers that covered her table.

"And then—*red* flowers!" he said.

"Oh, I thought they were such a fine piece of color," she replied.

"I would have wagered you would buy freesias," he said.

"Why?" she smiled. He pleased her thus.

"Well—for their cream and gold and restrained, bruised purple, and their scent. I can't believe you bought scentless flowers!"

"What!" She went forward, bent over the flowers.

"I had not noticed," she said, smiling curiously, "that they were scentless."

She touched the velvet black centres.

"Would you have bought them had you noticed?" he asked.

She thought for a moment, curiously.

"I don't know . . . probably I should not."

"You would never buy scentless flowers," he averred. "Any more than you'd love a man because he was handsome."

"I did not know," she smiled. She was pleased.

The housekeeper entered with a lamp, which she set on a stand.

"You will illuminate me?" he said to Winifred. It was her habit to talk to him by candle-light.

"I have thought about you—now I will look at you," she said quietly, smiling.

"I see.—To confirm your conclusions?" he asked.

Her eyes lifted quickly in acknowledgment of his guess.

"That is so," she replied.

"Then," he said, "I'll wash my hands."

He ran upstairs. This sense of freedom, of intimacy, was very fascinating. As he washed, the little everyday action of twining his hands in the lather set him suddenly considering his other love. At her house he was always polite and formal: gentlemanly, in short. With Connie he felt the old, manly superiority; he was the knight, strong and tender, she was the beautiful maiden with a touch of God on her brow. He kissed her, he softened and selected his speech for her, he forebore from being the greater part of himself. She was his betrothed, his wife, his queen, whom he loved to idealize, and for whom he carefully modified himself. She should rule him later on—that part of him which was hers. But he loved her, too, with a pitying, tender love. He thought of her tears upon her pillow in the northern rectory, and he bit his lip—held his breath under the strain of the situation. Vaguely he knew she would bore him. And Winifred fascinated him. He and she really played with fire. In her house, he was roused and keen. But she was not, and never could be, frank. So he was not frank, even to himself. Saying nothing, betraying nothing, immediately they were together they began the same game. Each shuddered, each, defenceless and exposed, hated the other by turns. Yet they came together again. Coutts felt a vague fear of Winifred. She was intense and unnatural—and he became unnatural and intense, beside her.

When he came downstairs she was fingering the piano from the score of *Walküre.*

"First wash in England," he announced, looking at his hands. She laughed swiftly. Impatient herself of the slightest soil, his indifference to temporary grubbiness amused her.

He was a tall, bony man, with small hands and feet. His features were rough and rather ugly, but his smile was taking. She was always fascinated by the changes in him. His eyes, particularly, seemed quite different at times: sometimes hard, insolent, blue; sometimes dark, full of warmth and tenderness; sometimes flaring like an animal's.

He sank wearily into a chair.

"My chair," he said, as if to himself.

She bowed her head. Of compact physique, uncorseted, her figure bowed richly to the piano. He watched the shallow concave between her shoulders, marveling at its rich solidity. She let one arm fall loose; he looked at the shadows in the dimples of her elbows. Slowly, smiling a look of brooding affection, of acknowledgment upon him for a forgetful moment, she said:

"And what have you done lately?"

"Simply nothing," he replied quietly. "For all that these months have been so full of variety, I think they will sink out of my life: they will evaporate and leave no result: I shall forget them."

Her blue eyes were dark and heavy upon him, watching. She did not answer. He smiled faintly at her.

"And you?" he said at length.

"With me it is different," she said quietly.

"You sit with your crystal," he laughed.

"While you tilt . . ." She hung on her ending.

He laughed, sighed, and they were quiet awhile.

"I've got such a skinful of heavy visions, they come sweating through my dreams," he said.

"Whom have you read?" She smiled.

"Meredith. Very healthy," he laughed.

She laughed quickly at being caught.

"Now have you found out all you want?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she cried with full throat.

"Well, finish, at any rate. I'm not diseased. How are you?"

"But . . . but . . ." she stumbled on doggedly. "What *do* you intend to do?"

He hardened the line of his mouth and eyes, only to retort with immediate lightness:

"Just go on."

This was their battlefield: she could not understand how he could marry: it seemed almost monstrous to her; she fought against his marriage. She looked up at him, witchlike, from under bent brows. Her eyes were dark blue and heavy. He shivered, shrank with pain. She was so cruel to that other, common, everyday part of him.

"I wonder you dare go on like it," she said.

"Why dare?" he replied. "What's the odds?"

"I don't know," she answered, in deep, bitter displeasure

"And I don't care," he said.

"But . . ." she continued, slowly, gravely pressing the point: "You know what you intend to do."

"Marry—settle—be a good husband, good father, partner in the business; get fat, be an amiable gentleman—Q.E.F."

"Very good," she said, deep and final.

"Thank you."

"I did not congratulate you," she said.

"Ah!" His voice tailed off into sadness and self-mistrust. Meanwhile she watched him heavily. He did not mind being scrutinized: it flattered him.

"Yes, it is, or may be, very good," she began; "but *why* all this? —*why?*"

"And why not? And why? Because I want to."

He could not leave it thus flippantly.

"You know, Winifred, we should only drive each other into insanity, you and I: become abnormal."

"Well," she said, "and even so, why the other?"

"My marriage?—I don't know. Instinct."

"One has so many instincts," she laughed bitterly.

That was a new idea to him.

She raised her arms, stretched them above her head, in a weary gesture. They were fine, strong arms. They reminded Coutts of Euripides' "Bacchae": white, round arms, long arms. The lifting of her arms lifted her breasts. She dropped suddenly as if inert, lolling her arms against the cushions.

"I really don't see why you should be," she said drearily, though always with a touch of a sneer, "why we should always be—fighting."

"Oh, yes, you do," he replied. It was a deadlock which he could not sustain.

"Besides," he laughed, "it's your fault."

"Am I *so* bad?" she sneered.

"Worse," he said.

"But,"—she moved irritably—"is this to the point?"

"What point?" he answered; then, smiling: "You know you only like a wild-goose-chase."

"I do," she answered plaintively. "I miss you very much. You snatch things from the Kobolds for me."

"Exactly," he said in a biting tone. "Exactly! That's what you want me for. I am to be your crystal, your 'genius.' My length of blood and bone you don't care a rap for. Ah, yes, you like me for a crystal-glass, to see things in: to hold up to the light. I'm a blessed Lady-of-Shalott mirror for you."

"You talk to *me,*" she said, dashing his fervor, "of my fog of symbols!"

"Ah, well, if so, 'tis your own asking."

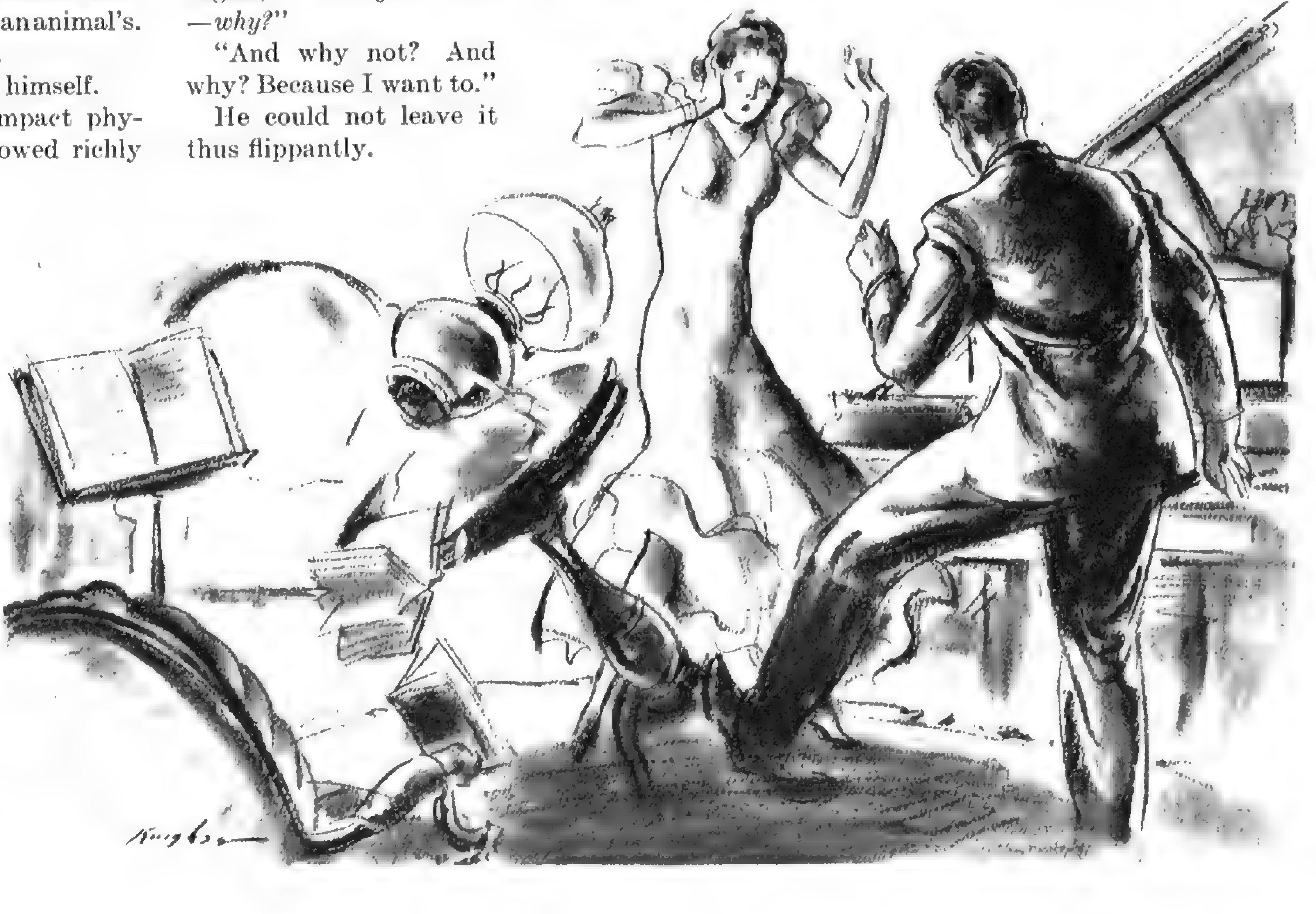
"I did not know it." She looked at him coldly. She was angry.

"No," he said.

Again, they hated each other.

"The old ancients," he laughed, "gave the gods the suet and intestines: at least, I believe so. They ate the rest. You shouldn't be a goddess."

Continued on page 131



Over the Toast

Dialogue that is packed with recognition value, from start to finish, for all married men

by L. A. G. STRONG

▪ FICTION ▪

Scene: *The breakfast table*

He—Good God!

She—What's the matter, dear?

He—This toast.

She—What's wrong with it?

He—Look at it. The woman knows perfectly well I like it thin, and crisp. She's been told so, particularly. And look what she sends up.

She—Isn't it thin enough?

He—No: it is *not* thin enough. What's more, it isn't crisp, either. She simply can't have put it straight into the rack.

She—She *says* she does.

He—Of course she *says* she does.

She—Well—you don't expect me to go down and stand over her all the time she's making it, do you?

He—It's not for me to say what you ought to do. The kitchen and all to do with it is your department. If anything goes wrong, I bring it to your notice, that's all.

She—I see.

He—Of course, if you *prefer* it, I'll go down myself and speak to her.

She—I don't think that would be a very good plan.

He—In that case, then, I leave the matter to you.

She (*resigned*)—Very well. I'll speak to her.

He—I should jolly well hope so.

She—I said, I'll speak to her.

He—Yes—but you say it as if you were making a favor of it. As if it was unreasonable of me to complain. Damn it all, I pay for the food, and I pay the woman's wages. Isn't it only fair that I should have things as I like?

She (*picking up newspaper*)—Oh, yes.

He (*grumbling on*)—She wants a good cursing, this woman. I know the type. She wants frightening. Tell her, if she can't do as she's told, she'll jolly well have to go.

She (*putting down paper*)—My dear Gerald, you can't give a woman the sack because one day she cuts the toast a bit thicker than you like it.

He—It isn't only one day. It happens again and again. I have toast every morning, and I damn well don't see why I shouldn't have it as I like.

She—So do I have toast every morning.

He—But you don't care if it is thick, or soggy.

She—I don't care enough to make all this fuss, certainly.

He (*snorting*)—Well—I do. (*Going on, after a pause.*) Besides, it isn't as if it were an unreasonable thing to ask. Anyone can cut toast properly, if they take the trouble.

She—Precisely. Whereas anyone can't make omelettes the way this woman can. Or use a grill. Or have a light hand with pastry.

He—But, my dear girl—

She (*unheeding*)—The Wilsons were absolutely delighted with that soufflée she made the other night. And you know how particular they are.

He (*patiently*)—My dear, I don't for a moment contest the fact that she's a good cook. But what's that got to do with the toast?

She—Only that it's absurd to talk of sacking her over a trifle, when she can do the more important things perfectly well.

He (*bitterly*)—I see. Anything I want is a trifle. Anything you want is important.

She (*exclaiming*)—Oh, Gerald, don't be silly. You know as well as I do—

He—I know that you consider your husband after your guests, and your smarty-smart friends. I've known that all along.

Phil Nesbit

She (*coldly*)—Now you're being absurd.

He (*roused to self-justification*)—Well—what else is it? *You* don't care what happens as long as the eyewash things are done well—the things that'll do you credit when you have your smart friends in. Anything behind the scenes—*my* convenience, for instance—doesn't matter. If she cut the toast all jagged for one of your dinner parties, she'd hear about it fast enough.

She—The toast isn't all jagged.

He—What do you call this, then?

She—There are several other perfectly good pieces.

He—Sorry to differ. They are not done the way I like them, that's all.

She (*dignified*)—Very well. As I've already said, I'll speak to her.

(*She retires behind the paper. Feeling still unsatisfied, he eats a couple of mouthfuls, then resumes his plaint.*)

He—My wants are quite simple. You can't say that I'm exacting, or that I ask anything unreasonable. I've got simple tastes. There are just one or two things I particularly like—

She—And you like them day after day.

He (*belligerently*)—Well: what's wrong with that?

She—Nothing, nothing. Only it isn't always easy, with the best will in the world, to produce the same thing day after day without the slightest variation.

He—I don't see why not. If she—

She—Don't you? If you knew anything about cooking, you soon would.

He—They're always the same at the club. They don't seem to experience any difficulty there.

She—My dear Gerald, I've told you, I'll speak to her. I'll explain to her, all over again, about your tastes.

(*She resumes the paper again.*)

He (*after another mouthful*)—I have difficulty enough with my work, as it is. An artist needs comfort, more than most men. I mean, the least I can expect is that my home will be a help; not an irritant.

She—I can't see what being an artist has to do with the way the toast's cut.

He—'Pon my soul, Mary, you can be damned annoying when you choose. Can you see this, then? An artist has a pretty difficult time of it, anyhow. He has to live on his nerves, his temperament, whatever you like to call it. You grant me that? Very well, then. Is it so surprising that he should want his home to go smoothly: that he should want his few requirements seen to as he likes?

She—You're not the only one who wants the home to go smoothly, I assure you.

He—I dare say. But you resent my having my own view of what constitutes smoothness. For you, the house goes smoothly as long as the things you think important are done. And, if ever I raise a protest, you make it look as if I was just upsetting things for you. In other words, you're running the house to suit yourself, and not me.

She (*resigned*)—Haven't I told you, three times already, that I'll speak to the woman?

He—You have. But only as if it was a concession to my baser nature. (*Pause.*) Most wives would be only too glad to look after their husbands.

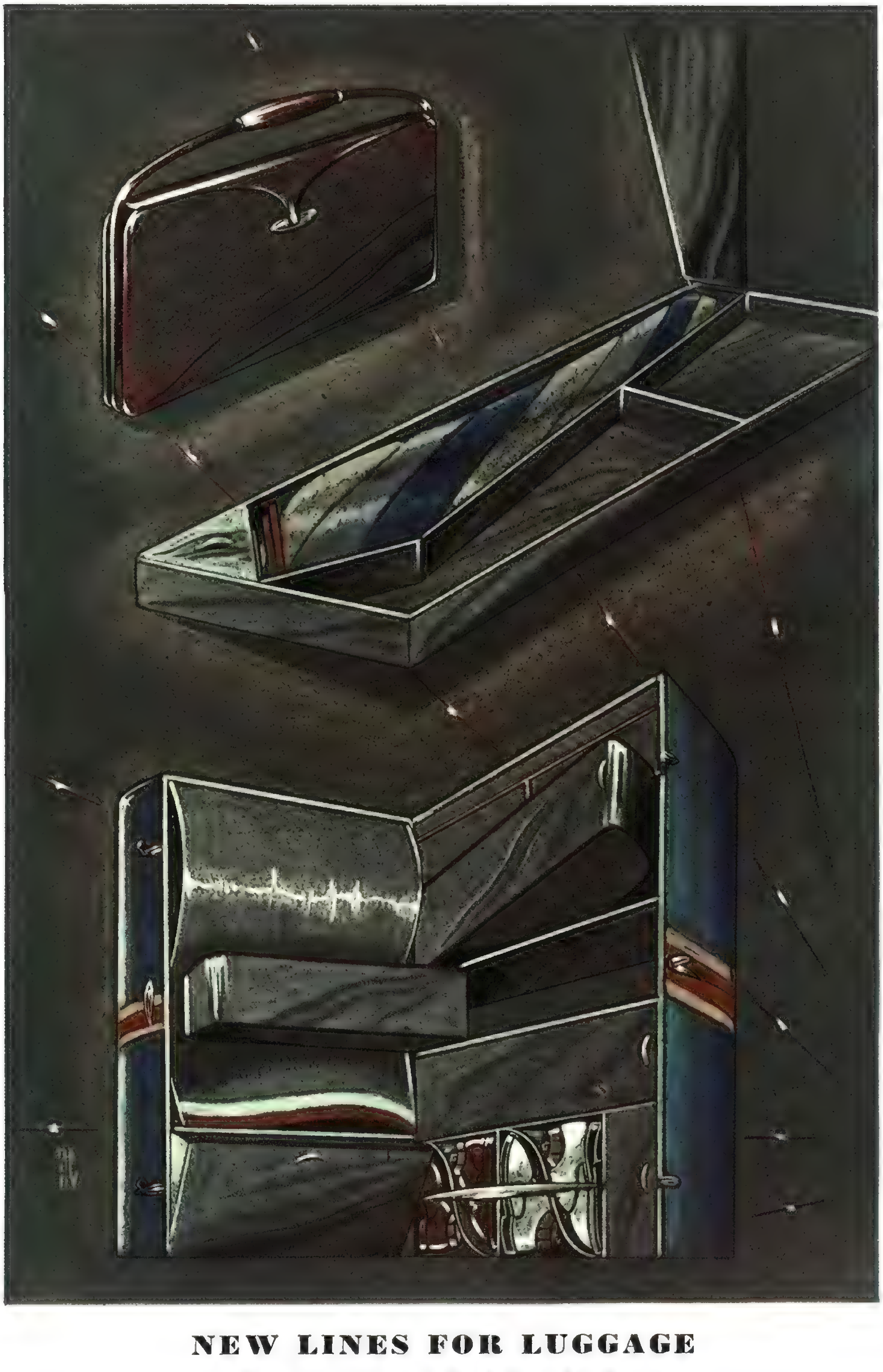
She—Most wives aren't married to artists.

He—There was a time when you thought it highly romantic to marry an artist. When you used to say that your one ambition was to help me with my work.

She—You're rather unfair, aren't you? When have I said I didn't want to help you with your work?

He—Never—in so many words. Only, unfortunately, you won't allow me to decide

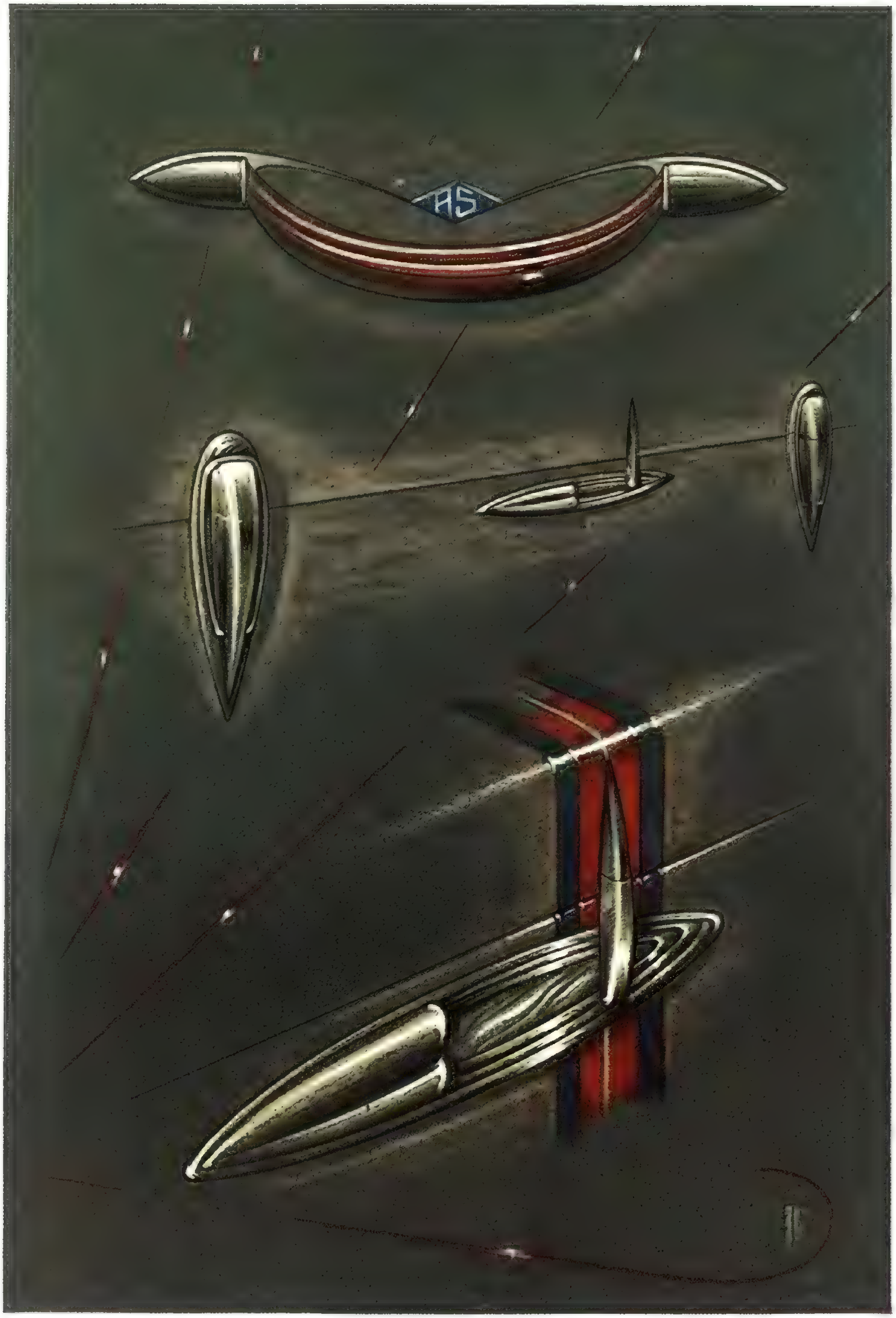
Continued on page 141



NEW LINES FOR LUGGAGE

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

The small sketch at the top of the page shows a modern version of the old brief case, with a handle of tubular, tapered construction and with a streamlined elongated lock. The trunk, at the bottom of the page, has the drawers on its right side hinged at the back, so that they may be swung open and made accessible even when the trunk is standing only partially opened up. This is impossible, of course, with drawers of the old pull out type. It is a feature that is most welcome to travellers in small cabins, compartments and hotel rooms. The hinged drawer at the bottom on the left side opens a com-



NEW LINES FOR LUGGAGE

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

partment for soiled laundry. The sketch in the center of page forty-five shows the construction of the top drawer of the trunk. The tie case has a weighted top, to press the ties down smooth and flat. The small covered triangular compartment is for jewelry; the odd spaces are for handkerchiefs, belts, garters, etc. The sketches on this page show streamlined ideas for luggage hardware: top, a slender handle with streamlined end pieces and an integral use of a monogram space; center, a lock with two clasps to match; bottom, a tear-drop lock which uses a streamlined motive.

The Little Old Spy

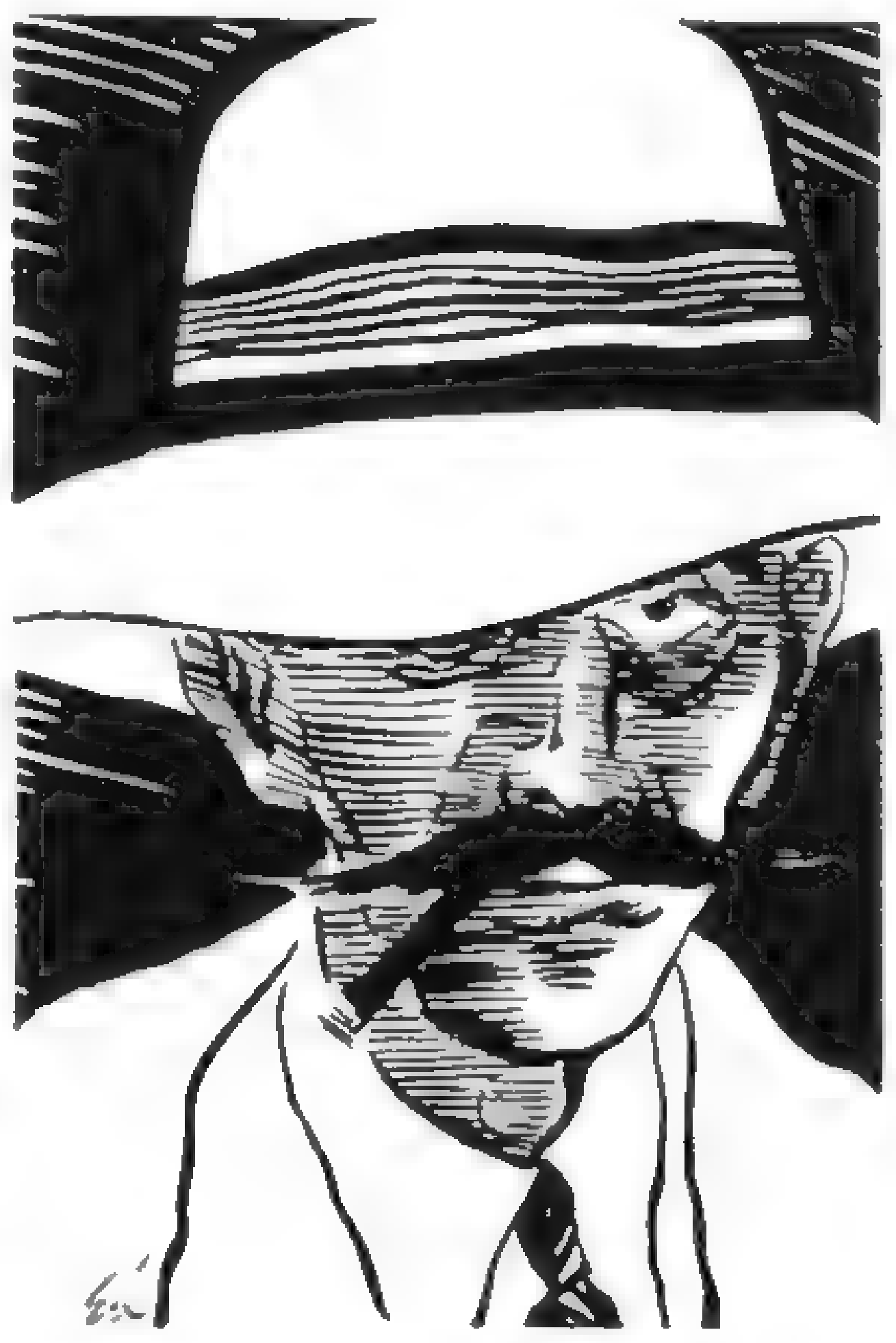
On how it feels to be followed, revealing that the thing to do with a spy is to entertain him

by LANGSTON HUGHES

▪ ARTICLE ▪

On the evening of my second day in Havana, I realized I was being followed. I had walked too far for that same little old brown man trailing a respectable distance behind me to be there accidentally. I noticed him first standing quite close to me when I stopped to buy a copy of *Social* at the big newsstand across from the Alhambra. He seemed to be trying to see what I was buying. Then I forgot about him. I walked down the Prado in the warm dusk looking at the smart American tourists on parade, watching the fine cars that passed, and seeing the lights catch fire from the sunset.

When I got to the bandstand by the fort at the water front, I stopped, leaned against the wall, and put my foot out for a ragged little urchin to shine. I was lighting a cigarette when the little old man of the newsstand strolled by in front of me. He stopped a few paces beyond, and called a ragged black boy to shine his shoes. Even then I thought nothing of his being there. But I did notice his strange get-up, the tight suit, the cream-colored spats, and the floppy panama with its bright band that a youth, but not an old man, could have worn. He was a queer little withered Cuban, certainly sixty years old, but dressed like a fop of twenty.



A mile away on the Malecon—for I had continued to walk along the sea wall—I looked at my watch and saw the hour approaching seven, when I was to meet some friends at the Florida Cafe. I turned to retrace my steps. In turning, whom should I face on the sidewalk but the little old man! Then I became suspicious. He said nothing, and strolled on as though he had not seen me. But when I looked back after walking perhaps a quarter mile toward the center, there he was, a respectable distance behind.

Later that evening at the restaurant, midway the salad, I noticed him alone at a far table sipping coffee and looking sort of out of place in the fashionable dining room.

"Say, who is that fellow?" I asked my friend, the newspaper editor, as we sat with his cousin, the poet, and a little dancer named Mata. Carlos, the editor, looked across the restaurant toward the table I indicated.

"Don't everybody look," I said as Mata and Jorge began bending their necks, too. "It might embarrass him."

But when Carlos turned his head toward us again and answered in a whispering voice, "A spy," none of us could keep our eyes from glancing quickly across the cafe.

"What?" I said.

"Yes," Carlos affirmed, "a government spy."

"But why should he be following me?" I asked.

"He has been following you?"

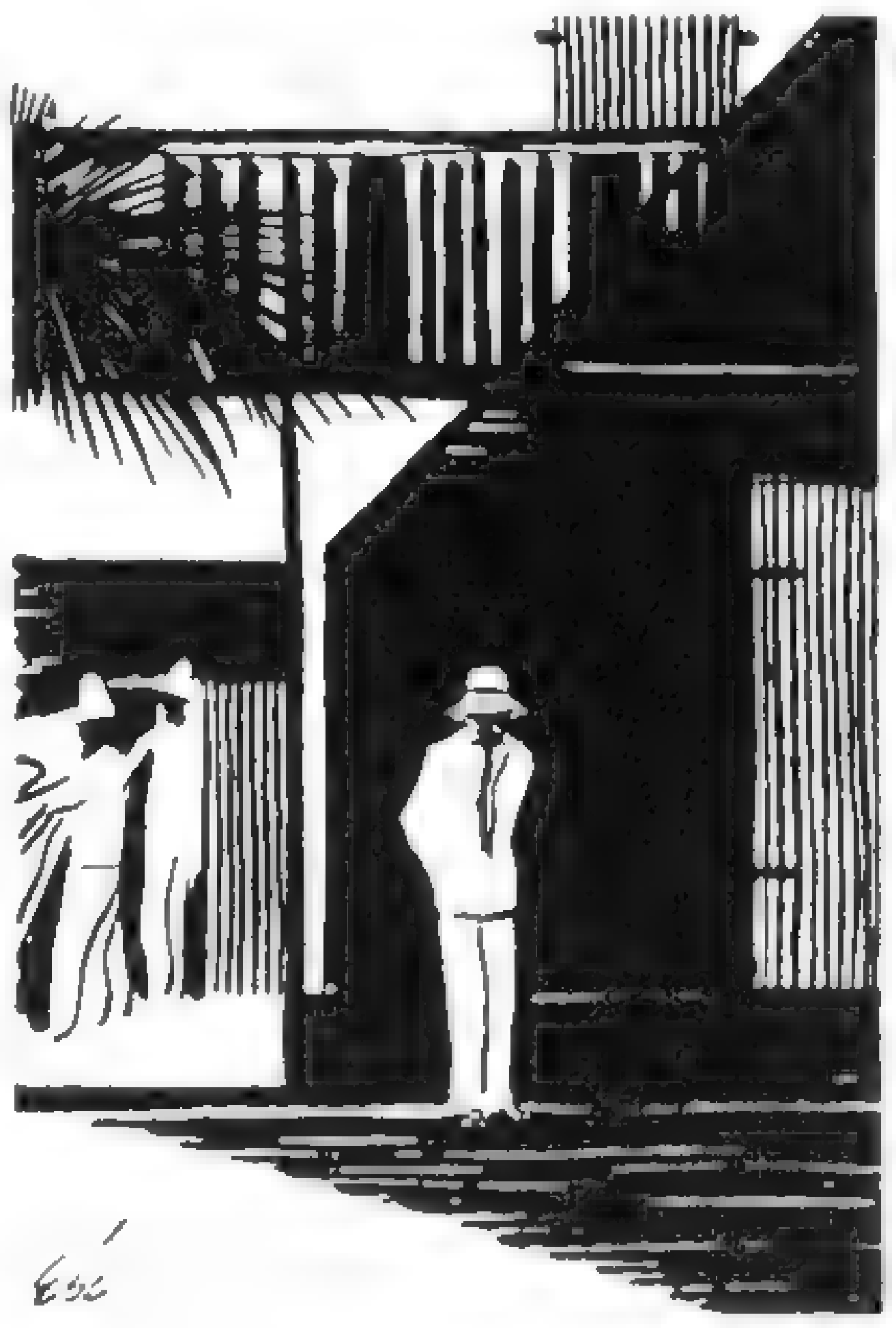
"All afternoon."

"Maybe he thinks you're Communist," Carlos said. "That's what they are afraid of here."

"But they've got a lot more to be afraid of than that," Jorge added.

"I guess they have," I answered, for everybody knew Cuba was on the verge of a bloody revolution. All the schools were closed, and the public buildings guarded. The "they" we so discreetly referred to, meant the government and the tyrant at its head. But nobody mentioned the tyrant's name in public; and nobody talked very loud, if they talked at all.

For months there had been political murders in the streets of the capital, riots in the provinces, and American gunboats in the harbors. Mobs were becoming bolder and bolder, crying in public places, "Down with the Yankees! Down with the government that supports them!" But the tourists seemed blissfully unaware of all this. They still flocked to the Casino, wore their fine clothes through quaint streets of misery, danced their nightly rumbas at the big hotels, and took tours into the countryside, exclaiming before the miserable huts of the sugar-cane cutters, "How picturesque! How cute!"



"Yes," went on Carlos (this time in English), pouring a beer. "He ees spy. I know heem. On newspaper you know everybody. But he ees no dangerous."

"Not dangerous?" I said.

"Not, joust a poor little *viejo*, once pimp, now spy."

"Oh," I said.

"But tomorrow the government will know with whom you dined," said Mata, "and that maybe will be dangerous."

"Why?" I asked.

"To dine with anyone in Havana is dangerous," Jorge laughed, "unless it is with the big boss himself. Everybody else, except the police, are against the government. And that paper of my cousin's," indicating Carlos, "*Caramba!* It has been suppressed ten times."

"But I thought it was your best paper."

"It is—but they think they are our best government."

Just then the waiter came bringing more beer. We switched our conversation into Spanish again and the domestic troubles of the Pickford-Fairbanks menage—then of great interest to the readers of Carlos' paper.

"But what shall I do about the spy?" I asked, when the waiter had gone. "I never imagined such open spying."

"They are that way down here," Carlos said. "Not very subtle."

"Make friends with him," suggested Jorge, eating a *flan*. "That would be amusing."

"Buy heem a few drinks," said Carlos, "I know his kind. All they looking for, after all, ees easiest way to get few drinks. The government ees full of drunkards."

Meanwhile the little spy kept mournfully sipping his coffee across the room. Evidently his allowance for spying called for nothing better than coffee when his job took him into an expensive restaurant. I pitied him sitting there looking at all the good food going by, and getting nothing.

"Say," I said to Carlos and Jorge, "won't it be dangerous for you and Mata, sitting here with me—if I'm suspected of being a dangerous man."

"To sit with anybody is dangerous in Havana," Jorge replied. "But they can't lock up everyone. Or kill all of us. After all, it is not writers like my cousin and me that they are really afraid of. Or visiting dancers like Mata. No, it is the workers. You see, the workers can stop factories from running. They can keep ships from being loaded, and sugar cane from being cut. They can hit the Yankees in the pocketbook—and that's all our damned government's here for—to protect foreign dividends."

"Sure, I know that," I said. "But why's that man watching me?"

"Because strangers who don't at once make for the Casino to start gambling are watched. *Poor* strangers may be reds. They may be sympathetic with our revolution. They may be bearers of messages from our group in exile. That's why they watch you."

"But if you want heem to forget all about it, buy heem few drinks," shrugged Carlos. "We killed all their best spies. We don't

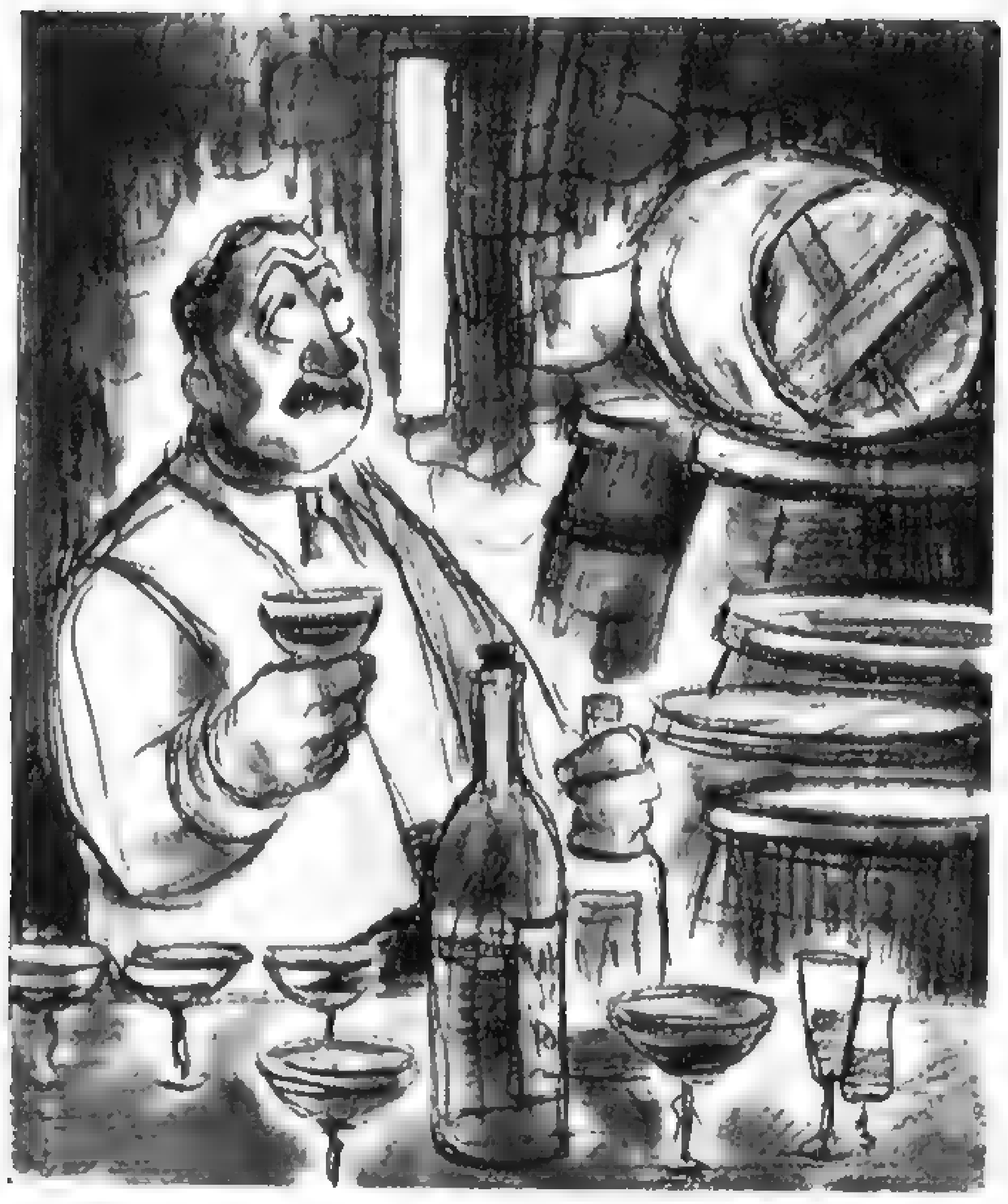
Continued on page 150

England's Wine

The story of port, chief wine of the English since the twelfth century, written for Americans

by LAWTON MACKALL

• ARTICLE •



As port drinkers we Americans blossom late. It is not that we deliberately defer, but that our palates must attain their gustatory puberty, must know something.

At least, that was *my* trouble. Preoccupied with wines partaken of in such habit-forming countries as France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Spain—plus certain whiskies in Scotland, cognacs and liqueurs here and there, and playful tigers in the Schnapps Belt—I got round to Portugal only after prolonged abstinence from that nation's pet product. And even then my eagerness was barely room-temperature. For I remembered stuff called "port" only too well! In pre-prohibition days you got it from the corner grocer at seventy-five cents a bottle, and it was of a quality comparable to that of Mr. Irvin Cobb's famous "cooking cigars." As for the subsequent "sacramental" port purveyed by the iceman who claimed he knew a fella who knew a rabbi . . . And the pepsinized port . . . !

Anyhow I was in no hurry.

But conversion came suddenly, in Lisbon, before I had ever reached Oporto. I was in language straits with the waiter at dinner, when a gentleman seated nearby amiably volunteered as interpreter. My thanks and his crisp British "Oh, not at all" led to conversation between tables, in the midst of which there arrived an auspicious-looking black bottle.

"Won't you join me in a glass?" he asked.

I joined, and found no difficulty in registering interest in what was deposited in front of me. It was Titian brown and clear as the glass itself, giving off a fragrance that was distinctly promissory. And the taste—velvety seduction with an undertone of uplift. To sip it was to feel wafted by soft angels that turn out to be houris.

"Whatever this is," I said expansively, "it's going to be my diet from now on."

But immediately I sensed I had made a faux pas.

With tactful casualness he explained that this particular port happened to be something rather special; his company in Oporto put it up for the use of members of the firm. A bit too expensive for the open market. You couldn't very well expect importers in other countries to pay $1,500 a cask f.o.b. Oporto, which was about what it would have to cost.

Granting that it tasted at least that exorbitant, I asked how old it was.

"All sorts of ages—mixed," he informed me. "There's wine in it a hundred years old, along with a lot of others. You see, these old ports are blends of blends, started generations ago and constantly built up—a bit of this and a bit of that—till they get to be pretty complicated. They aren't worked out by formula; they couldn't be. For no two wines are alike: they taste differently, behave differently, and age differently. For example, a wine ten years old may, for reasons of its own, be coming along faster than one twelve or fifteen years old, so that you'd be fooled as to seniority. In fact, every wine has its idiosyncrasies, depending on the year it was made and the particular vineyard it came from. And that's what gives the expert taster—or conner, as we call him—a chance to evolve a port like this."

He sipped it appreciatively; apparently did not regret its being too good for the general drinking public. Nor did I.

Indeed, with this introduction I was ready for Oporto. And went there. Found it a city (population 250,000) spread clingingly, sprawlingly upon the northern palisades of a great granite cañon rainbowed by two stunning steel spans, each over 200 feet high. Quite a sight! But it gives you the feeling that one good shake, and *o Porto*—as the Portuguese spell it (meaning "The Harbor" in the manner of France's *Le Havre*)—would tumble like snow off a roof down into the silty yellow Douro, eddying by towards its Atlantic exit.

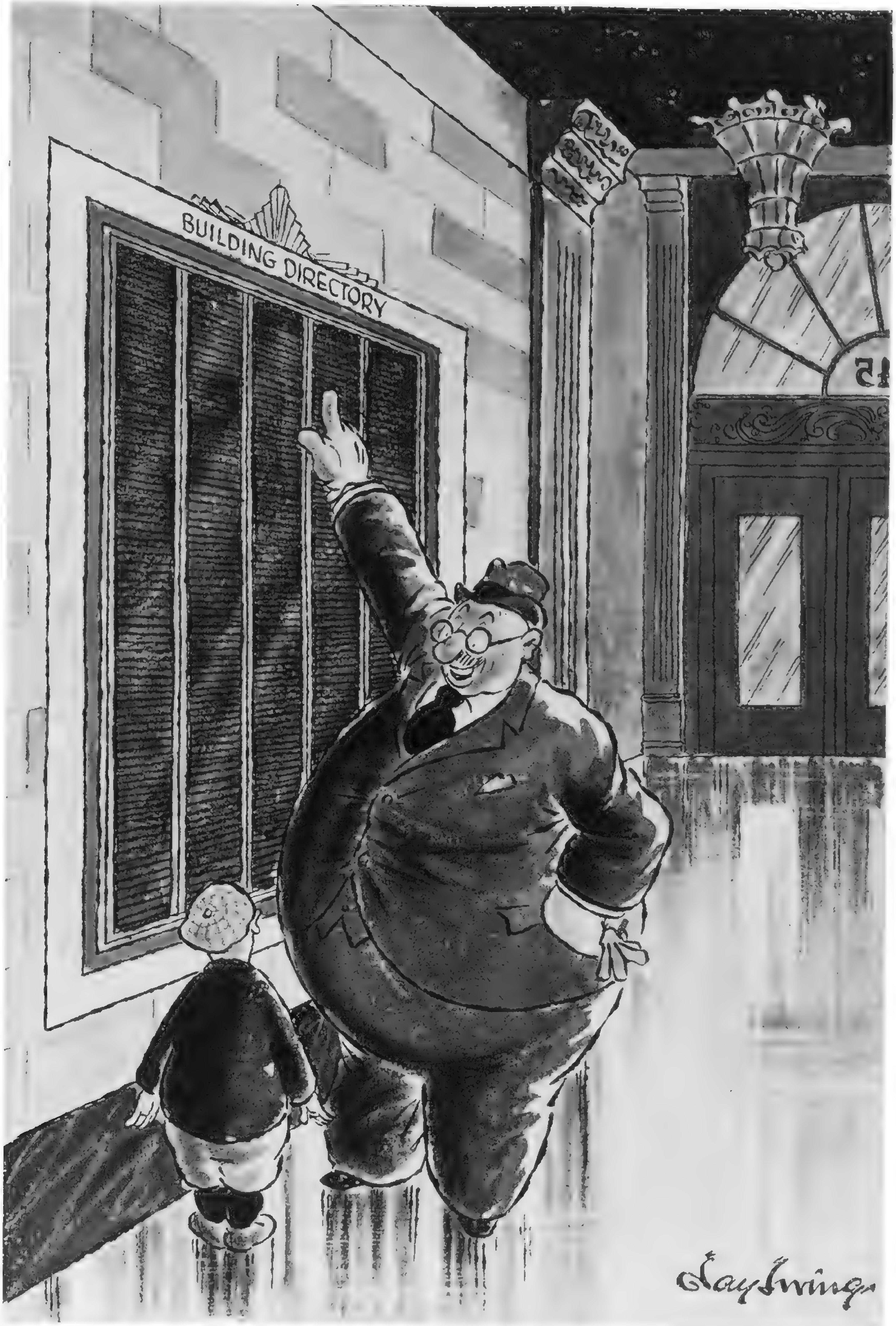
Fortunately Oporto still sticks. And so do many of her ancient ways and means; she is a lady with a past and plenty of it. Casks from the up-river wine country still arrive in boats of Phœnician design, and when unloaded at the quay are hauled up through the narrow, semi-perpendicular streets of town in ox-carts—wheels creaking, beasts lurching long-hornedly—each team a four-alarm hazard, or double dilemma, for motorists.

Despite this leisureliness Oporto manages to export upwards of ten million gallons of wine a year. The greater part goes to the British Isles, and with good reason: port has been England's wine ever since the twelfth century, when a fleet of English crusaders stopped off for refreshments at Oporto and got invited to help swat the Paynims, whose erstwhile fort, or *câle*, still dominated the town as a souvenir of their recent ousting. The visitors stayed, swatted, and swigged. As a result, the precarious "County of Portus-Cale" was established as a Kingdom free of Mohammedan drys, and the English went away confirmed port drinkers.

During the eight hundred years from that day to this the martial and convivial alliance between the two nations has been continuous with the exception of a brief interval, in Elizabethan times, when Portugal, running out of royal "issue," got inherited by Spain's unpleasant Philip II. *He* spoiled the party. But Portugal broke away again, and when England's gay Charles II married Catherine of Braganza (with a nice fat dowry enabling the ladies of his ensemble to have new shoes) why, things were better than ever. More and more port was being drunk, and more and more Englishmen were slipping over to Oporto to get into the wine business.

The upshot was a little deal called the Methuen Treaty (1703) whereby Portuguese wines came in on a preferential basis, with Portugal reciprocating as regards British textiles. That cinched port's success. The demand for it grew to exceed legitimate supply, and phoney business was resorted to: cutting, doctoring, and mixing with wines grown outside the acknowledged district.

Continued on page 156


BUILDING DIRECTORY
Lay Irving

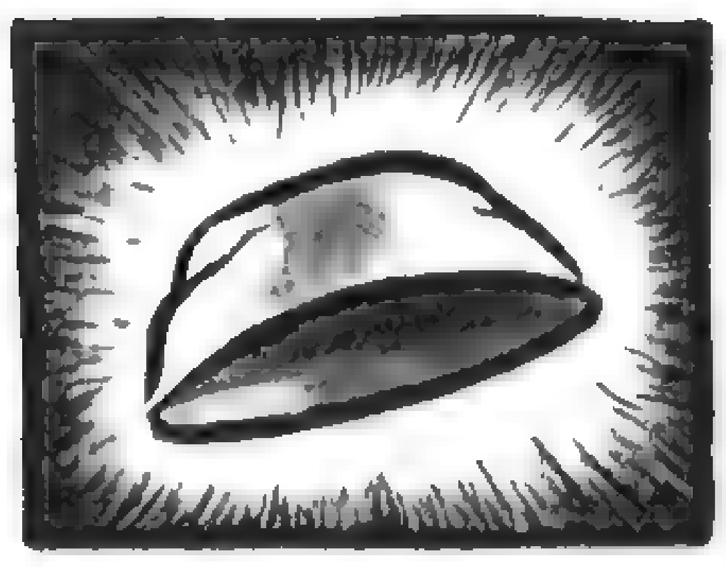
"There, my boy! That's your dad!"

The Little Red Hat

Providing that luxury which men seem ever to enjoy—a completely cockeyed story on a dizzy theme

by WALTER R. BROOKS

HUMOR



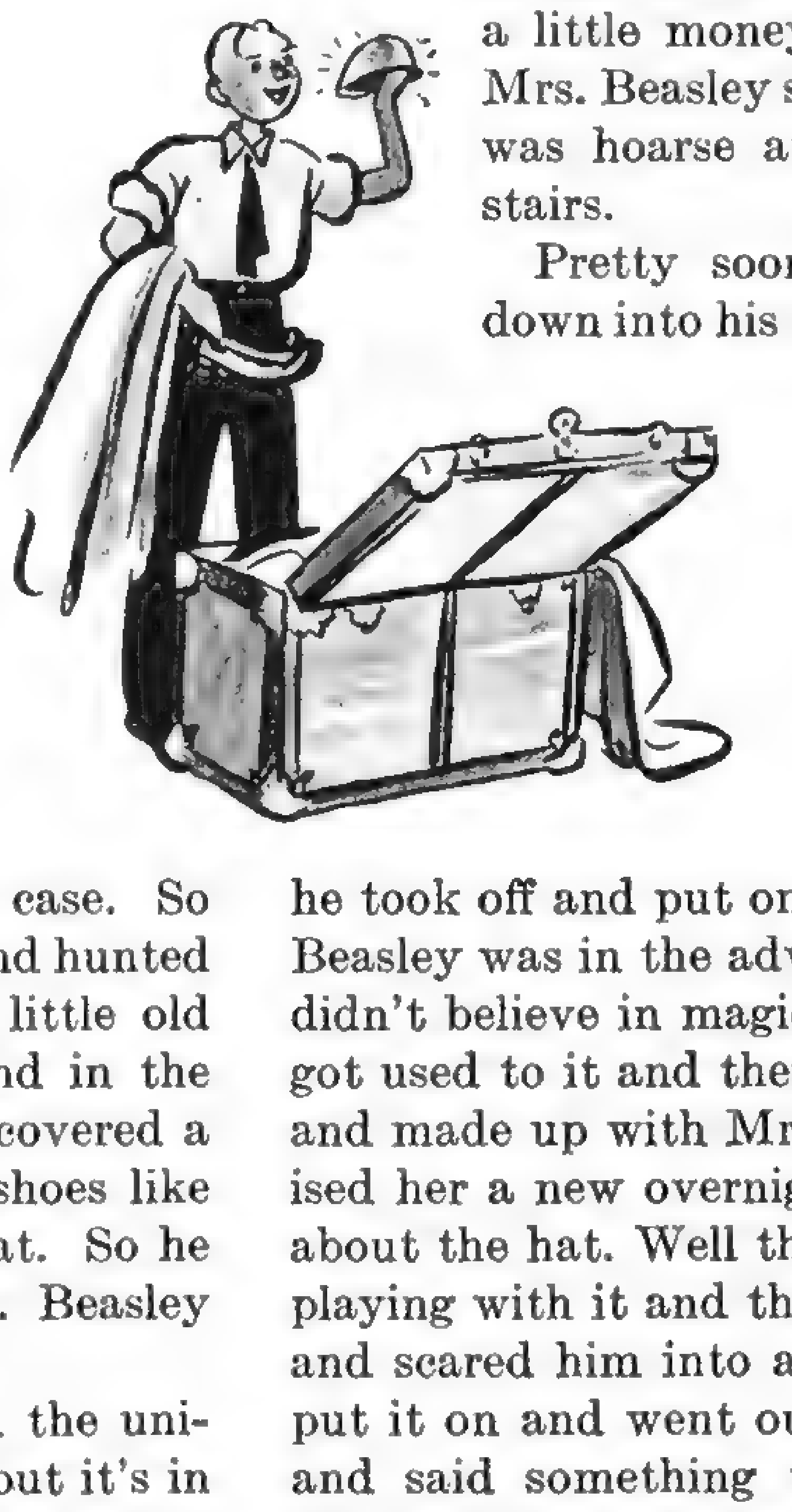
There was a Mr. Fred Beasley who was invited to a fancy dress party. Mrs. Beasley was invited too. So Mr. Beasley said O I do not want to go to this party Jessie can't we get out of it? Now Mrs. Beasley was very pretty but she had tantrums. She liked to scold and always took exception to everything Mr. Beasley said. So instead of saying All right dear and waiting until Mr. Beasley changed his mind as he would have done in a minute she said Well you're going and that's that. So Mr. Beasley said O all right but I shall not pay a lot of money to rent a costume. And Mrs. Beasley said You can wear your grandfather's Civil War uniform in one of those trunks up in the attic. So Mr. Beasley went up in the attic.

Well by and by Mr. Beasley found the uniform in one of the trunks but the moths had eaten all of it but the buttons. The sword was there though and Mr. Beasley buckled it on and drew it out of the sheath and began fencing with imaginary Confederate soldiers and he stamped around until he stumbled over a trunk and the sword went right through Mrs. Beasley's overnight case. So Mr. Beasley put the sword away and hunted some more and by and by in a little old leather trunk that they had found in the house when they moved in he discovered a red silk gown and a pair of red shoes like Arabs wear and a little red silk hat. So he put them on and just then Mrs. Beasley came to the foot of the stairs.

Mrs. Beasley said Did you find the uniform? And Mr. Beasley said Yes but it's in pretty bad shape. And Mrs. Beasley said I should think it would be I never heard such a noise I thought you had got it down and were worrying it. I found something else that will do said Mr. Beasley and Mrs. Beasley started up the stairs.

Well the little red hat was a magic hat and made whoever put it on invisible. But Mr. Beasley didn't know that and as he didn't want Mrs. Beasley to see the hole in her overnight case he picked it up quickly and put it on a chest of drawers and stood in front of it. Then Mrs. Beasley came up to the top of the stairs and stopped and looked right through him at the case. And she gave a squeak and said O Fred what happened to my case? Why nothing said Mr. Beasley who was sure she couldn't see it. But Mrs. Beasley said There has too and why are you hiding why don't you come out where I can see you? Don't be silly said Mr. Beasley I am right here in front of you. Silly yourself said Mrs. Beasley I don't want to play hide and seek and she looked at the case again and started toward it and she bumped into Mr. Beasley and screamed and knocked him backward into the chest of drawers and his little red hat came off and he fell over the chest into two bushel baskets of Mason jars.

Well Mrs. Beasley was pretty mad because when the little red hat came off Mr. Beasley was visible again and she thought he had been hiding behind the chest of drawers all the time and trying to be funny. So she had a tantrum. And Mr. Beasley shouted Well it's too bad when I'm grubbing around in this dirty old attic trying to save a little money on a costume, and Mrs. Beasley shouted back until she was hoarse and then went downstairs.

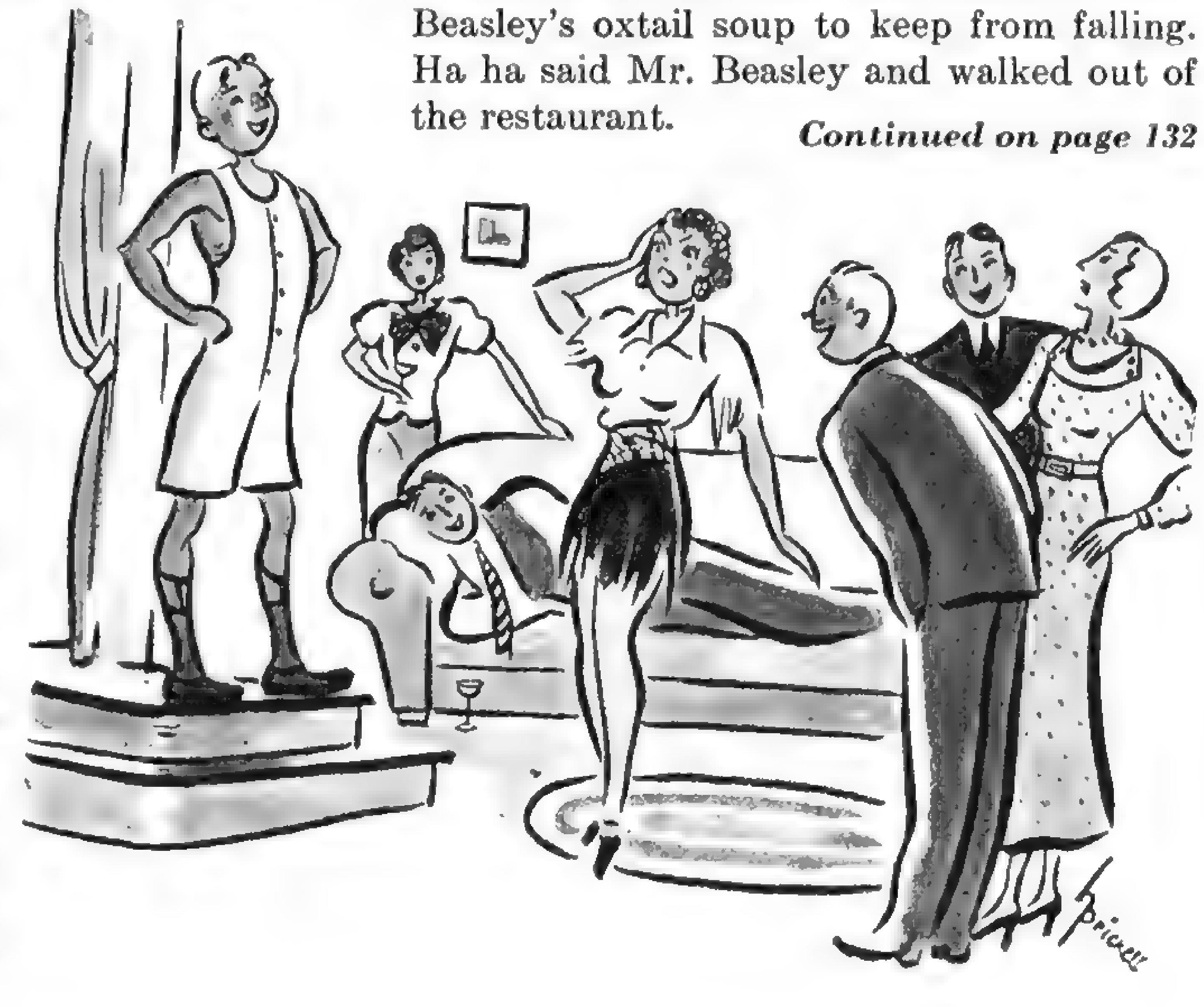


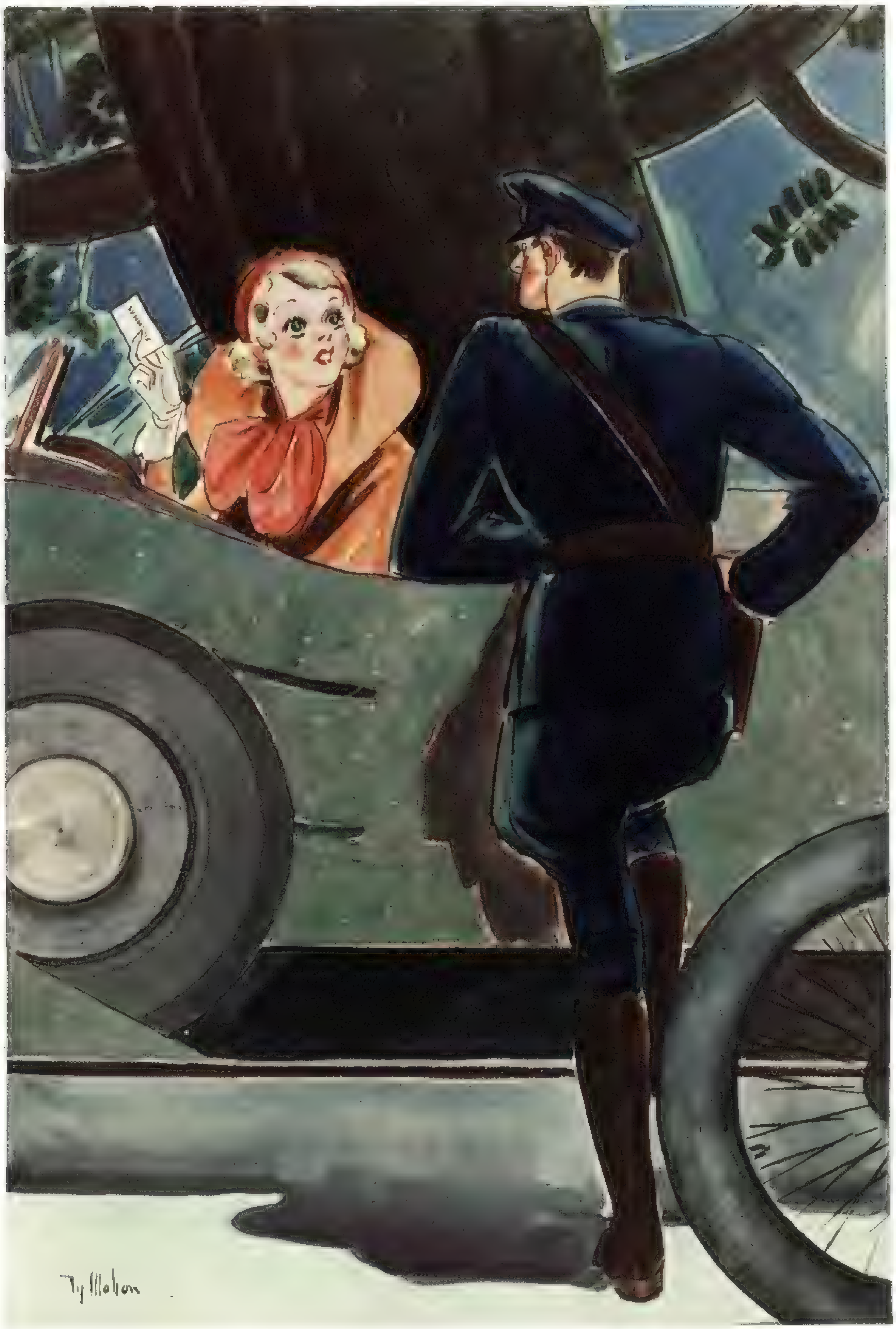
Pretty soon Mr. Beasley went down into his bedroom to try on the costume in front of the glass and it wasn't long before he discovered that he had got a vanishing hat. It was pretty scarey seeing himself pop in and out of the glass when he took off and put on the hat because Mr. Beasley was in the advertising business and didn't believe in magic. But by and by he got used to it and then he went downstairs and made up with Mrs. Beasley and promised her a new overnight case and told her about the hat. Well they spent the evening playing with it and they tried it on the cat and scared him into a fit and Mr. Beasley put it on and went out and said something to the cook who yelled and went upstairs and began to pack her trunk. They were pretty tired when they went to bed.

Well the next morning Mr. Beasley put the hat in his pocket when he started for the city. When he got on the train he sat down and hung his own hat up and then when he saw the conductor coming he put on the magic hat and the conductor went right by without seeing him. But before the conductor got out of the car the train stopped at Larchmont. Mr. Beasley didn't dare take the hat off yet and a man who took the seat in front hit him in the eye with a suitcase he was putting on the rack and then a girl tried to sit in his seat and sat down right in his lap. Mr. Beasley didn't mind that but the girl did and she jumped up in hysterics and the conductor came running and Mr. Beasley climbed over the back of the seat and escaped into another car. He kept the hat on until the conductor passed him again and then he took it off. But he hadn't saved any money because he had a commutation ticket anyway and he had left his good hat in the other car. And his eye hurt him quite a lot.

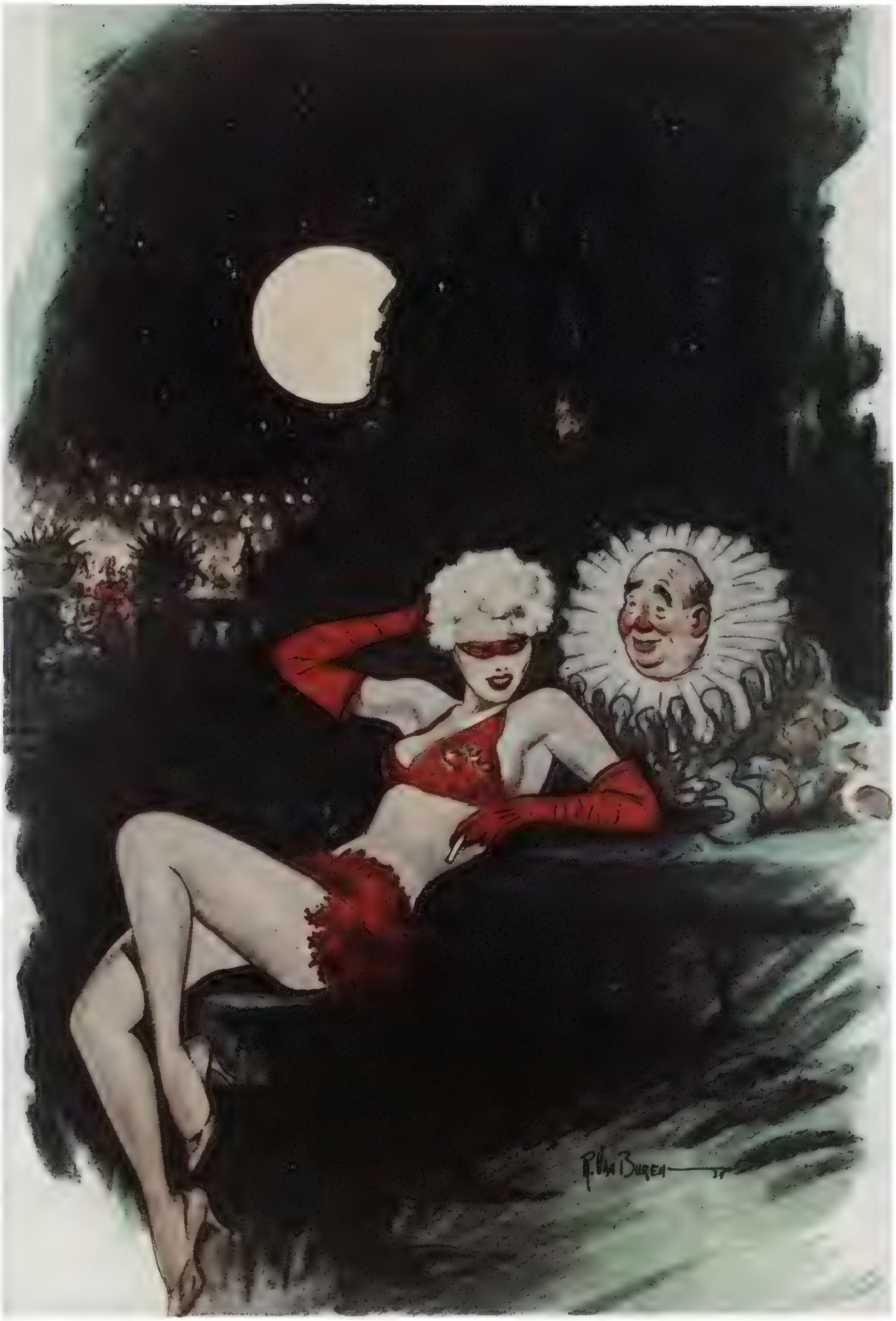
Well there was about the usual amount of work to be done at the office that morning so when Mr. Beasley had called up two of his accounts and written a letter to his landlord and discussed with his partner the proper temperature to serve burgundy at it was time for lunch. So Mr. Beasley went out to a place where he didn't like the waiters much and had a lot of fun appearing and disappearing and making them nervous so that they dropped things and ran into one another. And finally when he did it several times very quickly a bus boy fainted and the manager came over and said Excuse me monsieur I'm afraid we cannot serve you if you do not stop vanishing. And Mr. Beasley said You're a licensed victualler and you're obliged to serve me. And the manager said If you call me that again I'll smack your nose. And Mr. Beasley put on the magic hat and said You're nothing but a licensed victualler. And the manager made a pass at the place where he thought Mr. Beasley was but Mr. Beasley wasn't there any more and the manager followed his fist across the table and put his other hand down in Mr. Beasley's oxtail soup to keep from falling. Ha ha said Mr. Beasley and walked out of the restaurant.

Continued on page 132





"Will this ticket take care of me all day, no matter how many red lights I pass?"



R. Van Buren 37

"I shall always remember you as the girl clothed in mystery"

I Am a Masculine Mother

A sincere and revealing statement of the trials of a male upon whom depression forced a mother's role

ANONYMOUS

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

I TURNED from working over certain architectural plans conscious that my daughter stood in the door.

"Am I disturbing you, Dad?" she asked.

I realized that she hesitated. "What's the trouble, Monkey? Anything you want me to do?"

"Oh, just wondered if you had time to powder my back? Got to hurry for that dance and I don't believe I can get it on evenly."

All of which was just another of her mother's functions that have become something of a habit since my wife is away on a government job seeking to add her income to my greatly reduced one; her absence dedicated to keeping the family together, keeping the social stock in the preferred class, and keeping the son progressing on his medical course.

Powdering Monkey's back is not such a disagreeable task, even if one must be interrupted in a particularly difficult bit of concentration. She has a pretty back. Even a father can see that; soft, rounded, inviting. As I patted on first the liquid powder and then the dry scented variety, all according to instructions (I am quite adept now), I came very near adding a kiss at the lowest line where the evening dress curves upward. But I didn't. I debated the advisability—the morals, if you please—and concluded that I should not be able to properly camouflage that kiss. It would hardly be fatherly enough, and Monkey is quick to appreciate such little things.

In fact, being almost eighteen, I believe she rather likes, at times, to aggravatingly enter my study sans formal garments. She makes an enticing picture in her scanties, her lithe form emanating vibrations of developing womanhood. Outwardly I give but little attention or merely comment that this is no time for a tryout in a burlesque show.

Somehow, being just a father and a masculine mother has its personal problems hardly mentioned in the intimate biological literature, and referred to but dimly by our modern psychologists. My forty years of age is not unsusceptible to smooth skin, silky coverings and red lips; no, not even in a daughter. But the little Monkey will never know these things. Not if I can help it. I'm not a moralist but I *am* a father, yet youth is very much alive and even companionable fathers are sometimes useful to practice on in a sly way.

There is more to this economic adjustment period than banking troubles and sharply decreased incomes. Life goes on, but it is harder to make it go on normally. My wife having more collegiate degrees than I ever had the interest or the time to gather (secured since her marriage and during boom times and easy money) now has a most attractive position. Loyally, she sought it to add that income to mine in order to keep the family structure intact. Her arguments sounded all right, but we could not foresee these exigencies of the prolonged separation.

my daughter

At the very first she was transferred to a distant city and there was nothing for her to do but go, hoping for a later transfer back again. This hasn't come, and perhaps may not for a long time. And prosperity hasn't turned a corner as yet and her income has become a necessity while awaiting the results of our "new deal." I can't go where she is for my whole work is here, my clientele, my future. My debts are here also. To go would stir up many an irritable credit manager who can now talk with me on the telephone, and become pacified.

As intelligent and modern as we assume ourselves neither of us could have foreseen, clearly, certain other problems. I dimly envisioned them when the possibility first arose. I argued for cutting down to bare essentials—letting the house go—moving into some shack—eliminating the house-boy—living even on my income that had decreased to but one-fourth of what it was formerly.

"No, Daddy-boy," she would say with her arms around me at night when we would talk it over, "I don't want to go. I just can't think about being away from you; from the children. Don't make me think about it!

"But it's the only thing to do," she would continue, snuggling down close beneath the blankets. "The Monkey needs clothes for school. We need the house for her entertainment, for we can't humiliate her before her friends. You've worked so hard that you are liable to break and I wake up with a cold chill in the night wondering what would happen if you did—what would we do!"

"There's the insurance—" I began, as always.

"I wonder if you'll be able to keep up the premiums on that, or if you have?" I could see her dark eyes on mine as the street lamps flickered their lights through the trees and cast warm shadows on the walls of our bedroom. I couldn't answer. There was the over-due premium notice lying on my office desk. I might have to let it lapse?

"What's a bit of insurance in times like these," she would bluff. "That money wouldn't go very far. We must keep the children happy. Right friends and proper associations mean so much now for the girl. And there's the boy's school?"

"Why not let him drop out for a year?" I countered, desperately bluffing. "He's young yet, and I lost a year in college to work and I guess it didn't hurt me any."

"But what can he do?" she would reply. "There's no work for even men trying to support their families! If there was anything he could do? It would be the worst thing in the world for him to loaf. He doesn't care for architecture, so he isn't much account in helping you."

Always the same arguments. Over and over we went through them, varied only in details. Like a woman, she could never be cornered except on the intangibles. I suspect too, that she wanted to show me that she could fill a position in the world and earn a fair salary. I knew she could do that. But greater than my injured pride in using her income during the continuing emergency, was my fear that I should lose her. There was too, a fear of the responsibilities entailed with her absence, but I did not know then and could not know some of the "horrors" in the indefinable responsibilities which became a part of this separation. How could I?

She left. There were tears; hot ones. Emotions lying deep welled up that almost caused her resignation the last hour. But

Continued on page 111

Gods of the Stick

A lively search for the truth that lies halfway between the extreme ideas about conductors

by CARLETON SMITH

• ARTICLE

An orchestra conductor is a useless animal. He alone among musicians doesn't make any music. Oftentimes he can not even play an instrument. His technic is confined to waving his hands and contriving ways of attracting attention.

The dance band leader is a kind of human metronome that nods pleasantly at the dancers. The bass drummer could do it as well. Or better.

The symphony conductor shakes his hair and studies tailoring so that the ladies who attend his concerts may admire his shoulders and his back. That is, if the ladies don't want to listen to the music. Usually they don't. Symphony players would do as well, if not better, without this excitement and distraction before them. They never seem to pay serious attention to conductors, for they are busy sawing away at their work. Anyway, the conductors don't seem to know whether the individual player is playing or not, provided he looks as though he was. So what's the difference?

That is the view many men take.

But there are those who look upon the conductor as a magician of sorts, and follow his every move as if they expected to see him draw rabbits out of some near-by violinist's sleeve. They are unshakable in their belief that the conductor is inspired by a remote but brilliant idea which through some occult method he subtly communicates to the musicians, even as they are turning their pages.

Whichever of these notions is true, the fact remains that today these mortal Gods of the Stick dominate the musical scene. The "prima donna" maestro is in his heyday. Billed with a foreign name (no Jones or Brown has yet ascended a podium in this country), he can usually command two thousand dollars or so a performance. And sometimes, because opera singers established the custom, he gets his living expenses thrown in.

The reason is that he is worth it. When the newspapers acclaim him as "the best," the public comes. He fills the house and the box office. He is the Babe Ruth of the concert hall. If he goes away, the orchestra takes a rest and the audience stays at home. It wants only the best—or thinks it does.

Orchestra managers have shown a short-run wisdom. Our public is attracted by the mass effect, the sumptuosity of sound, the size of a symphony orchestra. America is afflicted with confusions about bigness being greatness. And we are hero-worshippers. The managers, in cahoots with the press, have built us idols.

Even over the radio when we can't see the conductor's coat-tails, our desire for a hero is strong. We want to listen to an orchestra conducted by a great name, though we couldn't detect the difference if he were absent. Certainly, if Serge Koussevitzky substituted for Leopold Stokowski, nine-tenths of the radio listeners wouldn't know the difference until they were told about it. But they think they would.

And therein lies the kernel of the complex. The public must have conductors whom it believes to be great.

Among conductors today, Arturo Toscanini is "king-pin." Without lifting a finger toward the press, in fact without being conscious of its existence, the little Eyetalian has become the ranking musical personality of the day.

Twenty years ago he left the Metropolitan Opera to return to his native Italy. He said the voices were not satisfactory. No one considered him at that time as a possibility for a symphony leader. A great operatic conductor, yes! But the symphony—that is another matter. Italians may write operas, but it takes a German or an Austrian to compose a symphony. And to conduct one.

New York opera patrons missed Toscanini. They asked the late Otto Kahn to have him return. He tried. But he cabled in vain. No answer ever came back, and Mr. Kahn preferred to believe that his message was never received.

Meanwhile, Toscanini returned for a short American tour with his own orchestra. It was not so good, merely a passable success. Someone remembered, however, that he had caused sparks of genius to fly during his performance of Beethoven's Ninth on a Sunday night concert in the old days of the Metropolitan. Clarence Mackay was told that he might make a go of the Philharmonic if he could be secured. Others held up their hands in horror at the idea of an operatic conductor attempting the symphony repertoire. Anyway, no one imagined he would accept the invitation extended to him in 1926.

When it was learned that he was coming, Philharmonic Orchestra men were in a panic. They had been getting on quite well with pudgy, blue-eyed little Willy Mengel-

berg smiling under his shock of curly red hair, and going good-naturedly from chair to chair at rehearsals explaining how he wanted each passage played. They had known such lazy masters as Josef Stransky and such guests as irresponsible Igor Strawinsky, whose tempi depend upon the mood he is in and who sometimes turns several pages of his own scores at a time without knowing it.

But Toscanini was a demon. In Italy he was known to address the fiddlers as sons-of-bitches and once in a fit of rage when he heard a wrong note, he had smashed a violin bow, and a splinter from it drew blood from the offender's forehead. Psychologists had been called in, and the Milano courts held him unaccountable, agreeing that to condemn him would be tantamount to punishing musical genius.

Outwardly calm, the orchestra faced his entrance for the first rehearsal with uncontrollable nervousness. Most of them were blowing and sweating, even practicing the simple C-major scale, as he found his way to the platform. Complacent old trombonists trembled at his glance. A modest, retiring little fellow, hardly able to see five feet ahead of him, Toscanini was transfigured the moment the baton was in his hand. He saw with his ears, and he was actually conscious of each individual's work. He stopped the whole orchestra in the midst of a lengthy passage to say: "The second player in the fifth row is playing flat."

For days he rehearsed, his shirt sleeves rolled up, a handkerchief knotted loosely around his neck, perspiration pouring from him. He swore, he broke batons, he worked them with merciless intensity. Finally, a squat German flute player got up, packed his instrument, and started out. "That man," he cried, "make me crazy. I can not play. I am crazy-nervous. I go home." His friends stood in the doorway to keep him there. Toscanini sat in Room C, the "green room" of Carnegie Hall, sputtering Italian and pounding the glass-topped table until it cracked.

He approached the orchestra with a definitely conceived notion of what he wanted. He knew every note and every marking in the score. He felt himself personally responsible to the composer to carry out his every instruction. He would shriek at the orchestra men and beat himself with his fist. "Io sono stupido," he exclaimed time and again when he couldn't get his men to do what he wanted.

Little by little, he would bring the orchestra's playing closer to his ideal. He knew what every player was doing, and he insisted on the utmost effort during every second of the rehearsal.

"That's what I don't like about him," a seasoned player said. "He's always pryin' into corners. I ain't botherin' him. Why should he be botherin' me?"

The musicians couldn't fool Toscanini. They admitted he knew his stuff. He tried none of the sleight-of-hand bamboozling they knew other conductors got away with. He asked for perfection, and he wouldn't stop until he had it. Much as they feared him, they grew to admire him. And the respect of a good orchestra man is genuine.

He is the best de-bunker of "gr-rreat" reputations, for he knows. If a conductor isn't aware of the mistakes, as many of them are not, he loses the respect of his musicians. The public is a cinch, but not the first stand men in a fine orchestra.

When it came to the performance, which had been sold out for months, speculators offered a few back-pillar seats at twenty-five dollars. Those inside heard the orchestra play as it had never played before. The music was flung out as lava is flung from a volcano. The hundred or more musicians were playing as one instrument, with one heart and one desire. The men themselves thought they could never do it again. The critics agreed that here was the first conductor of the age.

Since that time Mr. Toscanini has come and gone his way quietly. He has steadfastly refused to talk over the radio or to accept wreaths after his concerts. Friends presented one to him and he ran off the stage, saying afterwards acceptance would have meant death for him. And he wanted to conduct more concerts at Carnegie Hall.

He has been with us ten to fifteen weeks each season, and has spent the summers looking out at the Alps from his small Barromean island home in the midst of Lago Maggiore. Occasionally he fondles the Wagner souvenirs given him at Bayreuth. Then he tries to teach his canaries to sing, but, unlike his orchestra men, they refuse.

I found him there, poring over scores, his nose touching the paper so that he could read the notes.

"You find no soul in this, nothing human," he said. "It is written with perfect technic and says nothing. It is like chemically building a man and then not being able to infuse life into him. I do not play this music, it means nothing to me."

So he rarely conducts contemporary compositions.

But with Mozart and Beethoven, few admit his peer. In Italy, where his name is forbidden in the press, the fishermen of Capri and the merchant of Milano whisper in one voice: "primo del mundo." And today the Philharmonic-Symphony is ranked high among the orchestras of the world. Its now historic visit to Europe in the spring of 1930 successfully challenged the supremacy of the Old World in the art of performing symphonic music. And many of the cities—such as Munich, Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, Budapest and Brussels and London—had their first opportunity to witness the miracles of a Toscanini and to see him, as Lawrence Gilman wrote, "reach into the deep core of imaginative experience and capture the ultimate secrets of perception."

* * *

Leopold Stokowski, the first conductor of recent years to perfect the playing of a great American orchestra, has been over-publicized. Known of late in every home as a cigarette minstrel, he has appeared regularly on the front pages of the country's newspapers.

An independent and aggressive thinker, willing to pioneer, Stokowski's action makes news. His thoughts are easily syndicated. Whether consciously or not, he is the best showman in the business, and propaganda concerning him has reached every hamlet. His casual actions have been magnified and distorted so that the interpretation placed upon them has been actually harmful to him. His worth-while accomplishments and his serious efforts are obscured in a haze of ballyhoo.

He was the first to search for novelties and

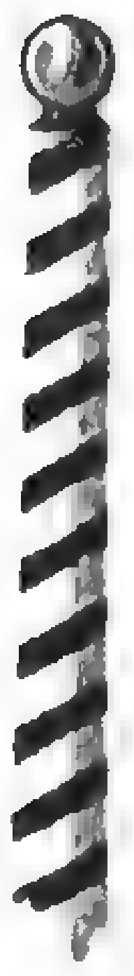
Continued on page 102

What the Cave Men Began

The eyes of our time, alone of all that ever beheld the earth, have seen the change in razors

by EDWARD M. BARROWS

• ARTICLE •



LOVELY Woman generally can cherish her illusions of omniscience over Man, until she tries to tangle with his whiskers. It was a feminine biologist of London who publicly assailed the economic waste of shaving, and she chose, of all places, man-dominated Cambridge University for her rostrum. She "twitted the men," according to a pamphlet describing the assault, on the unnecessary time the modern Briton consumes annually in shaving; unnecessary, she held, because by eugenic selection a race of beardless men could be evolved.

For such a thesis her choice of platforms was most ill-advised. Masculine Cambridge was stirred to its depths, and from those depths a Champion of Beards arose. He was a somewhat cautious champion, or perhaps his printer didn't like publicity, for he concealed his identity under the name of "Homo Sum."

Under this forthright description of himself he talked right back in meeting. For countless generations, he declared, men in choosing their mates have never shown any preference for hairy-faced women. In fact, as the polite Frenchman explained when asked if he had lunched on the Channel boat, *tout au contraire*. Obviously then, the selective move is up to the women. But there are so many women, and so few whiskerless males to divide among them, that some experimentation in polygamy necessarily is indicated. Right there, asserts Homo Sum, the whole idea collapses for "Physiologists tell me that men who are naturally beardless are very ill-adapted for experiments in polygamy."

Erat some homo. Nevertheless the lady put an iconoclastic finger on one of the most persistent wastes of time in the chronicles of man. The personal history of the human kind reaches back further than tribal history, and then loses itself in some pretty deep shadows. It is a curious fact that while the men who lorded it over creation in the dim dawn of history left many pictured records of the animal life that surrounded them, they left no tangible likenesses of themselves. No one knows what prehistoric man looked like or, except for a few hazy particulars, how he behaved. We don't know whether he parted his hair on the side or in the center, whether he wore a hat, or used a finger bowl, or chewed tobacco. But we do know he shaved. We know this because he left us his razors as evidence. They have been found among the bronze relics which the cave and lake dwellers of Central Europe left behind them. Recent discoveries anent the oldest inhabitants of America, the Maya tribes of Mexico, have unearthed razors made by striking off thin chips from a lump of obsidian, or natural glass. In size, and in thin triangular shape they compare with the modern razor of the pre-safety period, and they are wonderfully sharp. Naturally they could not be honed, but that was no obstacle to the Aztec Man-about-town, who needed only to go out to the rockpile and get a new one.

Farther back, ethnologists have discovered among the heaps of refuse that mark the village sites of the flint age, slim flakes of flint, sharper than flint knives and too delicate for hunting or mayhem, which was about the only uses men had for knives in those hardbitten times. Their kinship to the modern razors of Sheffield is evident. What possessed these people to take up shaving? No one knows, but there are the razors.

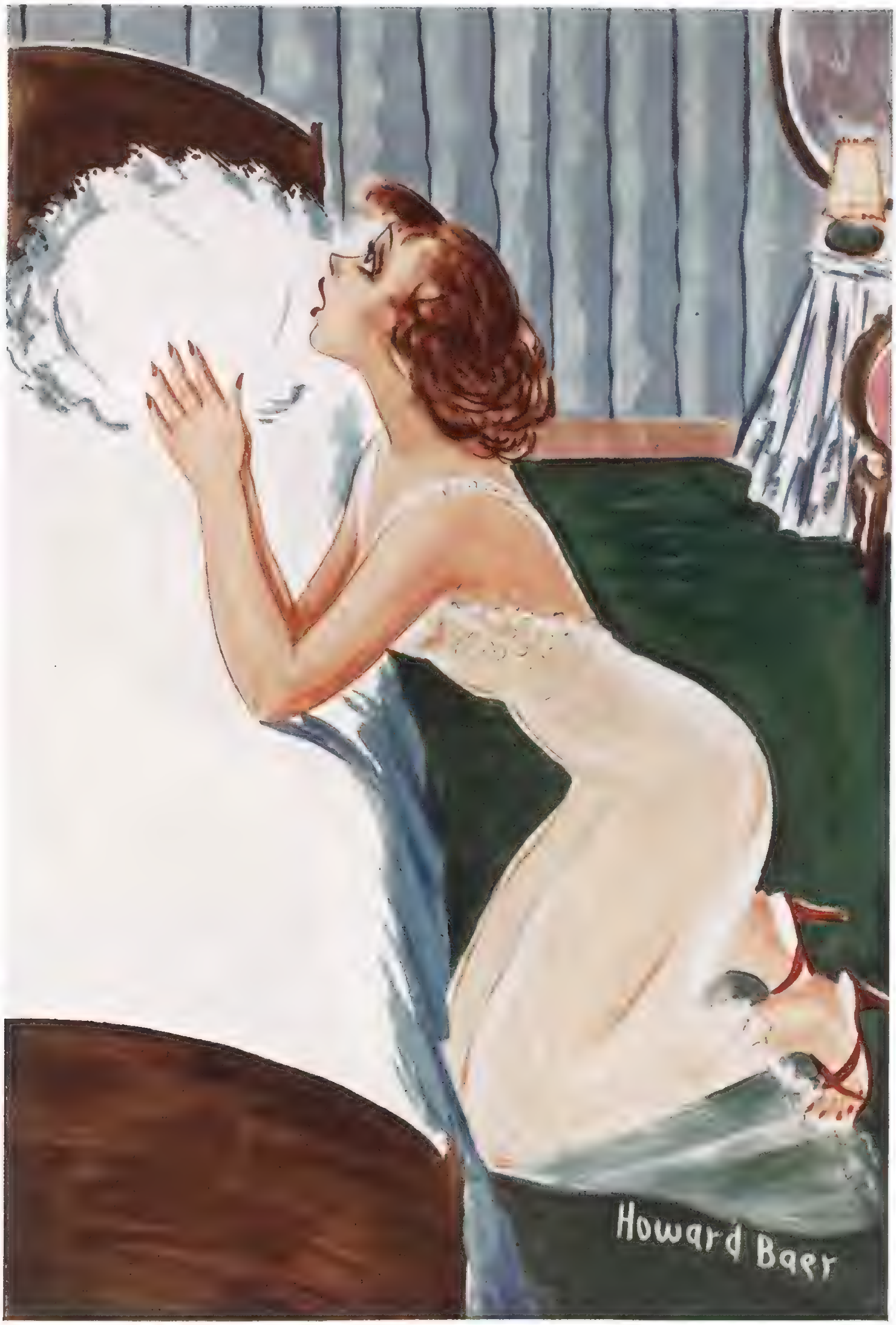
In the Orient, where culture was old when Europeans were still wearing goatskins, the armor, architecture, art, and all the myriad gadgets of everyday life took shapes which had nothing in common with the same appliances in the West. Everything, that is, except the razor. This took exactly the same shape as the razors unearthed in the prehistoric ruins of Switzerland. Now this is peculiar, for reasons other than of fashion or culture. Ethnologists tell us that underlying differences in the head-dresses of the various races are due to variations in the amount and texture of the hair. We should naturally expect the razor, then, to reflect these differences.

The case of the negro is not in point, for all he has ever known of metals and their use he took from the white and yellow races. Primitive negroes shaved, as many tribes still do, with the edges of sharp shells, which custom they shared with certain tribes of Malays, and with the American Indians. They also plucked their facial hairs with tweezers made from shells. Plucking instead of shaving has been practiced by all races in all periods, however, and the aborigines of all the continents seem to have promptly adopted the razor as soon as the white man gave them a chance.

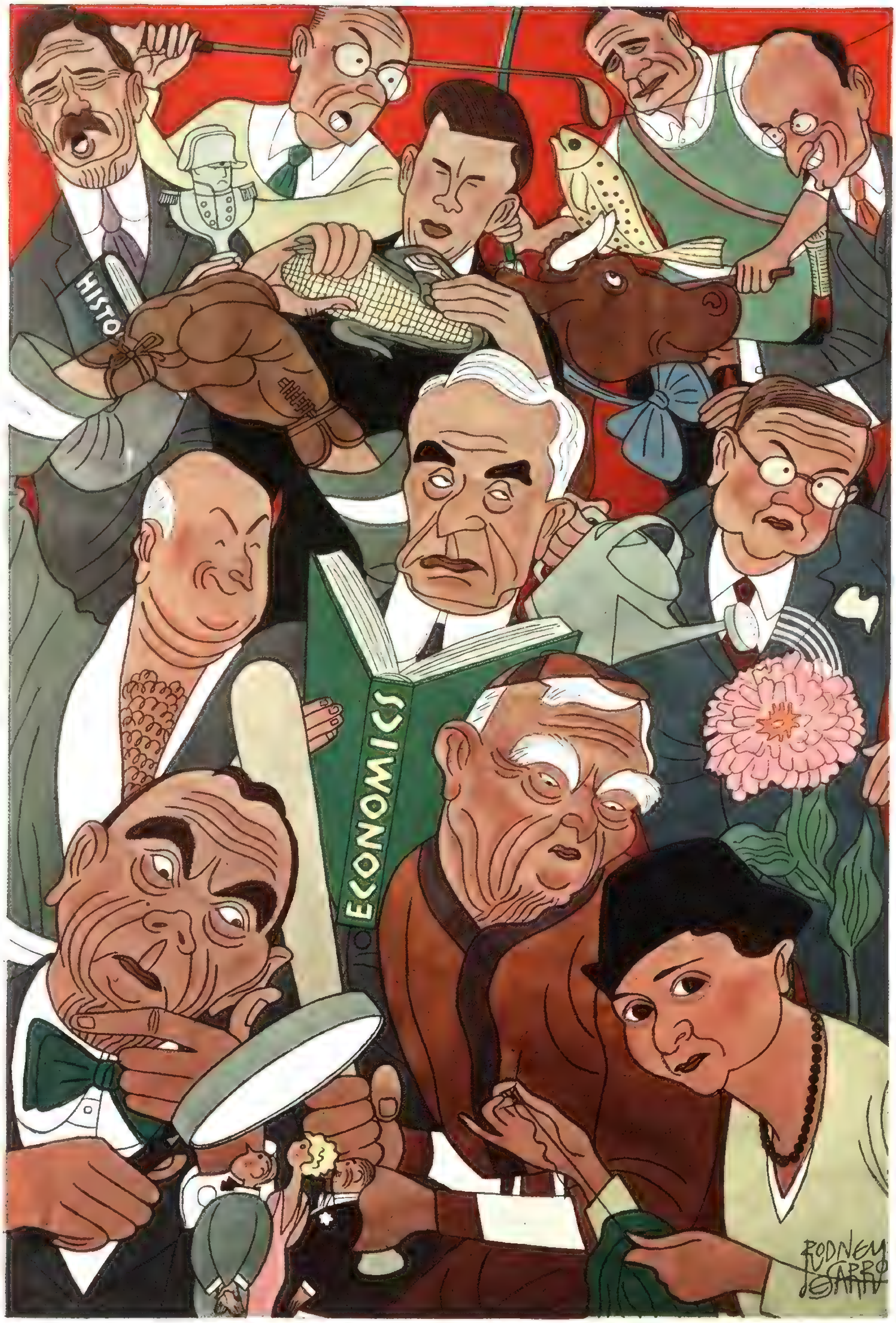
All of which emphasizes one dramatic fact about the razor. It is perhaps the one utensil used for a single purpose by all the people of all times, and from within the memories of middle-aged men back to the time before there was history, it has never changed its shape. So we of today enjoy a distinction unique in the annals of mankind. We have seen Niagara Falls and the razor both change their shape. Plato, Dravidian man, and for all we know, old *pithecanthropus erectus* himself could have marvelled over the same sweep of the American Falls that many of us saw as bridegrooms—and we could have shaved with each other's razors, or used Methuselah's. That can never be true again, and our eyes, of all that ever saw the earth, have beheld the change.

This does not imply that the razor makers and the men who used them have not always kept step with the vanguard of civilization. In the saga of the razor are the steps on which man climbed upwards from the beasts. You may hear men descend them again sometimes when their razors slip. Through the pageant of the centuries we get recurring, flashlight glimpses of the important part that shaving has played in history. As "Homo Sum" pointed out, either fact or fancy has always tended to associate masculinity with hirsute abundance. Both Buddhist and Christian monks were devoted to celibacy, and they advertised their status by shaving their heads—though fairness compels the remark that certain medieval legends imply that they regarded their tonsures as symbols of an ideal not to be taken too seriously. A plausible legend about Alexander the Great accounts for the disappearance of the full beard from the fashionable life of his day. He was smooth faced. Some of the mightiest warriors of the time were

Continued on page 114


Howard Baer

"—and also protect me from Mister Charles Vance-Werp, Mister James C. Whitehill and Butchie"



THE NEW DEAL CABINET *by* RODNEY de SARRO

Reading from the top, left to right: Claude Swanson, Homer Cummings, Henry Wallace, George Dern, Henry Morgenthau Jr., James Farley, Cordell Hull, Harold Ickes, Daniel Roper, John Garner, Frances Perkins

Let Freedom Ring

On the diverting theme of being a vagrant with cash in the bank and a wife with a permanent job

by ROBERT CARSON

• FICTION •

THE two cops made up a line just outside the door leading to the prisoners' dock in the night court. One cop went to the head of the file and the other took his place at the foot. The cop at the head smoothed his hair with a small pink comb and said:

"You slobs stand easy for a while, see."

Mr. Ringgold was second from the front, feeling rather superior to the rest of the stumblebums accompanying him. He had eight hundred dollars in the California Bank and the little woman had a job mopping in a hospital in Tucson. She didn't know anything about the nest-egg and sent him money whenever she could—not much, but always enough to keep him in such small necessities as rum and nickel cigars.

Mr. Ringgold had prepared his arrest carefully; he was entering the court entirely ready to be incarcerated by a benevolent state for the winter. The rescue missions had grown to know him and were getting tough about providing him with food and lodging, so there was nothing to do except fall back on the resources of the police. When spring came he intended to take a short vacation trip and then set himself up in business. Until that time Mrs. Ringgold could keep her job and remain in ignorance of the eight hundred. Mrs. Ringgold was a very wasteful woman and the possession of money gave her illusions of grandeur; it was a good idea to keep her mopping.

The kid ahead of Mr. Ringgold was trembling with nervousness. He turned his head sidewise and exhibited a sparkle of tears in his eyes. Mr. Ringgold felt pretty good himself. For a dollar a trusty had smuggled in a flask of dago red for him, and he had knocked the whole of it off prior to starting the march that was to end before the bar of justice. He could not, himself, understand the loathing jails inspired in some men, nor the corroding soul-sickness that ate out the hearts of regular inmates. He kind of liked the atmosphere of this wormy old joint. It had a well-lived, home-like charm to it. Mr. Ringgold had been in all the better cans in the country and had seen a lot worse than the present place.

"Honest to God, mister," the kid said hoarsely, out of the corner of his mouth, "I ain't done a thing. Honest to God, mister. Why should they drag me in? I'm not a crook. All I did was lose my job and go broke. I can't help that, can I?"

Mr. Ringgold patted his quivering shoulder. "Don't take it so hard, bud," he said consolingly. "I hear the beak in this court is a kindly guy. You probably won't get busted for more than three days."

"But the disgrace," the kid said. "Think of—"

"Disgrace hell," Mr. Ringgold replied. "There ain't any disgrace in being in jail now. Ain't all the big men in the country either in the can or on the way? It's better than a university education to cop a stretch in the big house. You live with nothing but the best people and don't pay tuition."

"Lay off the debate," the front cop said.

They marched into the ancient, decayed courtroom, a mangy crew, and sat down. The sprinkling of spectators gazed at them self-consciously. Due to the peculiar seating arrangements and the preponderance of hang-dog looks, it was hard to tell the innocent bystanders from the accused.

There was a short delay while the judge married a couple who could not wait till morning. He emerged from his chambers, a very fat, pink jowled man, almost hairless, with vapid blue eyes peering through thick spectacle lenses. Having recently kissed a quite presentable bride and pocketed three dollars, he felt in excellent humor and smiled amiably at the throng.

"Stand up," said one of the cops.

Mr. Ringgold rose with the others and watched the majesty of the law waddle to the bench and seat himself. They all dropped immediately. Underneath the judge's dais was a table at which sat a comatose deputy from the public prosecutor's office, an equally comatose police sergeant, two gentlemen whose duties seemed to consist of opening and closing brief cases, and a myopic clerk. The clerk gargled a few words and the court was in session.

Mr. Ringgold distrusted the honest and manly informality of the tribunal. He contemplated the beak's pudgy profile until he swivelled his chair around and faced the defendants. Then he allowed his eyes to drift up to the flag on the wall above the judge's head and patriotic sensations began to swell in his breast. There was the emblem of the land of the free and the home of the brave, the land of liberty, equality and fraternity, of unsparing justice and brotherly love. Give me liberty or give me death, said Patrick Henry. He finally died. . . . The dago red, Mr. Ringgold was aware, had gone to his head. He considered the dirty work confronting him and marshalled his eloquence.

The kid's name was called and he stood up while the prosecutor read the charge. The judge leaned forward and smiled benignly.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he asked.

"I don't know," the kid said.

"Were you found and arrested as the officer reported?"

"Yessir."

"You are without funds or a home?"

"Yessir."

"Where are you from?"

"Stockton," the kid said.

"Well," the judge said, still smiling, "I think you'd better plead guilty. I'll give you five days and ten dollars suspended and you can stay till morning and eat breakfast before you leave. But I want you to get out of town right away. Is that clear?"

"Yessir," the kid replied. "I'll beat it the first thing."

He sat down in pathetic relief and gazed up at the judge with dog-like devotion. Mr. Ringgold's name was called and he rose and squared off debonairly, resting his hands on the rail. He listened to the prosecutor's charge carefully.

Alexander J. Ringgold had been arrested for violation of at least three paragraphs of Section 647 of the Penal Code; he was, it appeared, an idle, lewd, dissolute person who wandered about the streets at late and unusual hours of the night without any visible or lawful business. It was old stuff to Mr. Ringgold. He grinned cynically.

"Guilty or not guilty?" the judge asked sweetly.

Mr. Ringgold suddenly burned with the sacred fire of liberty; in some alarm he heard himself saying firmly, "Not guilty as charged, your honor."

Continued on page 150

Certified Relief Case

A story of a poor parish where the finest job is that of being unemployed

by M. WILLIS SHUEY

• FICTION •

UGENEE BENNETT climbed up the steps as fast as her short legs would carry her. She reached from the one solid part of the second step over the missing third to the sound part of the top, and hurried across the swaying porch to the room where her mother sat aimlessly rocking.

"Car's coming!" she shouted. "Look!"

Down by the sagging gate a car had stopped—the car for which the Bennett brood was constantly posted. The relief worker who had their case in charge for Direct Relief came at unexpected times to see how they were getting along, and no matter whether their card bore the initials U.R.C or E.R.A., she wanted to know just what they did with their money. Bitter experience had taught the mother and children that they must be prepared for her visit, and put their worst foot foremost.

"If that ain't the smartest thing I ever seen a two-year-old do!" Mrs. Bennett exclaimed proudly. "Soon as she seen that car stop she come runnin' to tell me! She knows we got to keep this job of bein' unemployed by the Guv'ment for her Daddy. Seems like George likes it better than anything he ever did before, an' has stuck to it longer!"

She threw a piece of watermelon in the washtub, and hastily piled dirty overalls over it. Relief workers did not approve of watermelons bought from the grocery. They thought poor people ought to live on red beans and rice and turnip greens, all nourishment.

Ugenee jerked a half-eaten banana from Clark Gable's sticky hand, and stuffed it in her own mouth. He sat up abruptly and howled at the top of his lungs, but the banana was gone. Mrs. Bennett lifted him from the floor and pinned a flour sack diaper on him. Investigators didn't like naked babies, either, even on a hot Louisiana day.

She sniffed the air thoughtfully.

"Better throw a piece of old tire on the fire outside, Gloria," she directed. "Yo' Daddy's got a little mash cookin'. He likes this job of bein' unemployed too much to risk losin' it over a little liquor, but then when a man ain't workin' regular he almost has to make his own drinkin' liquor!"

The four-year-old slid from her seat on the sack of Red Cross flour and scuttled out the back door in a hurry.

The field worker picked her way gingerly up the sloppy walk. Deep ruts of red mud made slow progress, and she hated to ruin her shoes. By the time she reached the house the acrid odor of burning rubber overhung the place, killing any suggestion of cooking mash.

Mrs. Bennett and Clark Gable met her at the door in a hurry.

"Come right on in, Mrs. Addison," she invited. "We've been wonderin' when you'd be comin' to see us!"

Helen Addison stepped carefully inside. There was always danger of contagion in places like this, and she had little patience with the breed of Bennetts. They placed themselves when they called it "Binnitt," and named a child Ugenee, spelling it just as they pronounced it! The French influence, she supposed. Or a hangover from the hats. This was a grubby job for a college graduate, but then it beat washing dishes, and with it she could afford a cook. Besides, she knew her duty, poor white or no.

She always had difficulty breathing in the Bennett home. The sharp ammoniacal odor that emanated from the fireplace, mingled with the smell of rancid lard, stale coffee-grounds and smoking pine, stifled her. She sank into the chair offered her, and caught her stocking on a broken cane. A long runner slipped down the side of her leg, and she felt a surge of anger at the Bennetts who caused such things.

"Please let me have a needle and thread right away," she said crisply. "I want to catch this thread before my stocking is completely ruined!"

Mrs. Bennett considered the stocking apathetically:

"I don't think we got a needle," she answered doubtfully. "Bendora had one the other day makin' herself a mess jacket, but I don't know what she done with it. An' I think Lafayette used the thread to go fishin'. Besides, Mrs. Addison, don't you think it's more ladylike to leave it as it is? Bendora says it's foolish to darn stockin's—that if you men' them, people know you got to wear them that way, but when you leave them, they'll think the run just happened an' you don't know it! I'd leave it if I was you," she offered.

"I'm sure I don't agree with Bendora. And you should certainly see that a girl who is almost grown keeps her clothes mended." Helen's lips were straight as she watched the long runner that meant another dollar gone.

Mrs. Bennett shifted in her chair. The conversation was not going well. She was relieved when she saw George's relief card, signal that the familiar questions were coming—the ones whose answers she knew.

"Yes'm, we've planted a garden out o' the seeds you gave us, just exactly like you said to. Yes'm, I know that since it is the Civil Works Sanitation we git our check from we are to keep the place clean. You kin see that George plowed up that ol' red clay an' put in potatoes. An' he planted beans an' greens an' crowder peas too, but you know it rained all last week an' them little planted is all mildewed now. We ain't goin' to git nothin' out o' them, but you can't think we didn't try! Seems like George would have been better off to register as something besides a farmer: all these C.W.A. ones git $12 a week, an' George is just as much something else as a farmer, to be unemployed at.

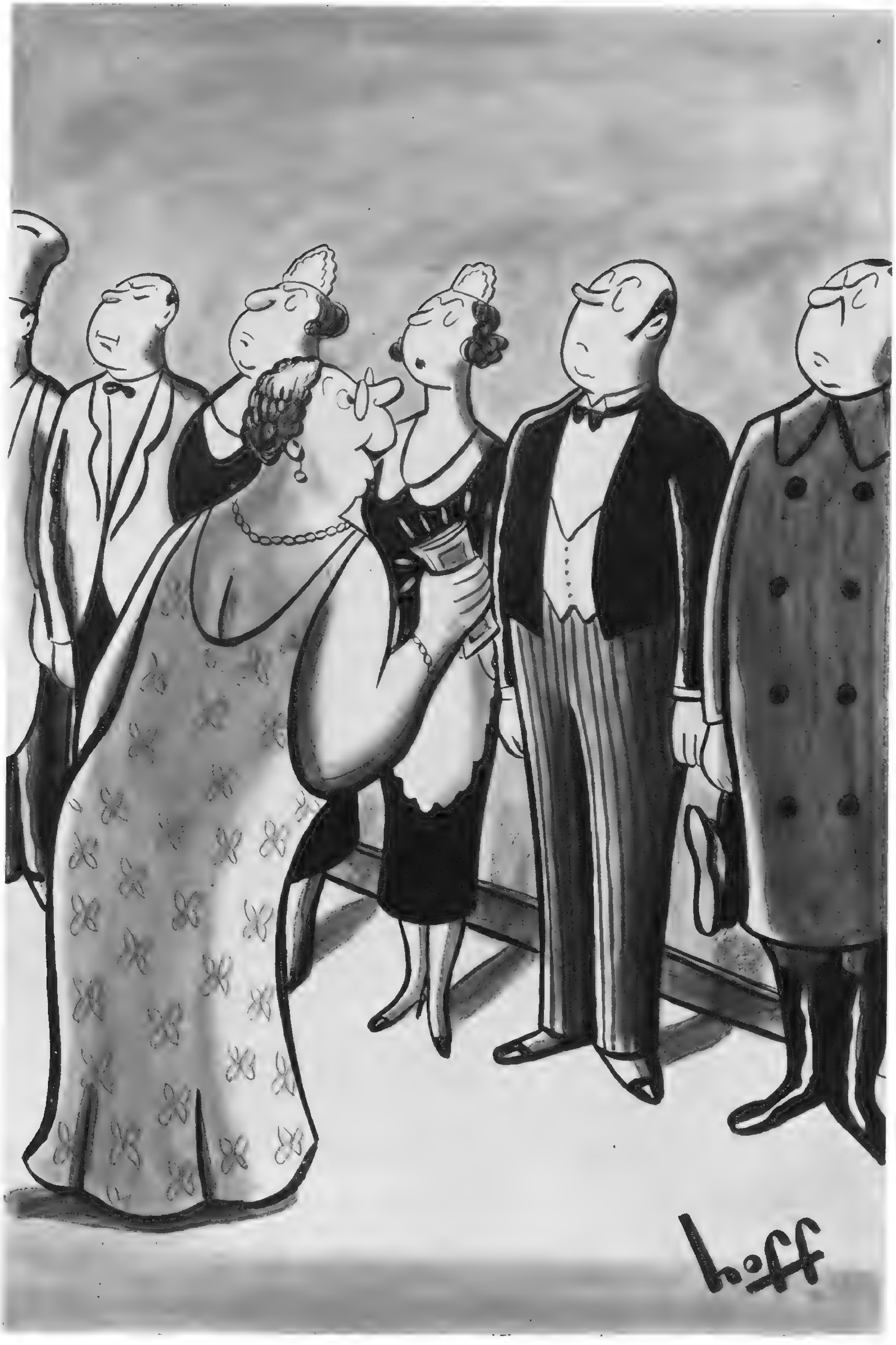
"We even bought a sack o' fertilizer for that garden," she added virtuously. "Gloria's got on drawers made out o' the sack right now. The Red Cross skipped over Gloria when they gave out them pink bloomers, an' I thought I might as well make her some, seeing we had the sack. Show her, Gloria!" she commanded.

Gloria lifted her scant skirt and showed straight, old-fashioned drawers that said "Fer" on one leg, "izer" on the other, in blue letters. The drawers were not hemmed around the legs, but hung in uneven shreds.

Mrs. Addison looked hopelessly at the attempt at gardening and the accomplishment of drawers. It was like the Bennetts to call themselves farmers, yet live on one acre of ground, and that covered with water much of the time, so that even a garden had small chance of growth. It was like the Bennetts not even to boil the sacks before they made drawers, and to pin them on with safety pins.

"You still have chickens, haven't you?" she questioned. Gloria jumped up excitedly.

Continued on page 117



"Look, everybody! Mazuma! You're all getting paid this week!"

Notes on a Hangman

The first portion of a two-part portrait of the man who enjoys a job that nobody else relishes

by JAMES MARLOW

• ARTICLE •

His name is Henry Meyer. His nickname is Tricksy. He likes the Tricksy better than the Henry Meyer.

The early years are not clear: the mulberry tree, the peach and plum and orange trees and the magnolia round the white house where he was born upstairs over the saloon on the levee road in Jefferson across the parish line from New Orleans; his big German father and his little German mother; his father whipping him once with a long strap for knocking the green oranges from the tree; the men sliding his father down the stairs in a special coffin they had to build; the women crying and the men with their hats on in the rain round the open grave, burying his father, and all running for the sheds when the rain came fast; leaving school, telling his uncle he wanted to because there was too much of teaching him to pray; driving a bread wagon at fourteen; still driving at eighteen; getting drunk; having fun with the women; driving for old man Lambert France, the baker on Girod street.

Garfield, old man France's big brindle bulldog, sick, kept Tricksy awake three nights with his crying in the flour room under Tricksy's room. The third night was the worst. Tricksy, lying awake, looking at the shingled roof against his window, hearing the dog, tried to tell himself the dog was getting weaker. He knew he was not and ran down to the flour room in his bare feet.

He told Garfield "You sure make a fuss."

The dog tried to get up but his legs were weak. Tricksy whacked him three times on the head with an ax handle. That was at midnight and he went back to sleep but the dog had him awake again at two o'clock.

He ran down to the flour room and rubbed the dog's head and said "You got a head like a nigger."

The dog was crying again: not like before: like an imitation.

He found a twenty-five foot half-inch rope and showed it to the dog, saying "How you like dis? You like it?"

He took the dog and rope to his room, holding the dog's mouth closed, and, getting out through the window, climbed the sloping roof to the top on the end on the courtyard side. He straddled the roof and tied one end of the rope round the chimney. With the other end he made two half hitches round the dog's neck, pushed him to the edge, balanced him, said "Have a good time," and pushed him off.

That was the first. He was twenty. He says now "I don't know what put it in my mind to fix dat Garfield like I did. I jus' did it like I had it in my mind dat I didn't have to think about it."

In the later afternoon two drunks he knew, Dan and Pat, came singing down the road toward him but when they were close they cursed him. He cursed them. Dan knocked him flat and held him down tight by the coat-lapels and hollered up to Pat to cut the belly out of him. Pat ripped with a pocketknife but it slit the shoulder.

Dan said "In the belly."

Pat cut him clear across the belly.

Tricksy knew the belly was a bad place and he could feel the warm flow but Dan had him from the back and then someone down the road let go with a rifle and the bullet got Dan in the leg, sprawling him. Pat began hacking for the bullet in Dan's leg. Tricksy bounced up and looked and grabbed back his intestines and ran for home.

When the doctor saw him sitting up in bed the way he was he said "This is no joke."

"Joke?" Tricksy said. "Kin I git t'rough?"

"I don't know," the doctor said. "Maybe you will. It won't be easy."

Tricksy said, "I don' care how easy so I kin git t'rough all right."

He was twenty-two.

Between twenty-two and twenty-eight: working and drinking.

At twenty-eight he married Jilly Arbo.

Until he was fifty-six: structural steel jobs, having a bakery, carpentering, having a confectionery, driving wagons, making money, spending it, losing jobs, getting jobs, liking structural steel jobs most, liking the high girders, getting drunk.

Jilly sang in the choir and taught piano. They were married thirty-seven years: no children.

James B. Humphreys, politician, says:

"One day I was downtown and ran into Dick Meredith, he was the warden of the prison then, and he told me: 'I'm up a tree, I am. I got that Louis Werner going tomorrow and I ain't got anybody to do it.'

"I told him: Well, don't worry about it then. I know a man'll do it. He'd choke a snake.

"I meant Tricksy. He was working on a contracting job with me then. I went to him. I asked him: You want a job, Tricksy, for a couple hours?

"He said: What kind of a job?

"I said: Hanging a fella.

"He said: Sure. I'll take it if there's anything in it for me.

"So I told him.

"The next day he came to work late, about two in the afternoon, half-drunk, and he had a roll of bills. One of the men said: Look at Henry Meyer. He must have picked up something.

"But I said: O, no he didn't. He just dropped something.

"One of the men asked him where he got the money. He said he just hung a man. The boss fired him."

The date: November 28, 1919. That was the beginning.

He was fifty-six. He is seventy-one now. Between fifty-six and seventy-one: an alligator, a woman, thirty-six men.

He is small but he has big hands and big muscles in his shoulders. He looks like a little Indian: beaky nose, small green-brown eyes under brows that he trims with scissors, close gray hair, quick pigeon-toed walk, wide mouth and wrinkles. Sober, he can be sitting still, looking at the floor, but the mouth staggers back; talking, the mouth staggers; drunk, it's a wreck; laughing, it lifts in a crescent and the wrinkles shift in curves of joy.

He says:

"I think one de bes' tricks I ever played I played on dat Arthur Harmeyer, de politician dat had dat oil station. Me 'n' 'm was good friends, his daddy gimme my firs' job drivin' a bread wagon, but Arthur had a hole in his head about animals, like dat ol' man France wit' de bulldog. But Arthur had 'im a alligator he kep' in a special nice pen behind de oil station at de levee, 'n' one day de alligator git loose 'n' was comin' along de levee, 'n' I seen it. De alligator git clean over de levee 'n' down in de batture 'n' found 'im a nice pond 'n' was settlin' down fer a spell havin' a fine time all by 'imself when I come along 'n' seen 'im. I git a good rope 'n' I make a slipknot in it 'n' I stand on de runway over de levee 'n' I drop de rope over de alligator 'n' I wiggle it 'n' I wiggle it till I get de noose over his head 'n' den I pull it tight, 'n' ain' nuttin he kin do to git away, 'n' I pull 'im up to de runway 'n' I pull 'im down to de river where I have de shrimp boxes 'n' I git a ax 'n' chop 'im up fine 'n' put 'im in de shrimp boxes fer bait. I git more shrimp dat one week dan I do in a whole mont', maybe."

He says:

"I'd hang anybody. I'd hang my own brother if I had one if he commit 'imself."

Jilly never knew about the hangings: Tricksy could always make an excuse to be gone a day or a couple of days when it was in the country; when it was in the city it took no time at all.

When she was paralyzed in the legs he bought a rattan rocker for ten dollars so she could sit in the doorway and see the double camellias and lilies in the yard. Every day he put her in the rocker and washed her feet with hot water to get the blood going in her legs, but there was never any feeling except when she said the hot sponge was cold.

The day after the funeral he gave the garbage man a dime to take the rocker away so he could not see it empty.

He says:

"In 1929 Sheriff Pecot come to town special to see me 'n' he say: Mister Meyer, will you come up to my parish 'n' handle a case fer me?

"I say: What case is dat?

"He say: Ada LeBoeuf 'n' Doctor Dreher.*

"I say: Sure. I'll take de case.

"He say: How much you wan'?

"I say: Six hundred 'n' fifty.

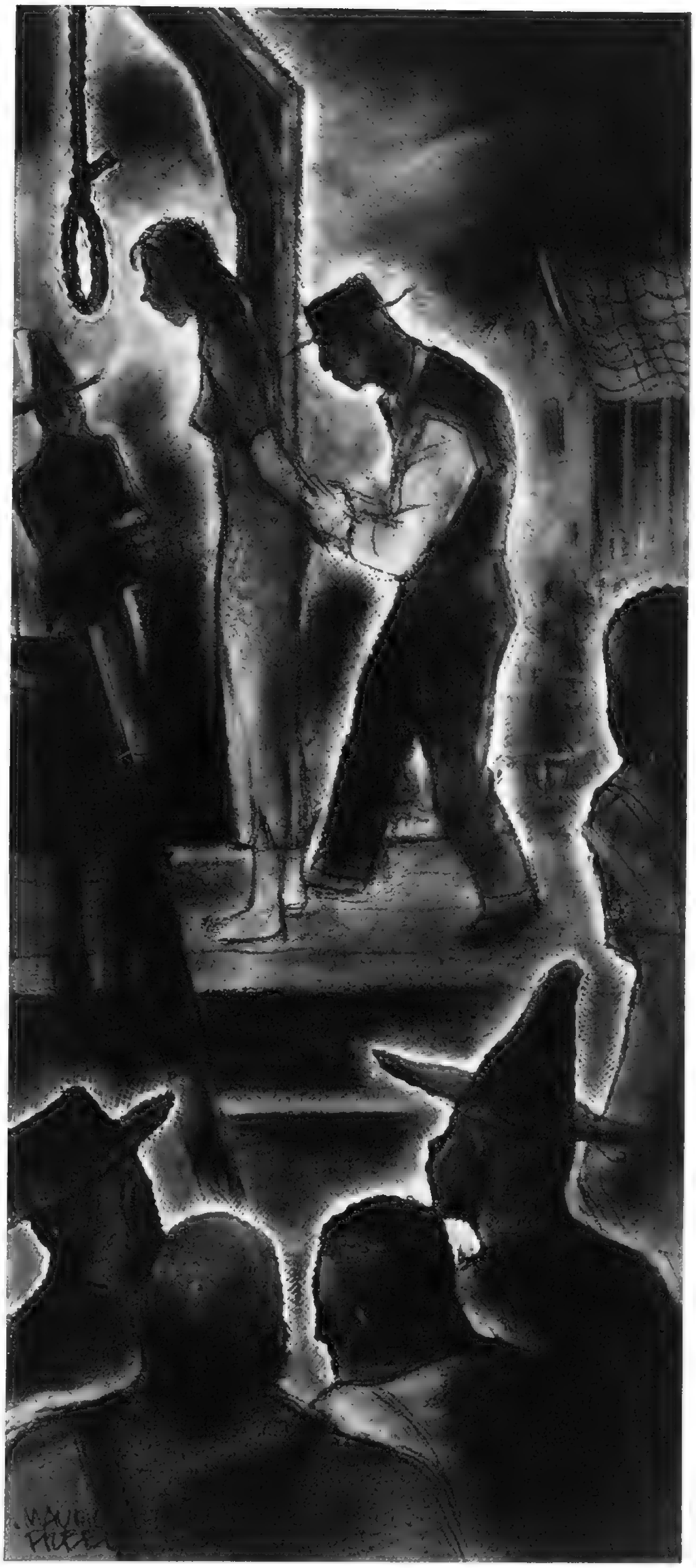
"He say: Six hundred 'n' fifty? Dat's putty steep. Doncha think?

"I say: No. I don' think so. I'll make it six hundred flat, if you wan'. But doncha think it's wort' a little more to hang a woman?

"He say: It might be at dat.

"So it was all fixed but I had to make one bum trip to Franklin where de jail was because dey git a reprieve 'n' I had to come back empty-handed but de very nex' day Pecot called me up 'n' he say to be back dere Feb'ry firs' 'n' no fail. 'N' on de mornin' Jan'ry thirty-firs' I git my skin full drinkin' dat Schultz's whisky wit dat Schultz, dere 'n' in some other places, 'n' dat ol' Tom Price, dat use to moterman, 'n' Dominick, de butcher, found me in bed sleepin' 'n' dey git me a big pail of gumbo 'n' two oyster sandwiches but I had a pint in my pocket 'n' dat ol' Tom he git 'imself lit drinkin' some to keep me sober, 'n' dey git me down de railroad station at Car'lton avenue, 'n' I still had de pail of gumbo on my arm 'n' de two oyster sandwiches but I had some de pint in my pocket, 'n' dat ol' Tom Price walked in de station wit' me, sayin': Ac' nice now, Tricksy.

"So I figgered maybe Tom was afraid I was gona make 'im a holy show in fron' of maybe forty people dat was in de station, so I begin holl'rin' 'n' shoutin': O, O, O, I'm gona git 'em at Franklin. I'm gona git 'em at Franklin.



"Dat ol' Tom he run but I git on de train 'n' when I'm at Franklin I'm all right 'n' I git off 'n' Sheriff Pecot's brother gimme a nice bed in de prison 'n' I slep' fine all night. In de mornin' dey gimme a big brekfus, oysters 'n' eggs 'n' all. Dey gimme so much I can' eat it all. Den I wen' in 'n' sit around de fire. Ain' nuttin to do. De ropes was all stretched by Warden Miller in New Orleans 'n' he sen' 'em on up to Pecot. But I go up de room 'n' soap de nooses 'n' I go back down de fire 'n' sit dere 'n' I think in my mind: Dis is de firs' woman I ever fixed. I wonder how she gona take it. I wonder what kind of performance I'm gona see.

"So by dat time I sen' de jailer out to buy me a handkerchief, a bandana, either a red or a blue, 'n' he come back wit' a red. 'N' by dat time it was time 'n' I wen' upstairs 'n' tied de bandana round de lower part of my face so only de eyes showed 'n' I sit on de railin' along de hall. Dat's de way Ada has to pass. Her cell ain' ten feet away. 'N' dey lead her out 'n' she has to pass right in front me but de preacher kep' a handkerchief in front her eyes but she was sayin': O, why dey takin' me firs'? Do they have to take me firs'?

"She didn' see me at all, I guess, 'n' I swung in step wit' her right behind her 'n' we walk de couple steps to de trap keepin' in time. She stood right on de trap 'n' de jailer tied her dress jus' below de knees so it wouldn' fly up 'n' den I slipped de hood over her head 'n' de jailer tried to pin de hood to her dress but I say to 'im: You don't have to worry about dat. Dat can' come loose wit' de rope de way I fix it.

"De whole time de preacher was talkin' to her 'n' den I begin tyin' her legs. I made a loop round her feet 'n' two half hitches round her hands to keep her steady but while I was fixin' de rope round her ankles I give her leg a good feel.

"She had a fine leg on her but I don' guess she knew I was feelin' her leg because she didn' have her mind on her legs den. 'N' den I was ready 'n' I motioned de jailer to git de preacher off de trap because I woulda dropped 'im, too, if he didn' git a move on. 'N' I pulled de lever 'n' run back down de hall to Ada's room.

"She had a nice big easy chair in de cell 'n' I sit in de chair 'n' I look at her bed 'n' dere was a prayerbook on de bed 'n' some papers. I didn't touch de papers but I picked up de prayerbook but I was thinkin' how long it was gona take me to do de two jobs. 'N' while I was sittin' dere a man come into de cell 'n' he say: Tricksy, a couple docters say it was a good clean job.

"I slipped 'im her prayerbook 'n' I say: You kin keep it. She don' need it.

"Wit' de docter it was a little dif'ren'. He wan'ed to make a speech about how good he was to everybody 'n' I had to stand in front 'im till he git t'rough. He weighed in de neighborhood one hundred eighty pounds, I jedge, but he was short 'n' I was glad because dere was damn little drift under de scaffold. But he wen' t'rough all right.

"I git back to New Orleans about seven or eight dat night 'n' a couple fellas from down de river was waitin' fer me. Dey say dey seen in de papers about me puttin' Ada 'n' de docter across. We had some beer. But de nex' day bright 'n' early I wen' nex' door 'n' paid Missus Woods a whole year's ren' I owed 'n' I wen' around payin' all de people what I owed 'em. 'N' when I come back de house I had about t'ree hundred dollars lef' but dere was a whole swarm of dem river bums waitin' at de door. It was like de angel's rest. But we had a reel party. We git cheeses, swiss 'n' all kinds, pickles, 'n' beer 'n' gin 'n' whisky. It lasted a whole day, I jedge. I git so lit I fell asleep some time in de day or night but de nex' mornin' when I woke up 'n' looked in my pockets dere wasn' nuttin. Two hundred 'n' eighty dollars gone. Dem bums took it.

"De party cos' me maybe twen'y dollars but dem bums wen' off wit' de two hundred 'n' eighty. 'N' Missus Woods when she seen me she say: Yer friends mus' been havin' a fine time all night. Dey was ridin' around in taxicabs, wavin' roas' chickens out de windas.

Continued on page 148

---

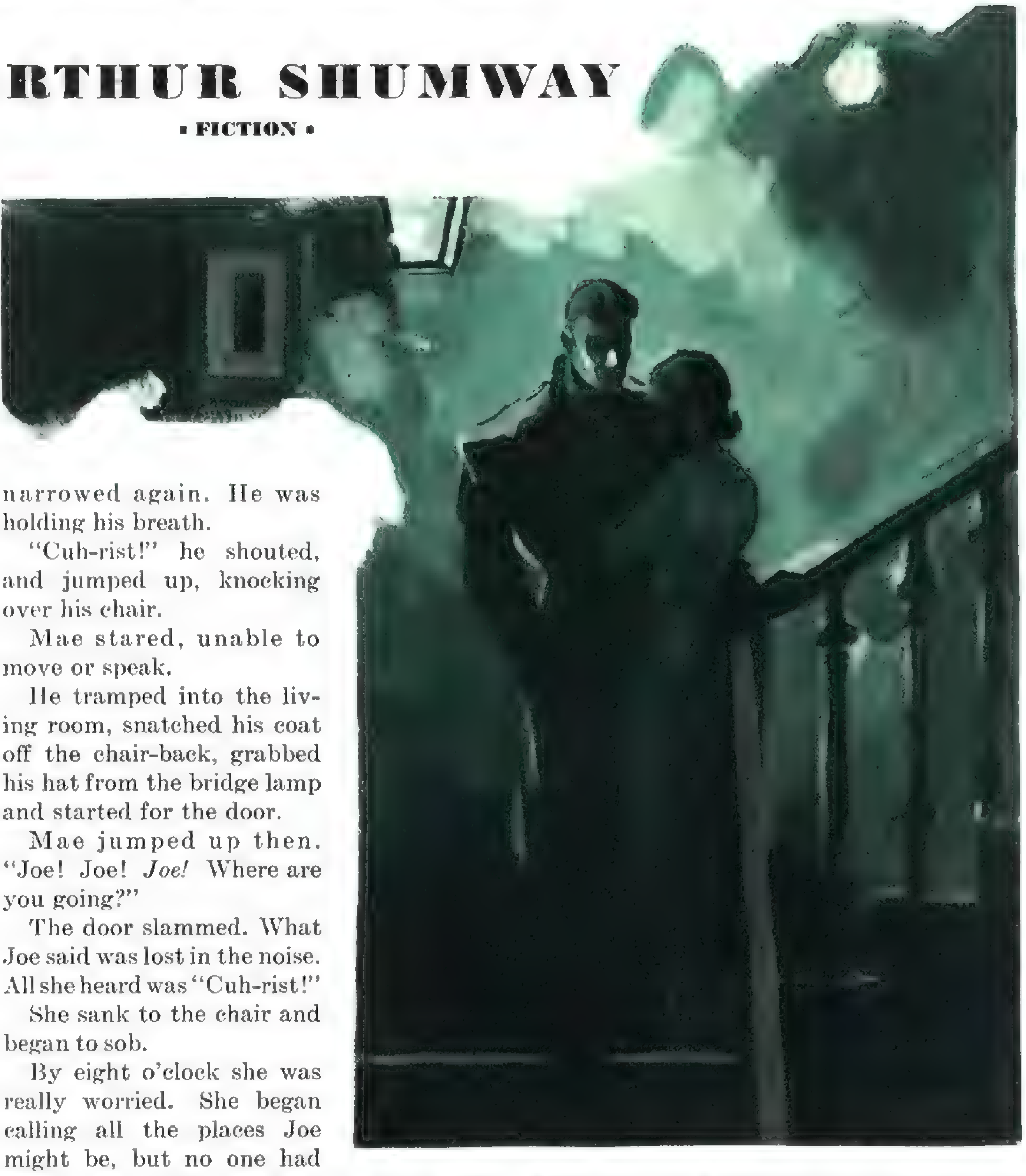
*In Morgan City, La., Mrs. Ada Bonner LeBoeuf, and Dr. Thomas E. Dreher, her lover, murdered James LeBoeuf, the woman's husband.

Please Don't Let It Be the Same

Last story from the youth
who wrote "One Way to Die"
and soon after chose one

by ARTHUR SHUMWAY

• FICTION •



Mae's key would not turn in the lock. That was funny. She tried the knob and the door opened. Joe lay on the davenport reading the American.

"Why, Joe—" She put the groceries down and started taking off her dripping coat. "Gee, you gave me a start. How come *you're* home? You ain't sick?"

"No," Joe said sullenly, "I ain't sick."

He went on reading his newspaper, his big red face sullen.

Mae noticed then that he had on the pants to his good blue suit, and a white shirt with his good necktie, the green figured one she had got him for his birthday.

"What's the matter, Joe?" she said.

Joe sighed and scowled into the paper. "Nothing," he said. "I just lost my job is all." He put the paper down and looked at her defiantly.

Mae felt her insides go light. She stood without taking off her wet shoes and without paying any attention to the way the water from the bundles sopped into the upholstery of the chair on which she had put them. She stood looking at Joe.

"Gee, Joe—" she said slowly. "What was the matter?"

Joe sighed again, his teeth tight together, and looked at her scornfully. "I told you, nothing," he said, and picked the paper off the floor and went back to reading.

Mae went over and put her thin hand on his brown curls. She was a little scrawny girl with big moist eyes. She could have been mistaken for his daughter. "Honey, I'm sorry," she said, "I'm awful sorry. Honest I am."

He squirmed away from her hand, his eyes still on the paper.

"Why shouldn't you be?"

"Please, Joe . . . Don't be like this. You'll get another job. It wasn't your fault, was it? You couldn't help it, could you?"

"Of *course* it wasn't my fault, God damn them! Who the hell said it was?"

Mae drew back and stood looking down upon him, trying to think of the right thing to say. But she gave it up and started getting out of her wet clothes.

"I got lamb chops, Joe," she said cheerfully from the dressing closet.

"Yeah? You better get a good taste of what they're like then so's you'll remember."

Mae gave up trying to talk to Joe. Finally she called him to eat in the dinette.

He came in and sat down without saying anything. Mae filled his plate and poured his coffee. As they began to eat she said, "Was it that lousy Mr. Castor?"

Joe dropped his fork onto his plate and stared at her. His lips were tight together and his eyes narrowed, then widened, then narrowed again. He was holding his breath.

"Cuh-rist!" he shouted, and jumped up, knocking over his chair.

Mae stared, unable to move or speak.

He tramped into the living room, snatched his coat off the chair-back, grabbed his hat from the bridge lamp and started for the door.

Mae jumped up then. "Joe! Joe! *Joe!* Where are you going?"

The door slammed. What Joe said was lost in the noise. All she heard was "Cuh-rist!"

She sank to the chair and began to sob.

By eight o'clock she was really worried. She began calling all the places Joe might be, but no one had seen him. She thought of calling the police, but dreaded Joe's anger if everything was all right and he found she had notified them. So she called her mother.

"God only knows where he is or what he's doing," she moaned.

"Hmph!" her mother said. "You come over here."

"Oh no, ma. Oh no, I can't. What if something happened to him and they brought him in and I wasn't here. No, I got to stay."

"Nothing'll happen to him he don't deserve," her mother said. "If you got any sense you'll come over here and let *him* find *you*."

"Gee, I couldn't, ma."

"If you got any sense you will." Her mother paused and added quietly, "You'll come soon enough anyway."

Mae slammed the receiver and stood up. She went to the window and looked out. The rain was pouring down into the small air court. The couple across the way were playing cards with some guests.

She sat until one o'clock by the radio trying to listen to the music and read magazines. Every time she heard the hum of the elevator she sat still and turned the radio down to see if it stopped on her floor, then listened to see if the footsteps came her way. Finally, when she began falling asleep she got up, folded the bed down from the wall and got into it. It was strange going to bed alone again. Whenever Joe stayed out late she sat up for him and it was seldom he was not there when she went to bed.

"Don't let anything happen to Joe," she thought. "Please don't let anything happen to Joe. He gets so wild sometimes. Please, please don't let anything happen to him."

She fell asleep. When she awoke the top light was on and she heard Joe in the bathroom.

From the heavy sound of his breathing she knew he was drunk, so she kept her eyes closed and pretended to be asleep.

"Thank you for bringing him back safe," she thought. "And please help him from now on." She repeated the two sentences in her mind until she was asleep again.

When the alarm sounded at seven she shut it off quickly for fear it would wake Joe, but he slept on heavily. He reeked of gin and he still had on his shirt and tie. The good green-figured tie she had got him on his birthday; it was ruined now.

Standing in the crowded, lurching elevated train that morning, she wondered

what would happen to them now. Her fifteen dollars a week would feed them but there was the rent and there were all the necessary things and the back bills to pay.

In ordinary times Joe could get a job all right, but now that the Star and Blade had gone together and the Ledger was slipping it was a tough town for the best of printers. She had heard him and the other men say so often enough.

Well, they had been in tough spots before and something always had happened; maybe they would get a good break now; maybe Joe would get even a better job. It was a funny thing and it bothered her all the way to town, but she seemed kind of relieved that Joe was out of work. Why, it was crazy, thinking like that.

All day she kept thinking about that as she waited on the old battleaxes in her section of the ladies' ready-to-wear. And it came to her all right. It did not come all at once and clearly but it came. It was that maybe now Joe would be more like at first and not just use her to argue with collectors for him and sew buttons and cook and be willing to drop anything no matter how she felt and let him have her any time he wanted her and fall asleep or eat or go out and have nothing more to do with her. Maybe now Joe would tell her his troubles again and depend on her more that way so she could comfort him and help him and maybe that way they could get closer again.

And there was another thing she thought of, and she tried not to be mean about it; that was that now he would not have the money to keep on chasing other girls. It was a crazy thing, too, but Mae wished she was a buyer making good money so she could support Joe for a time and see if things would not be different.

But Joe did not change, except to get a little worse. He went out every day for a while looking for work and always came in worn out and disgusted and would not talk to her about it. She learned to quit asking him and never again to point to an ad in the paper that maybe he had missed. She gave him his carfare and lunch money, leaving it on the table every morning, and tried to learn cheaper ways of running the kitchen and went without things, but he kept on staying out, running up bills around the neighborhood and borrowing money from his men friends.

When it was the middle of November and the first real snows started to come on the raw lake wind she wondered what Joe was going to do without an overcoat. All he had was the old rubberized trenchcoat she had got him in the lower basement of the store one time for three dollars, and that was what he wore, with the collar buttoned tight around his big neck. He had been going to get a new overcoat; they had had it all picked out in the men's clothing department so she could get it with her employe's discount.

When Joe got the grippe and stayed in bed two days Mae decided that he had to have that overcoat no matter what. She quit eating lunch. That saved a dollar twenty a week and by Christmas she would have enough to get the coat. Meanwhile Joe wore his old sweatshirt under his suit coat and the clammy trenchcoat. He seemed to have quit looking for work, but she didn't dare ask him.

When Christmas was near her mother asked her to bring Joe over for dinner, but she knew better. Joe and her mother never had gotten on from the first. Her mother always had looked at him as a rounder and a chaser—"That big bullnecked Turkey" she called him—and how was Mae to explain to her how tender and young he had seemed at times and how they had enjoyed having each other so much that Joe finally begged her to marry him?

The day before Christmas, tired as she was with all the extra work and crowds, she went over to Maxwell street and got a chicken cheap, and with some stuff she charged at the Dutchman's around the corner from their building she got together a dinner that had a Christmasy look. She already had sneaked the overcoat home and hidden it, with a card in the holly box saying "With best wishes for a Merry Xmas and lots of luck and better times in the New Year, with loads of love—from Mae."

Joe was two hours late for the dinner and it was spoiled when he did come in, but Mae decided not to complain. She kissed him as if nothing had happened. A holly wreath with a candle was hanging in the window.

Joe ate sullenly as usual and Mae just served him and talked about nothing but the food and the crowds downtown. After dinner she brought out the package and put it in his lap.

He looked up at her suspiciously.

"Open it," she said.

"Gimme a knife."

She gave him the paring knife and he began clumsily to open the package. When he got to the box and saw the store's name he looked up suspiciously again. And when he lifted the cover and saw the overcoat and recognized it as the one they had picked out he looked foolish. He sat there, staring at it, without taking it from the box.

"Stand up and put it on, Joe," she said proudly. "Gee, you looked the nuts in it when you tried it on in the store."

"Where'd you get this?" he asked.

"Why—at the store."

"I know, but *how'd* you get it? What'd you use for money?"

"Why, I had it, Joe." She laughed nervously. "Go ahead; put it on and see how it looks. Sure, I had the money, I saved it."

Joe rose slowly and set the box down on the chair. He went and put on the sweatshirt, his suitcoat and the old trenchcoat, and he jammed his hat onto his head and said, "You better send it back then."

He didn't seem mad. He was funny. His eyes had the funniest, strangest look. Mae never had seen him exactly that way before. He was breathing hard and his jaw was set, but he didn't seem mad. She could have stood it better if he *was* mad. He went out without saying anything, but he didn't slam the door.

Mae didn't know what to think. She looked down at the rich warm brown overcoat and began to cry. She was still crying when the phone rang. It was her mother.

"You and Joe come over tonight," her mother said.

Mae tried to speak without sobbing, but it was no use. "Tomorrow, ma," she said. "Thanks for asking us. Tomorrow . . ." and she hung up the receiver.

Next morning, Christmas day, Joe was not in the bed.

That was the beginning of a week of misery. She could not find him anywhere and knew that something awful must have happened, he had been so funny about the overcoat that night. When she took the overcoat back to the store she felt as if she were carrying something murderous and loathsome.

At the end of the week her mother came over and paid the back rent on the one-room kitchenette and Mae moved back to live with her in the flat building she owned on the west side. Things just went on somehow and Mae kept her job but she was no good and she knew it. At night she would think, "Please don't let anything happen to Joe if he's still alive. Please let him still be alive. Please don't let anything happen to him."

One afternoon at the end of January when she came out to the employes' elevator Joe stood there grinning.

"Joe!" she said.

She pushed forward and seized his two big hands.

"Joe . . ."

"Hi, Toots," he said.

Mae stepped back and looked at him. He had on the same clothes, the old faded khaki trenchcoat, the blue suit and the greasy gray hat. His eyes looked darker and deeper and his face had fallen in some.

Mae began to cry, trying to smile at him.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

"Come on," Mae said. "Let's go where we can sit down. Let's get a cup of coffee."

She held his arm as they rode up to the main floor and walked out of the store through the last minute rush of employes. They went into a Thompson's for coffee.

"I'm hungry," Mae said. "I want some doughnuts. Let's get some doughnuts, what do you say?" She got up and bought the doughnuts.

"Joe," she said, when they were facing each other again over the little fibre-topped table. "What ever got into you, darling? I like to went crazy. I swear I did. I haven't been any good since. What was the matter, darling?"

Continued on page 95

The Clue of the Bar Rag

First of a series of fictionized accounts of famous recent cases that have confronted the police

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

"The secret of our work?" one Yard inspector smiled. "We work with details." The Bonati trunk murder in 1927 is the best illustration of Yard methods.

EARLY in the afternoon of May 6, 1927, a tall well built man stepped from a taxi at the entrance to the Charing Cross Station in the center of London and signalled for a porter. He could not attract one for a moment. They were all engaged. It was a Friday, a school holiday, and the station was crowded by people going to the seacoast for the week-end.

When a porter did answer the stranger motioned to a small black leather trunk and said, "Take this to the check room, please." He followed the porter. "I'll be back for this trunk this evening," he told the check-room attendant. He paid the fee, tipped the porter, and walked back to the taxi. As he passed through the door he dropped a bit of crumpled paper and then climbed into the cab and drove off. A bootblack standing nearby saw the paper fall and pounced on it. It was a crumpled baggage check for the receipt of one trunk. The bootblack took it to the check room and turned it in.

"That's funny," the attendant said. "He must have been absent minded. I'll keep it so that he can get it tonight. I'll remember him when he comes now. A tall chap he was and blond."

On May 9th the check-room clerks noticed a strange unpleasant odor in the trunk room. "I know what that is," one of the attendants said excitedly. "I wasn't in the trenches for two years without learning something." The trunk room was searched and the black leather trunk, checked on the 6th, seemed to be the cause of the trouble. Some of the clerks, with several police officers, opened it. It was filled with paper parcels, each one wrapped in brown paper and tied with coarse twine. On top of them lay a pair of woman's shoes and a black handbag. The sergeant of the police lifted out the first of the parcels, a round one, crudely wrapped. He unfastened the twine and opened the paper.

The sergeant gasped and the porters fell back.

The parcel contained the severed head of a woman with bobbed black hair.

In five minutes Scotland Yard was notified and in half an hour the trunk was at the nearest police station. The police doctor started the unpleasant task of opening the three other parcels. One was found to contain the arms, another the legs, and the last the trunk of a woman aged, probably, thirty-five. There were no marks of violence except for a few bruises. Autopsy showed that the woman had been suffocated.

The noon papers carried a paragraph from the Yard: "Found—the dissevered body of a woman, aged 35—40, five feet tall, dark complexion. Her appearance indicates that she is of the working class. The trunk also contained a tweed coat and skirt, grey knickers with a tag marked 'P. Holt,' underwear with marks '581' and '487', several pieces of toweling . . ."

Later editions published pictures of the laundry marks and of the trunk. It was described "oval top with initials I. F. Tag on handle, 'F. Austin to St. Leonards.' Trunk probably second hand."

Chief Inspector Cornish, head of the Flying Squad of the Yard, took charge of the case. While waiting for someone to identify either the trunk or the remains, he set out to find the taxi that had driven the man and the trunk to the station. He soon found the taxi driver who said that he had picked up his fare and his luggage near Victoria Station. After the trunk had been checked the stranger asked to be driven across town to Euston Station. The driver's description of the man was none too clear for he had had many fares that afternoon. The check room attendant helped to fill in the details. "And I never would have remembered him if he hadn't lost his check," the clerk said.

The Yard announced: "Wanted—a man between thirty and forty, medium complexion, well built, wearing grey suit and soft hat."

The phone rang in Inspector Cornish's office. "That trunk case—" a voice began.

"Yes? What is it you wish?"

"I sold that trunk to a man about May 3rd or 4th."

Some of Cornish's men hurried to a little trunk store not far from Victoria Station. The proprietor told them that on the afternoon of May 3rd or 4th a good looking man, between thirty and forty years of age, had come into his store and had asked for a fairly cheap second-hand trunk. He put the trunk on his shoulder and carried it off.

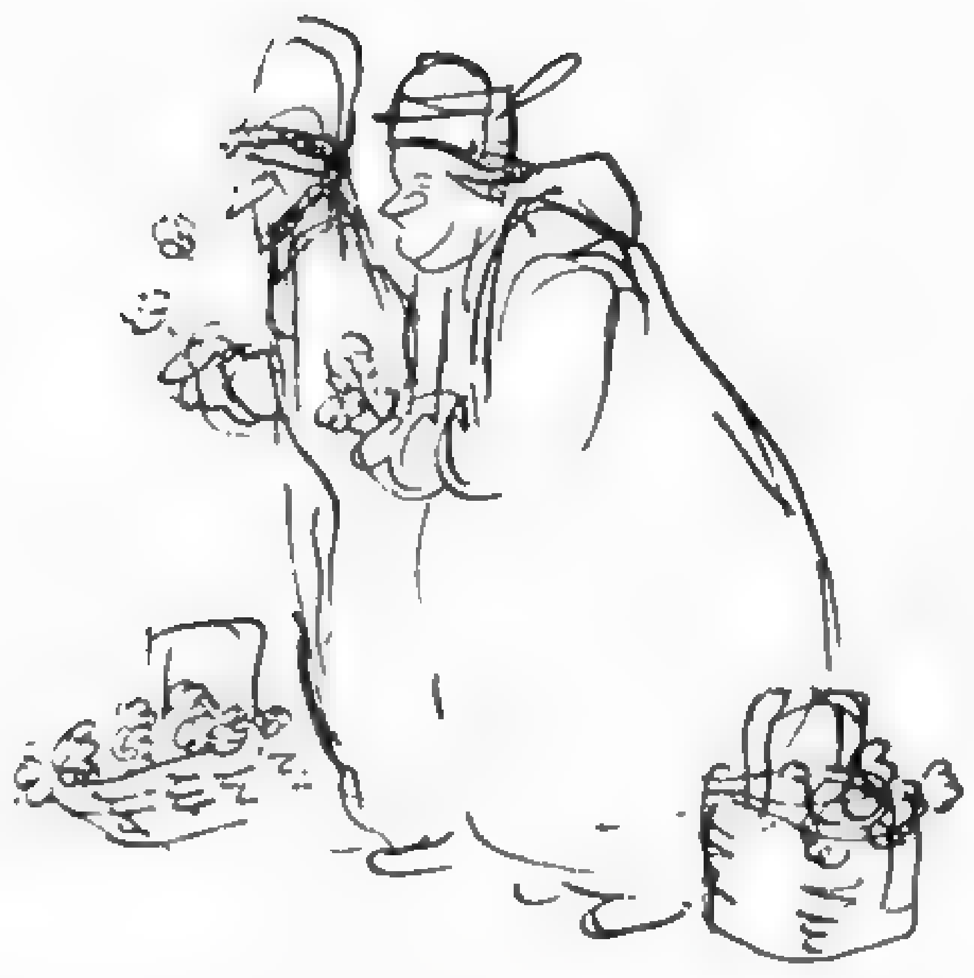
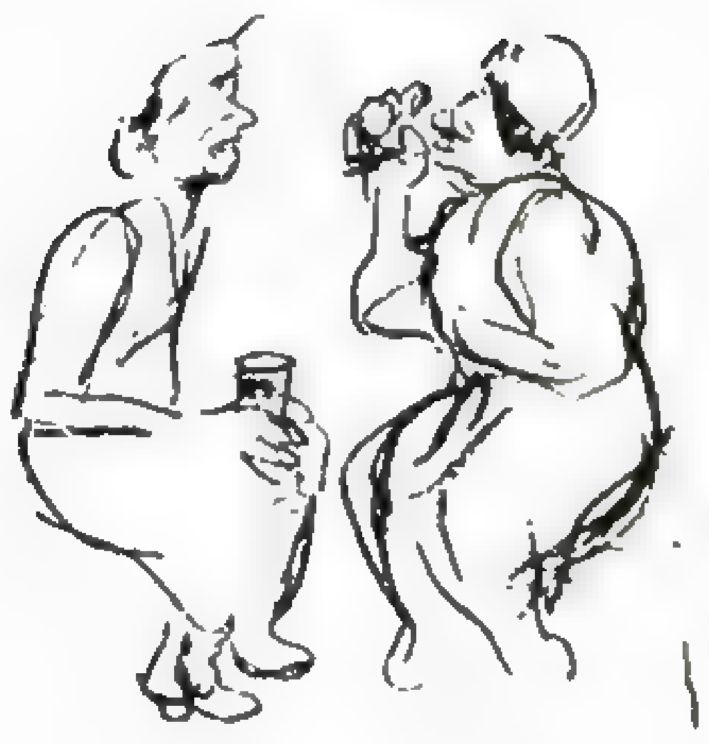
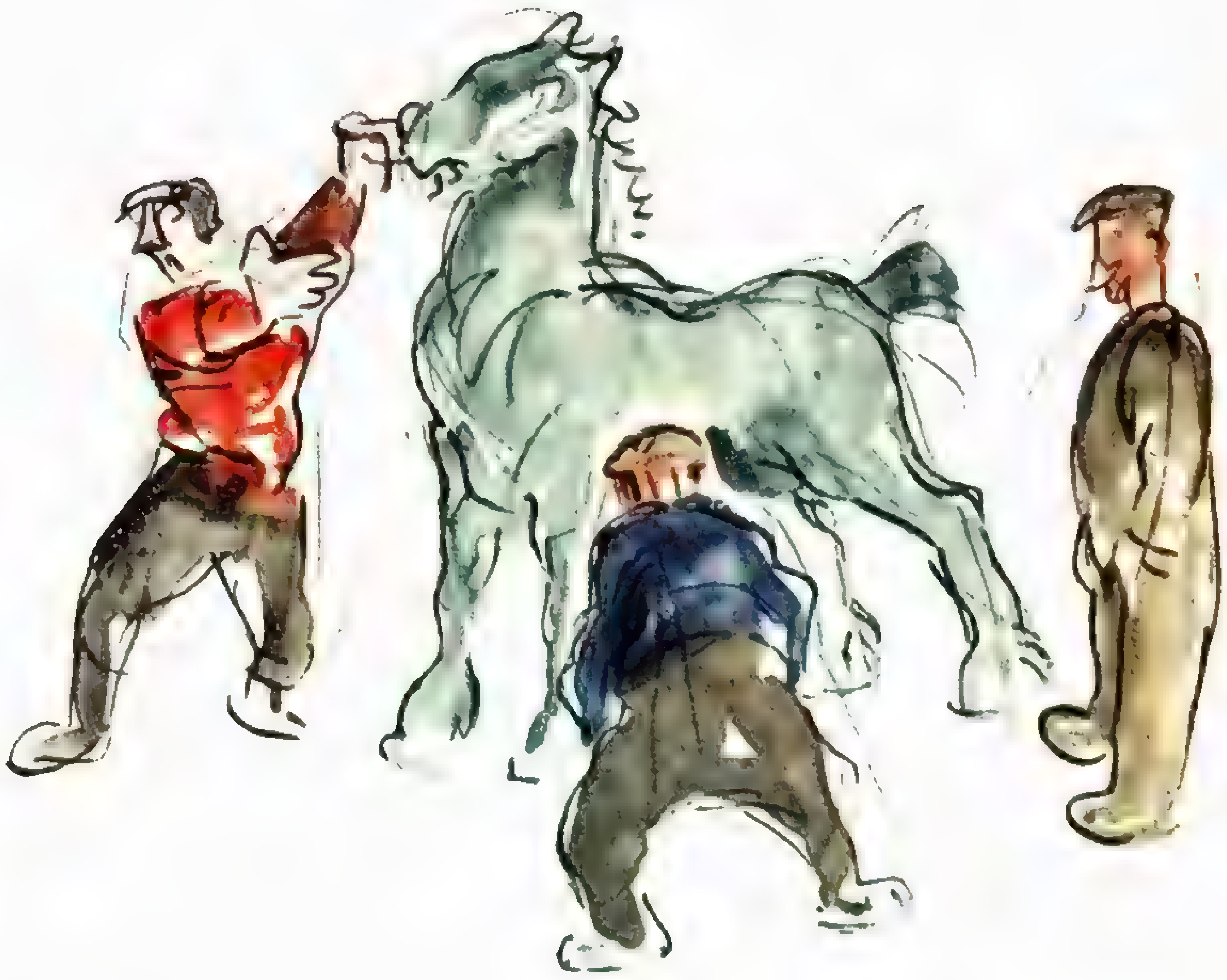
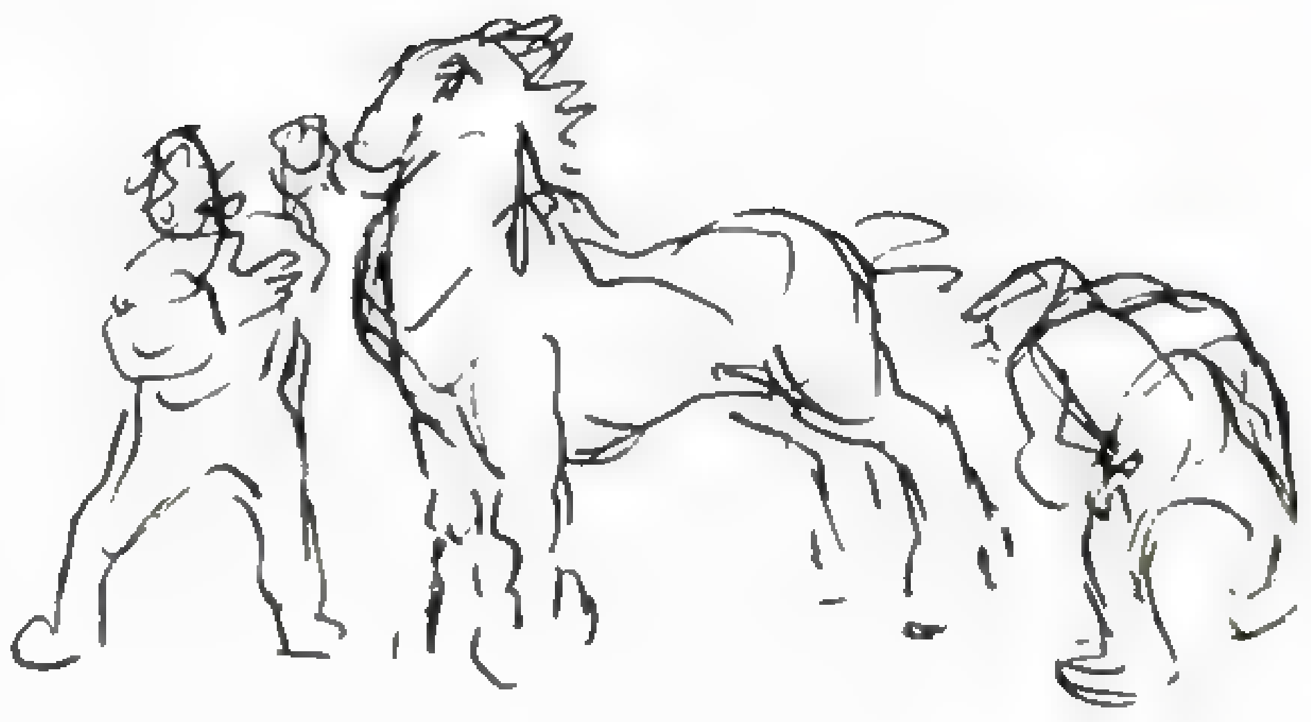
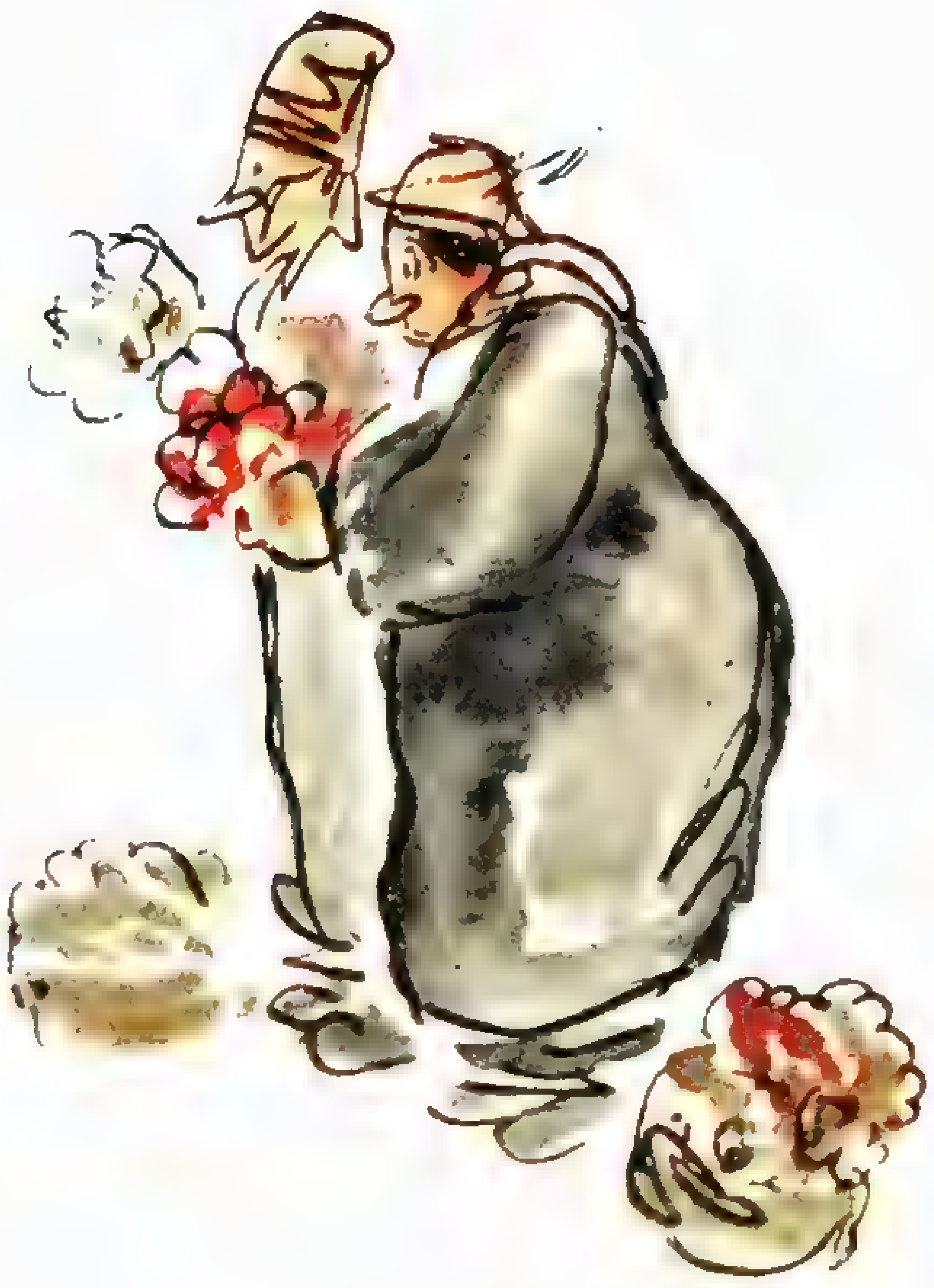
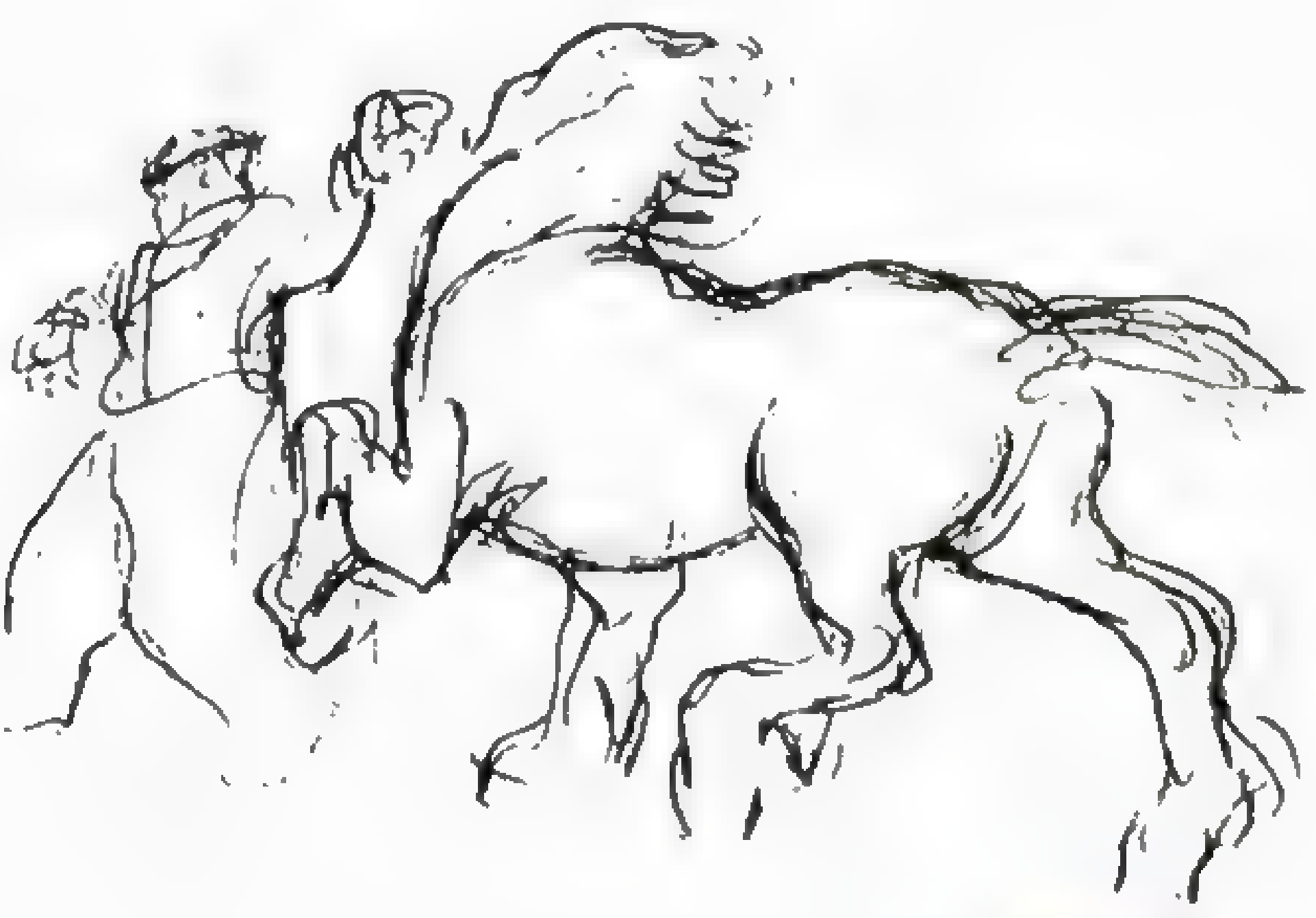
With the trunk identified the Yard set out to try to have the body identified. It was impossible to get a photograph to publish in the papers for the features of the face was terribly distorted. Cornish reasoned that the person who killed the woman must have known her intimately; the murderer required time to cut up the body, which he had most likely done in his own apartment, and the woman must have been a person who could come to his lodgings. Thus, if the body were identified, the circle of the woman's acquaintances would perhaps yield the clue to the murderer.

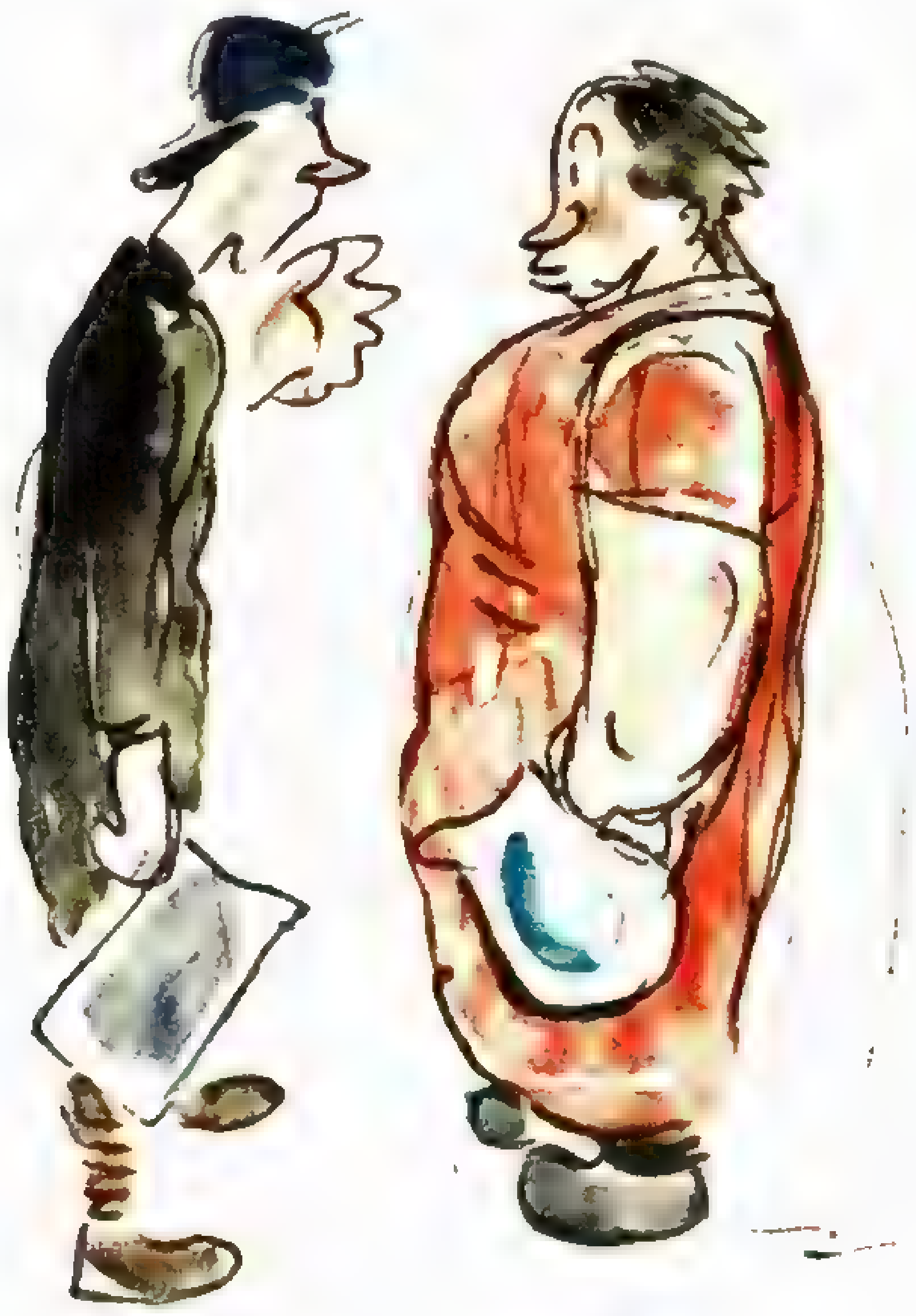
Cornish checked every family named Holt in London. In one such family he found that the tag on the clothing in the trunk bore their laundry mark but no member of their family was missing. Mrs. Holt had no idea how the tags could have been sewn into the clothes of a stranger. "Perhaps she bought the garments at some rummage sale," she said.

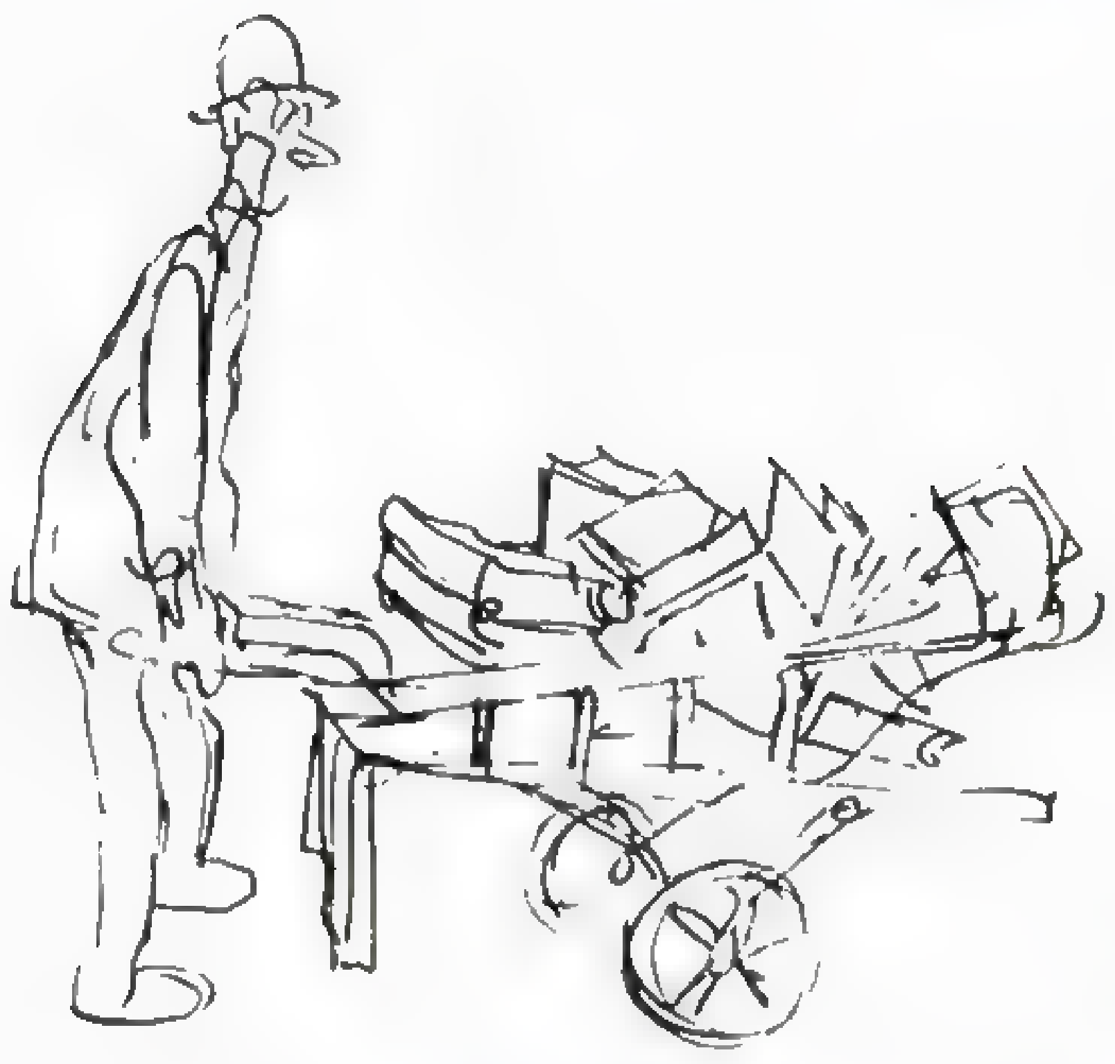
At the same time detectives sent to St. Leonards to check on the marks on the trunk reported that Mr. Austin was a retired actor who knew nothing about the trunk. His description did not tally in any way with that of the supposed murderer.

There were as many clues as keys on a crowded ring. The various tags and marks, the lack of attempt to conceal identity in purchasing the trunk—were these signs of

Continued on page 144

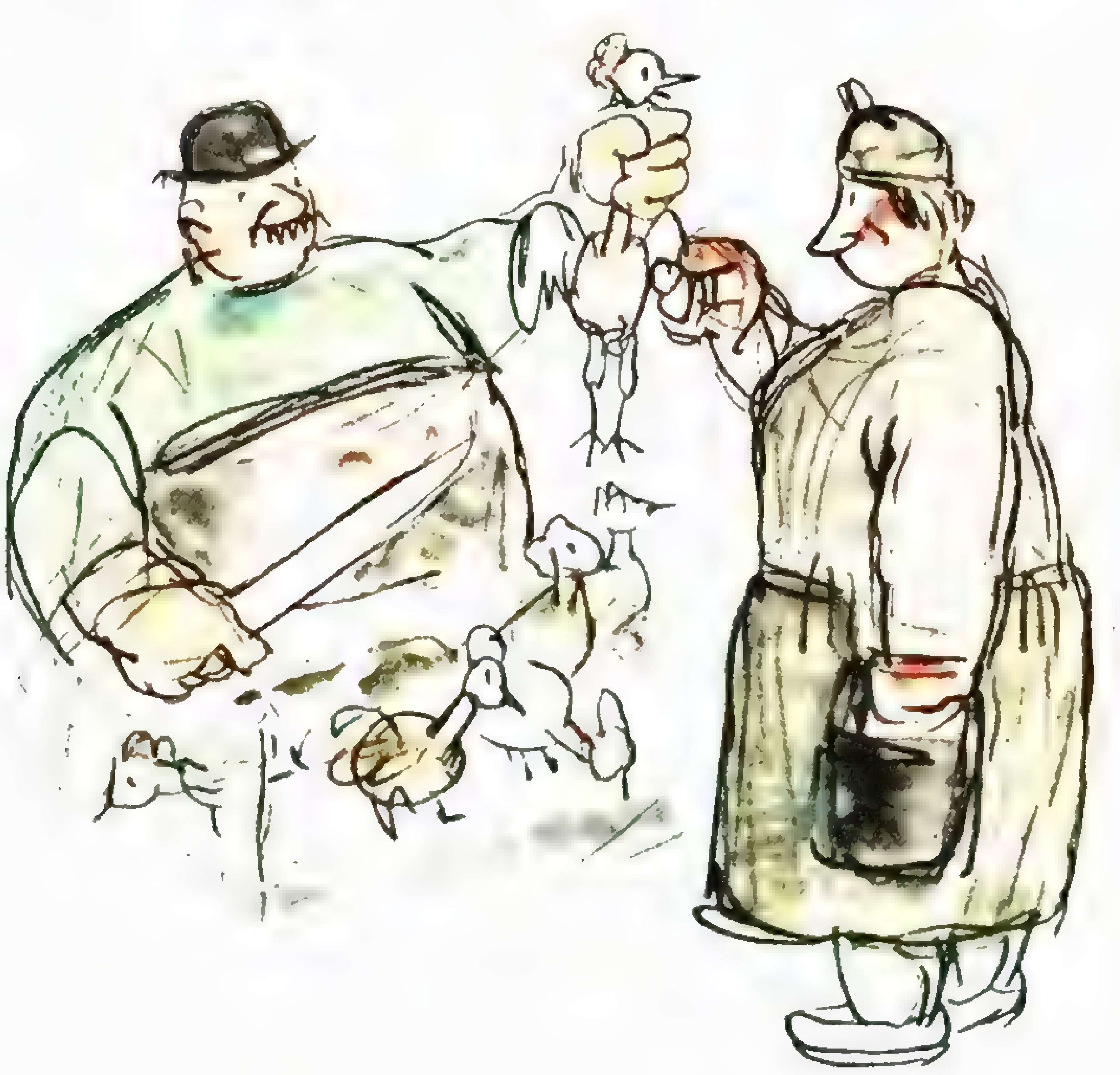


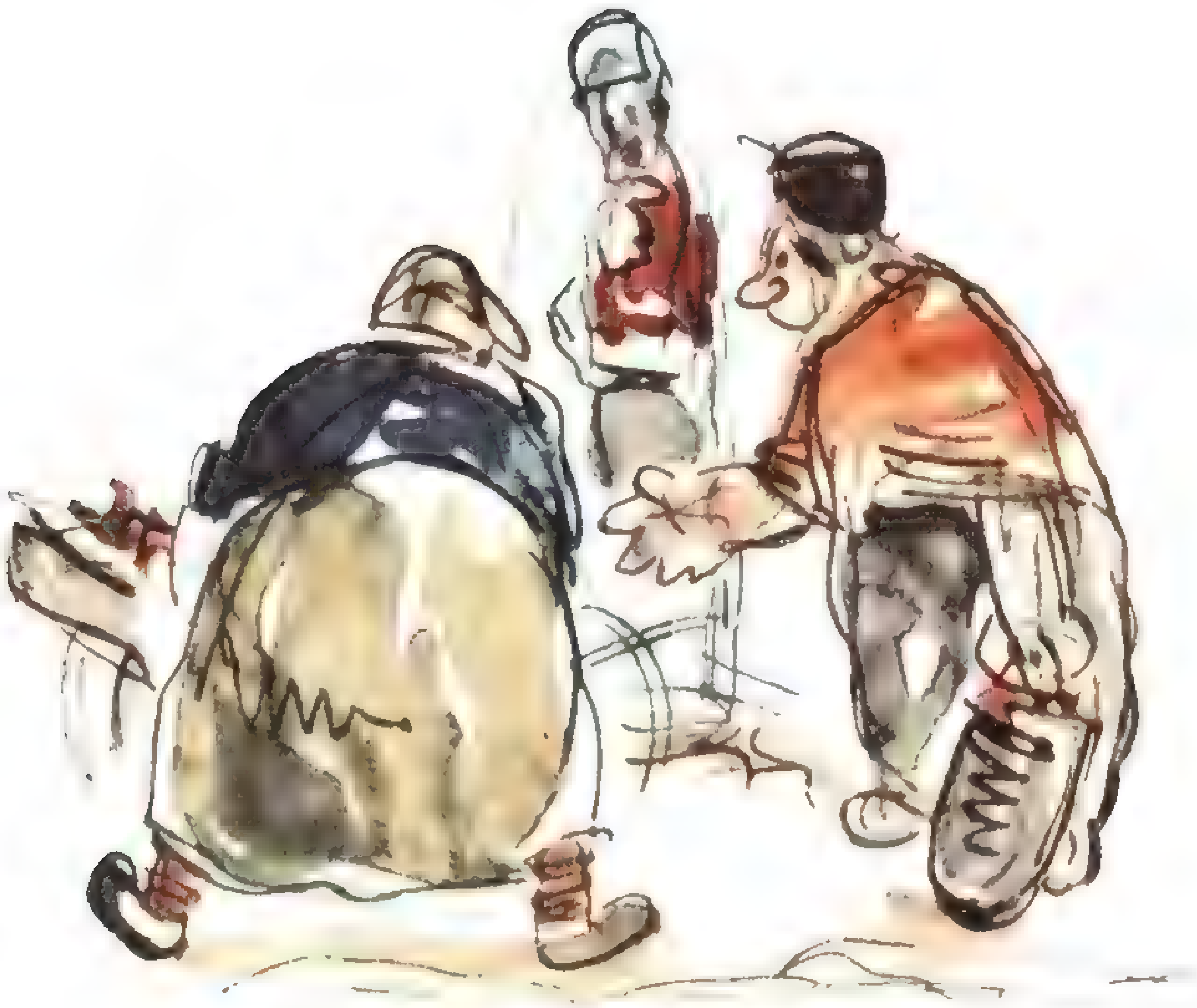


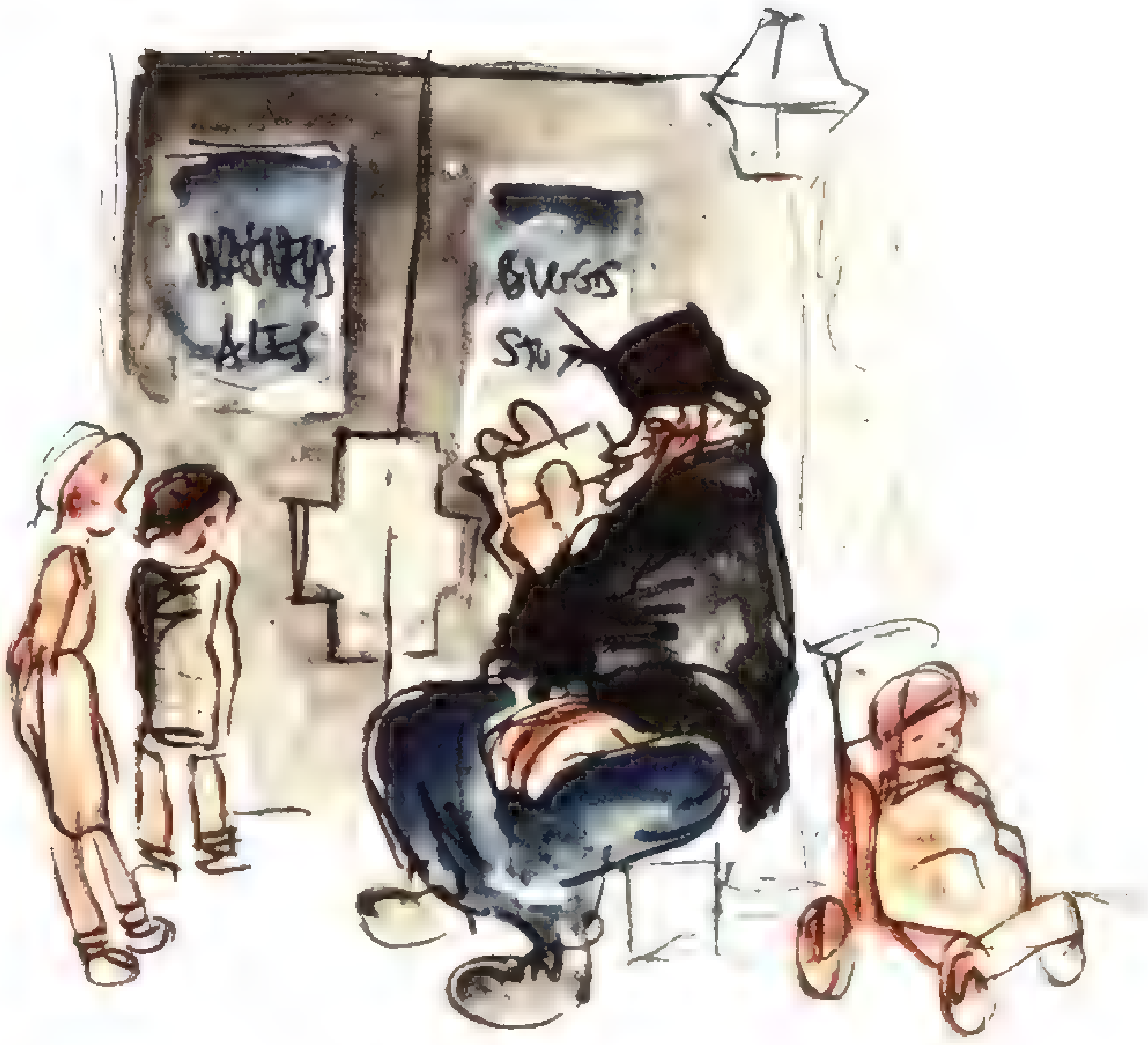
PARK, MARKET AND SLUM

A LONDON PORTFOLIO

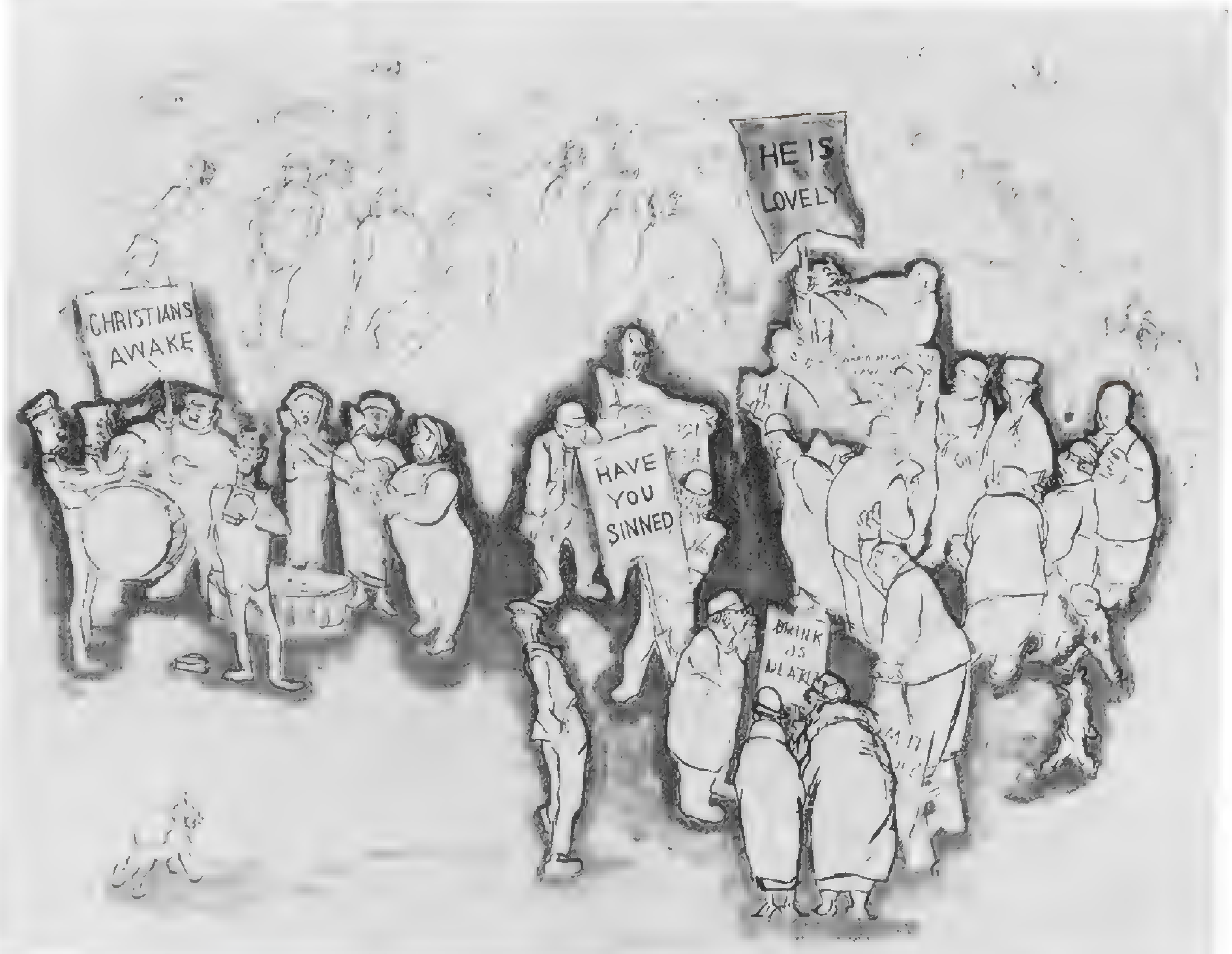
by JOHN GROTH

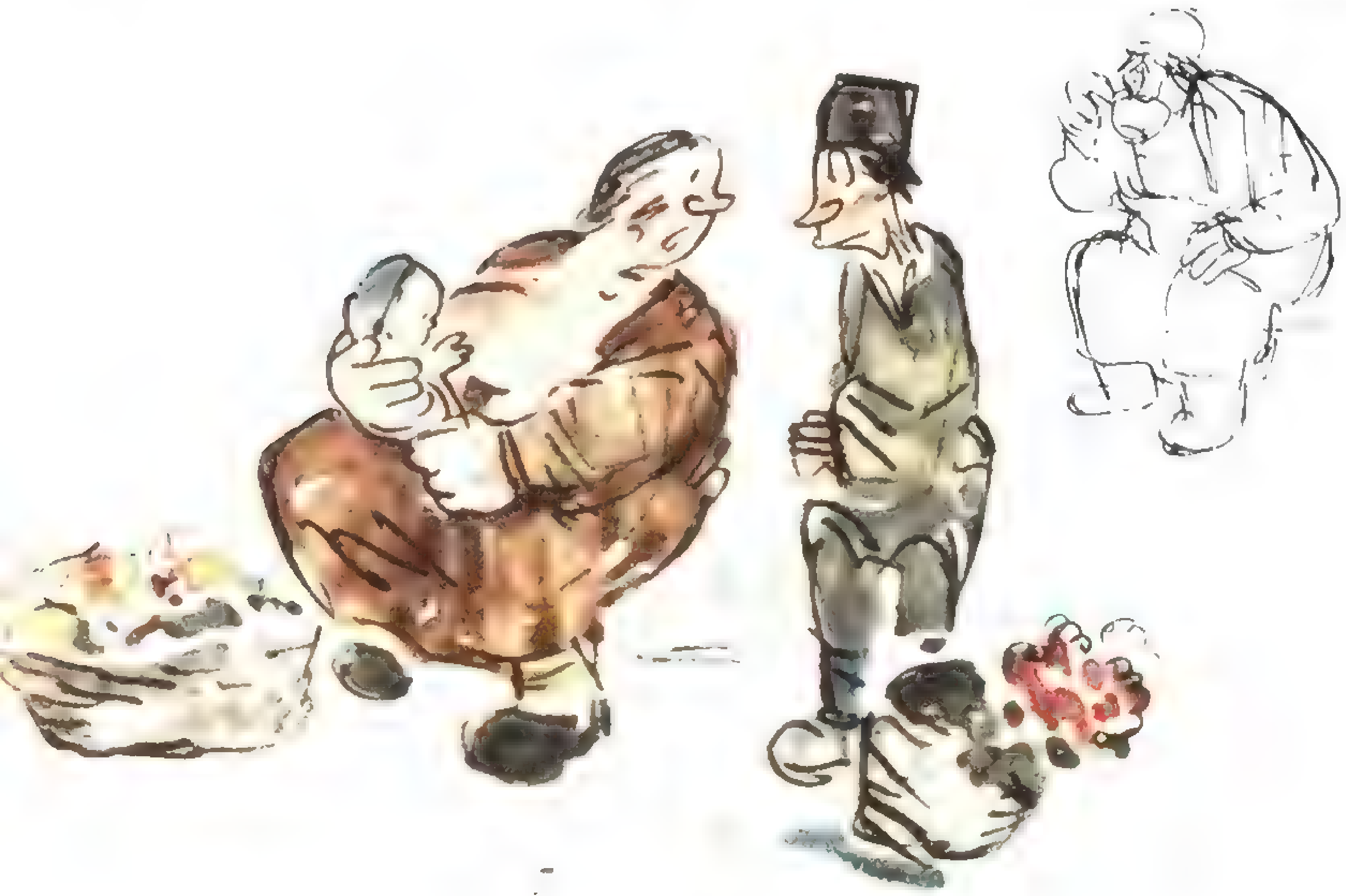


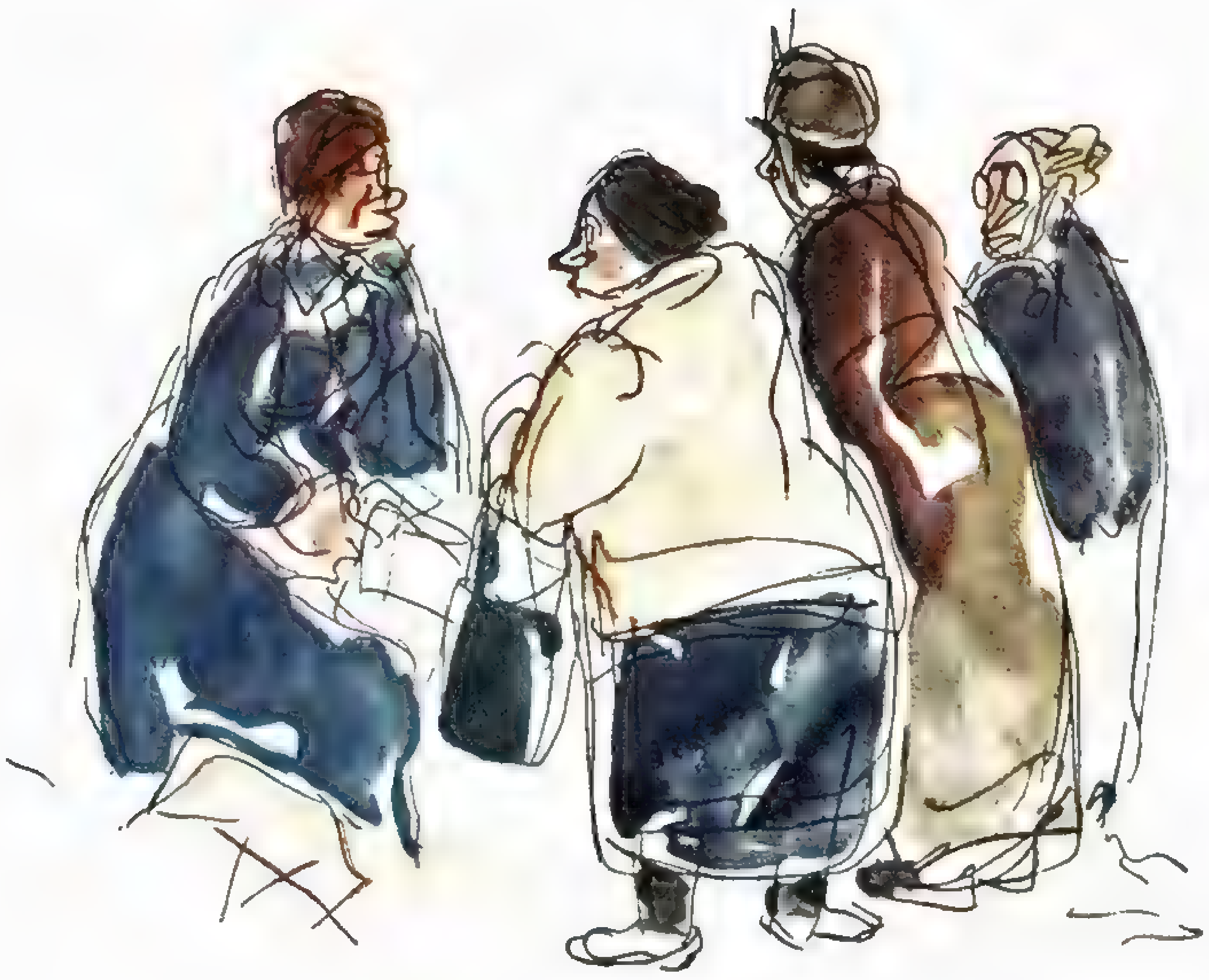


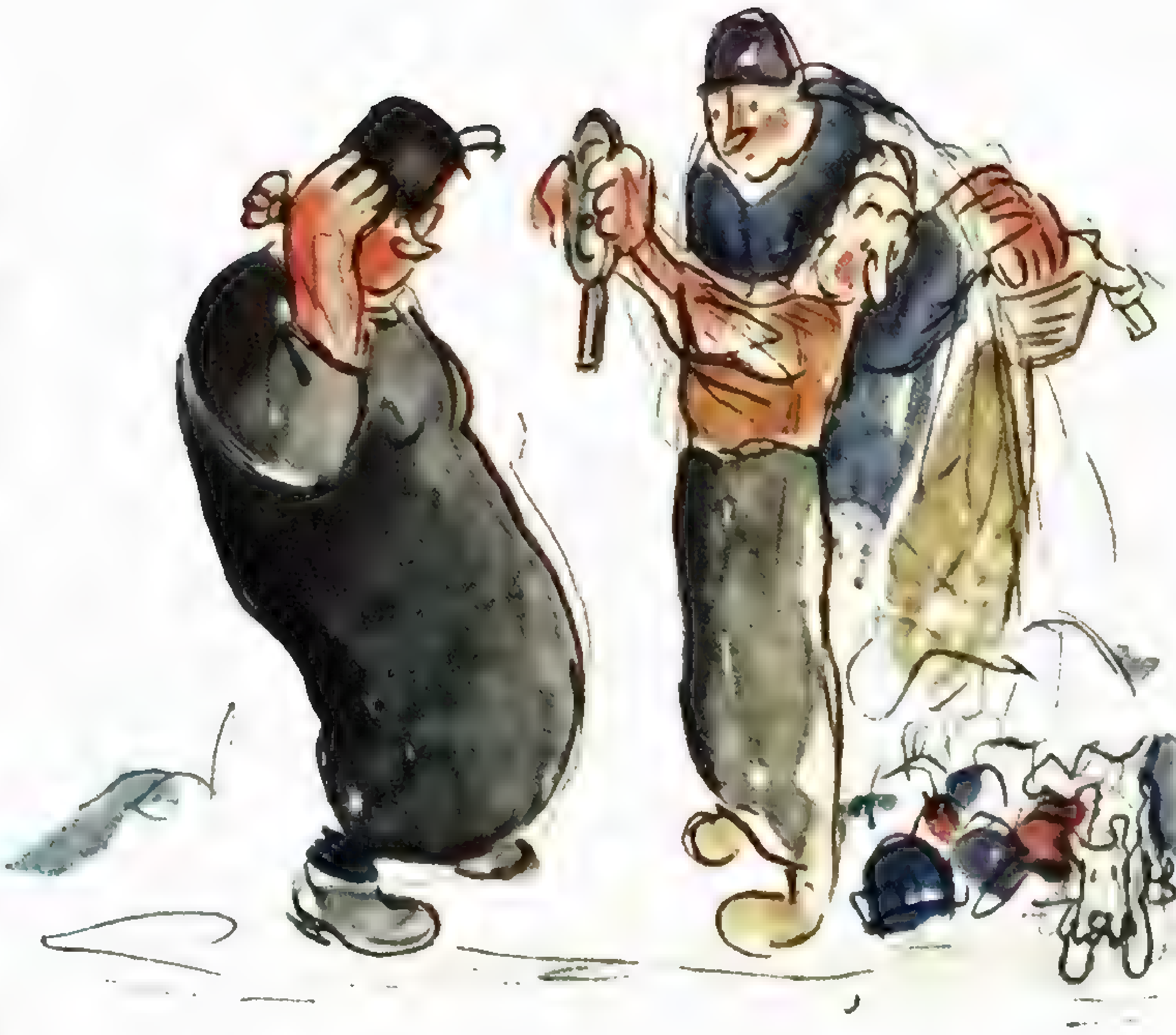

WATNEYS ALES

WELSH MINERS OUT


HE IS LOVELY
CHRISTIANS AWAKE
HAVE YOU SINNED
DRINK IS



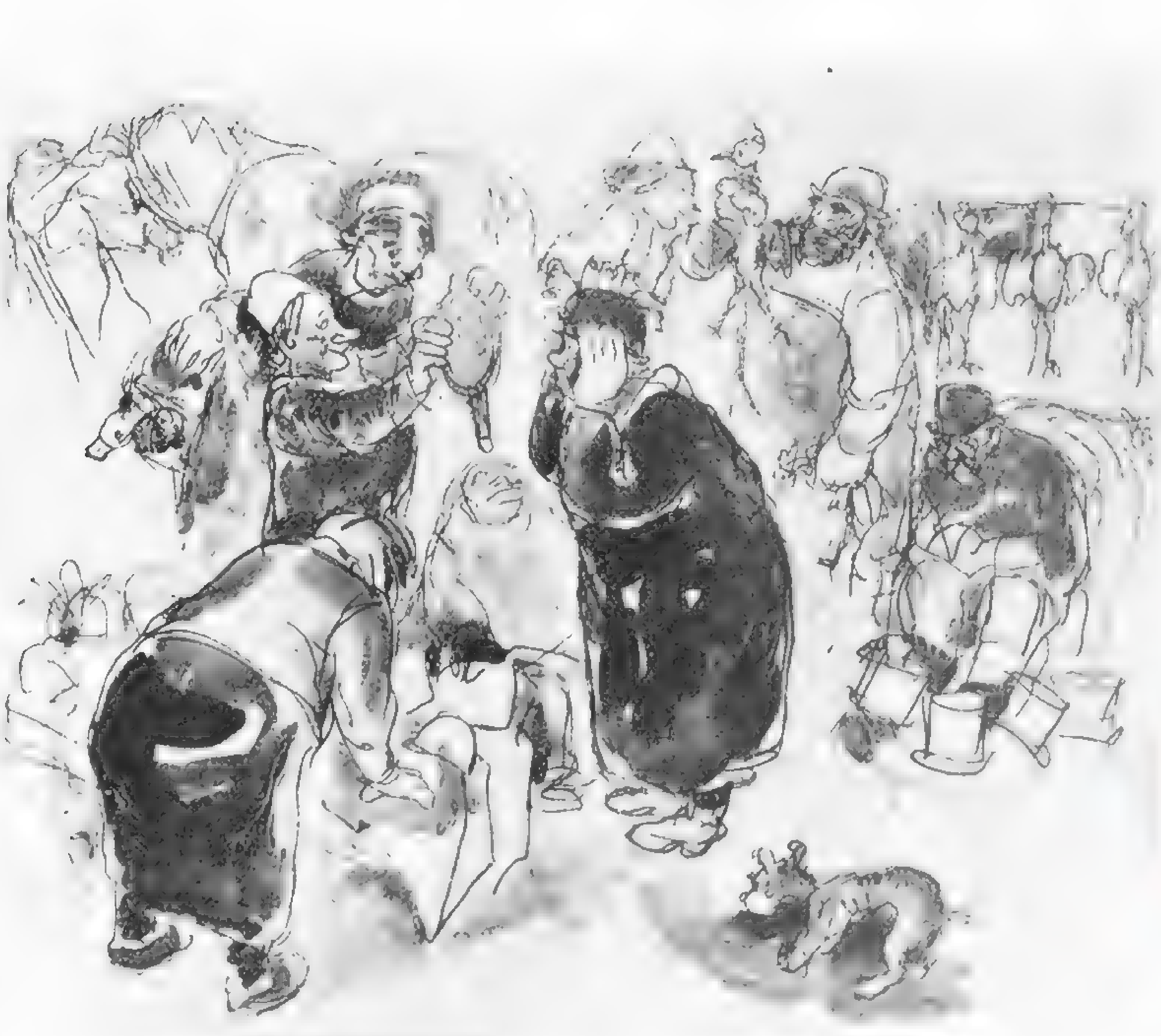
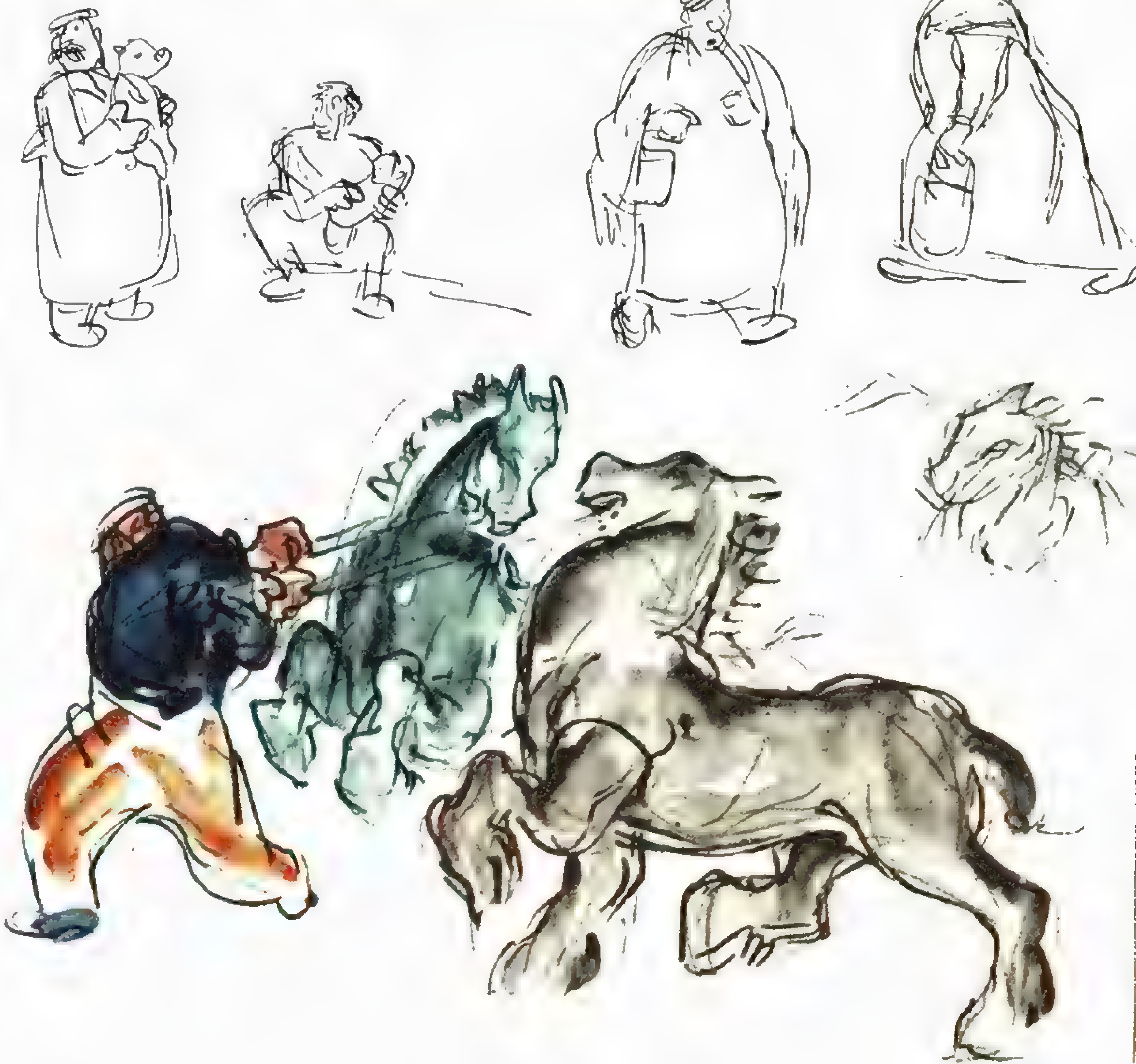


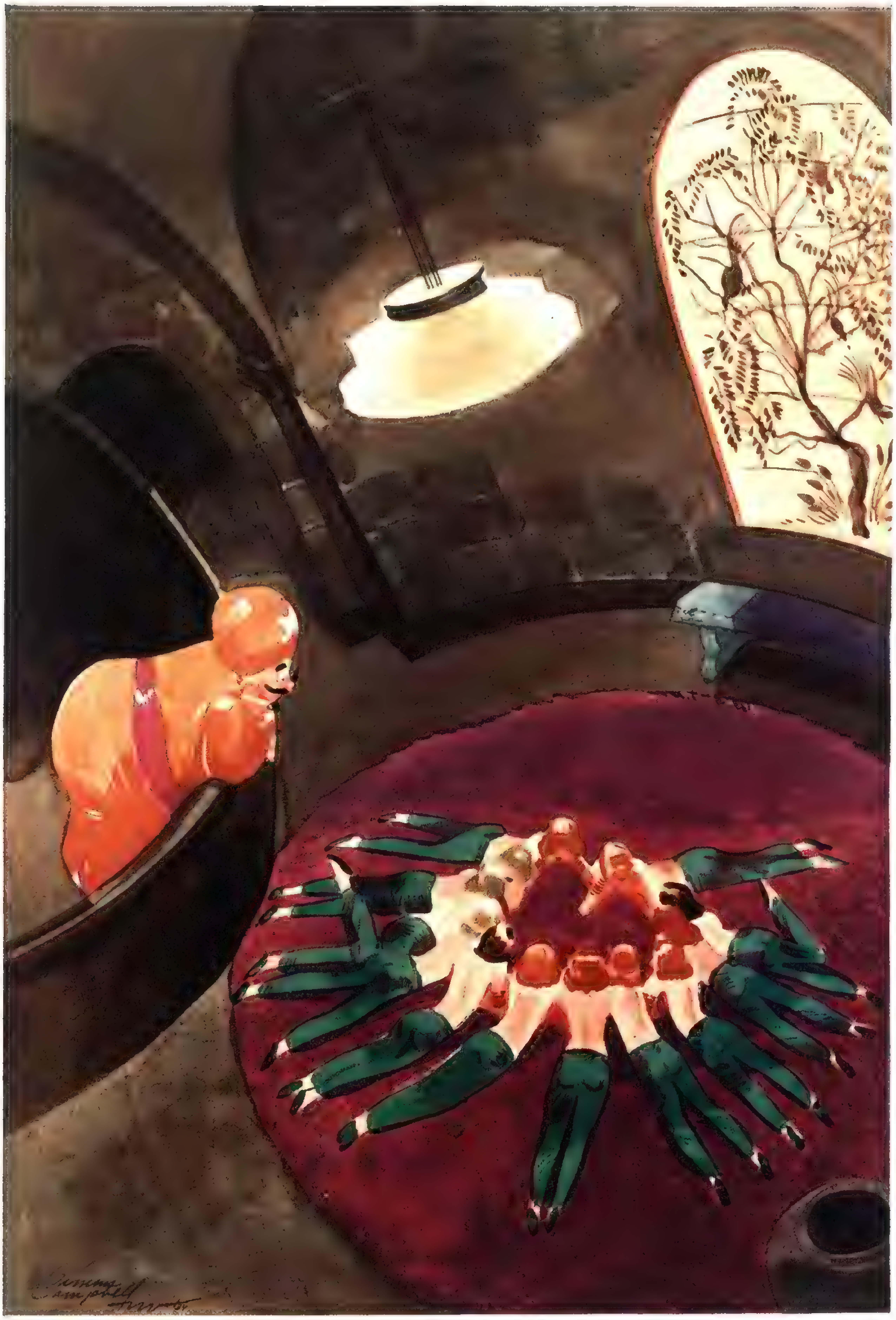


PARK, MARKET AND SLUM

by JOHN GROTH

HYDE PARK, where every Sunday and every evening the rival religionists come out to tussle for stray souls; the Caledonian Market, the old London "thieves and fleas market," where on Tuesdays and Fridays at dawn things go on sale ranging from automobiles to herrings, elephants to etchings, and all day long you may see charwomen shuffling off with an oil painting under the arm and a washbowl balanced on the head; Petticoat Lane, scene of barter in fish and fowl and dry goods; Whitechapel, where Sunday morning's dog, cat and bird fair is not confined to the varieties just named but extends to barter over love birds, white mice, and rabbits as well as Russian wolfhounds; the pubs, where patient children cluster outside waiting for parents who debate the India question over ales and stouts; and Covent Garden for vegetables and Billingsgate for fish—all these productive of a world of sights and sounds that are incidental to the job of feeding and clothing the under side of the biggest of all cities.



"Day in and day out—the same old faces"

Maker of Champions

An intimate portrait of Mercer Beasley, the Alger boy of the tennis world

by JOHN R. TUNIS

SPORTS

ONE hot summer's day last July a reporter walked down the sizzling deck of the *Champlain*, anchored off Quarantine, and addressed a bespectacled man with a white felt hat pulled down over his eyes who was leaning on the rail staring in a fixed manner at the green shores of Fort Wadsworth.

"Hullo, Mercer."

Instantly the man turned fiercely around, seized the reporter by the arms and rushing him across the deck pinned him against the wall.

"I know what you want. I know what you want," he shouted. "All right, go back and tell the American people that Mercer Beasley *can take it*."

Mr. Beasley's return to this country after the tennis season in Paris was not, as he had anticipated, dramatically bearing aloft the Davis Cup. But like everything this extraordinary impresario of sport does, it was dramatic enough.

The history of the originator of the famous Beasley System which has been sweeping the sports world for several years, is just another success story, another rise to riches yarn, one of these fascinating paradoxes that occur in the United States even in the midst of our greatest depression. Ten years ago Mercer Beasley was pushing a roller around a tennis court for a few dollars a week; today lovely ladies hang on his every word (at ten dollars an hour), and champions change their grip when he raises his eyebrows.

There have been Mercer Beasleys in New Jersey where he was born, since the Revolution; at present there is a Mercer Beasley Law School over in Newark named for one of his illustrious ancestors. He tried college, apparently with no great luck, and much of his early life is concealed in mystery. At forty he was an attendant at Doc Kelton's Notlek courts at 116th Street and the Drive, in New York. His introduction into big time tennis can be laid at the door of that inveterate kidder, Mr. Vincent Richards.

Vinnie pointed out one day that anyone can be a professional, and that he ought to get in on the money instead of wasting his time rolling courts. To his surprise Beasley took him seriously. Before long he had started on the road to fame and riches at the Indian Hill Tennis Club at Winnetka, Illinois, outside Chicago. From there he went to Indianapolis, where, so the story goes, he was coaching a boy one afternoon when Bill Tilden happened along. Shaking his head amusedly, the champion began showing Beasley some things about the game, and later he followed Tilden across the country for several months, absorbing the jargon of sport and a few fundamentals which afterwards were extremely useful.

Obtaining a job on the Pacific Coast he had the satisfaction of seeing one of his pupils, Miss Louise McFarland, become national girls' champion in 1926. A few years later while attached to a club in southern California he noticed a tall gangling boy with a ferocious forehand and service who seemed to have great possibilities. He worked over the lad, brought him along, and as Ellsworth Vines came into prominence, so too did Beasley. Nor did he ever desert his former pupils, even in their hour of triumph.

Were there no other professional instructors before this? Yes, many, some really first class teachers of the game like George Agutter of the West Side Club and Bill Croker of Longwood, but it remained for Beasley to dramatize the teaching of tennis, to sell himself to the American sporting public. Thus leaving the coast, he descended upon Tulane University in New Orleans without much reputation but with a clever idea. He practically donated his services in order to become coach of the team. Once established he dramatized tennis by persuading two or three football heroes to come out for the team; naturally everyone capable of lifting a racket followed. He got all the candidates selling tickets for matches, and before the year was over had to construct bleachers to hold the crowds. By the end of the season, he had a good job, tennis was making money, and his stationery bore the title, "Head Tennis Coach of Tulane University," with underneath the picture of an infant about three years old in the throes of a forehand drive.

Of course this is all pretty funny and Beasley even then had his enemies who did not hesitate to pan him, but they had to admit that mixed in with his showmanship he really stirred up interest in the game, got the boys out and incidentally developed one or two first class players, among them Clifford Sutter, later No. 3 in the national ranking. One of the high spots in his life came about that period, when during a national boys' tournament at Culver, Indiana, he staged an exhibition of a hundred kids, mounting a platform and putting them through the calisthenics of the forehand and backhand drive like a Y.M.C.A. physical director.

Up to the end of 1932 Beasley was going high, wide and handsome. His services were in demand all over the country, he was sought by everyone, much to the disgust of numbers of quieter but possibly sounder instructors who lacked his flair for the dramatic and his instinct for picking future champions. His most famous pupil, Vines, had beaten the great Cochet on the latter's home grounds and then trounced him soundly in this country. His young ward, Frank Parker, a Polish boy from Milwaukee named Pajowski whom Beasley had adopted and was rapidly fashioning into a tennis machine, was junior champion and already a player of distinction; one of his girls, Miss Carolin Babcock, was in the finals of the singles at Forest Hills. The tennis world all over the country was asking questions about him and his System. But trouble was around the corner.

In the summer of 1933 with a veteran team it appeared certain that he would defeat the French and win the Davis Cup. This view was especially prevalent among those who did not know the French or French tennis. When our players abroad requested Beasley's assistance in their training he was all set and ready to go. This voyage and others like it are evidently what he refers to when he talks to his boys of "the social advantages of tennis." At any rate, excellent though he may be in teaching beginners to hit a ball correctly across a net, he was hardly equipped to instruct a Davis Cup team in Europe. The team actually won one match out of five; that, the doubles, they could hardly lose.

"Too much tennis can cause your tennis to get worse instead of better," quotes Beasley, in his new book, as the words of Lacoste, the former French champion. Unfortunately he had difficulty in persuading his pupils to follow his advice, Vines for instance even going out to practice within an hour after his debacle before Austin in the first match. The result

Continued on page 126

What Do They Want?

A boy is shocked that ships, like other prizes of wealth, are least appreciated by those who own them

by ARCHIE BINNS

▪ FICTION ▪

Most of the boys on our part of Flushing Bay have their own boats. They're about ten feet overall, with four feet beam; centerboarders, sloop rigged. They're supposed to be all alike for class racing, but we build them ourselves and they're all some different. Some of them are a lot different. I built the *America* two summers ago in our empty garage, and sewed the sails on mother's sewing machine. The *America* didn't come out the way I intended: the frames changed their shape some when I planked her, and I didn't notice until afterward. Maybe it makes her a better boat, though. She sails like a little ship, and I won the first race this Fourth of July at the clubhouse.

You can't go very far in boats like ours, only half-decked, with maybe eight inches of freeboard. Mostly, we sail in the bay, and at that we capsize pretty often. (I carry two empty oil cans under the deck, so we can't sink.) Sometimes, when the weather is really fine, one or two of the boats will sail as far as Malba or Whitestone. Once, Jerry Ross and Jim Egan's kid brother borrowed Len's *Columbia*—he didn't know about it—and sailed as far as Little Bay. Then a squall came up and they left her on the beach and bummed a ride home.

But Tom Patton and I had the real adventure. We sailed the *America* three times as far as any of them, and then some. We didn't intend to, but we went clear to Glen Cove. Sometimes I wish we hadn't; I don't know. I got back all right. Only, in a way I didn't. I don't feel the way I did before we went.

Tom and I weren't really going anywhere that time. We were sailing in the bay, and I wanted to show him how my boat ate up to windward—she sails best on the starboard tack, and the wind was just right for her.

We slipped past the old wreck in the bay, so easy we didn't scare the gulls sitting there, and we passed the ferry landing just after one boat had pulled out and before the next came in. When we got around College Point, the wind was abeam, just enough of it, and the *America* was making knots.

The river was smooth and blue, and there was warm sunshine. We were in our bare feet, with old sailor pants over our swimming suits. We lay in the bottom of the boat in the sunshine, feeling good. I was steering while Tom minded the jib-sheet, but there wasn't much to do.

The *America* just looked after herself and ate up the miles. She walked past the old dock at Malba, and the lighthouse in the woods at Whitestone. She passed Little Bay, and that was as far as any of our boats had gone. But we sailed right on. We rounded the red buoy off Fort Schuyler and saw Stepping Stones lighthouse, and the big lumber schooners lying off City Island. We were in the Sound, but it looked as smooth as our own bay.

Tom turned and looked at me, like a question. Tom is seventeen, but smaller than me, with a stubby face and hairy eyebrows. He doesn't say much, but he's good company when you're doing something besides talking.

"I guess we have to turn back soon," I told him.

"I guess so," he said.

We hauled on the wind, and it just let us lay a course inside Stepping Stones. We kept on going.

When we were passing City Island, I knew something was going to happen. Tom knew it, too, though he didn't say anything—just held the jib-sheet between his toes and lay in the sunshine, as easy as if we were in home waters. But I could feel that he knew.

Maybe the first people who sailed a long ways and found new places started like that. They went out on a nice day when the sailing was good, and when they got to where they always turned back, they kept on going. They found when you know how to sail one place, you can sail where nobody has ever been before, if you aren't afraid.

We heard the bellbuoy off Hart Island, tolling kind of dismal, and we passed the light off Sands Point, and the white lighthouse on the beach. The Sound gets wide there, like the ocean, and we saw Execution Rocks, where so many lives have been lost. But it was still sunny and warm, with a nice breeze, and we sailed on. It was a kind of enchantment, I guess.

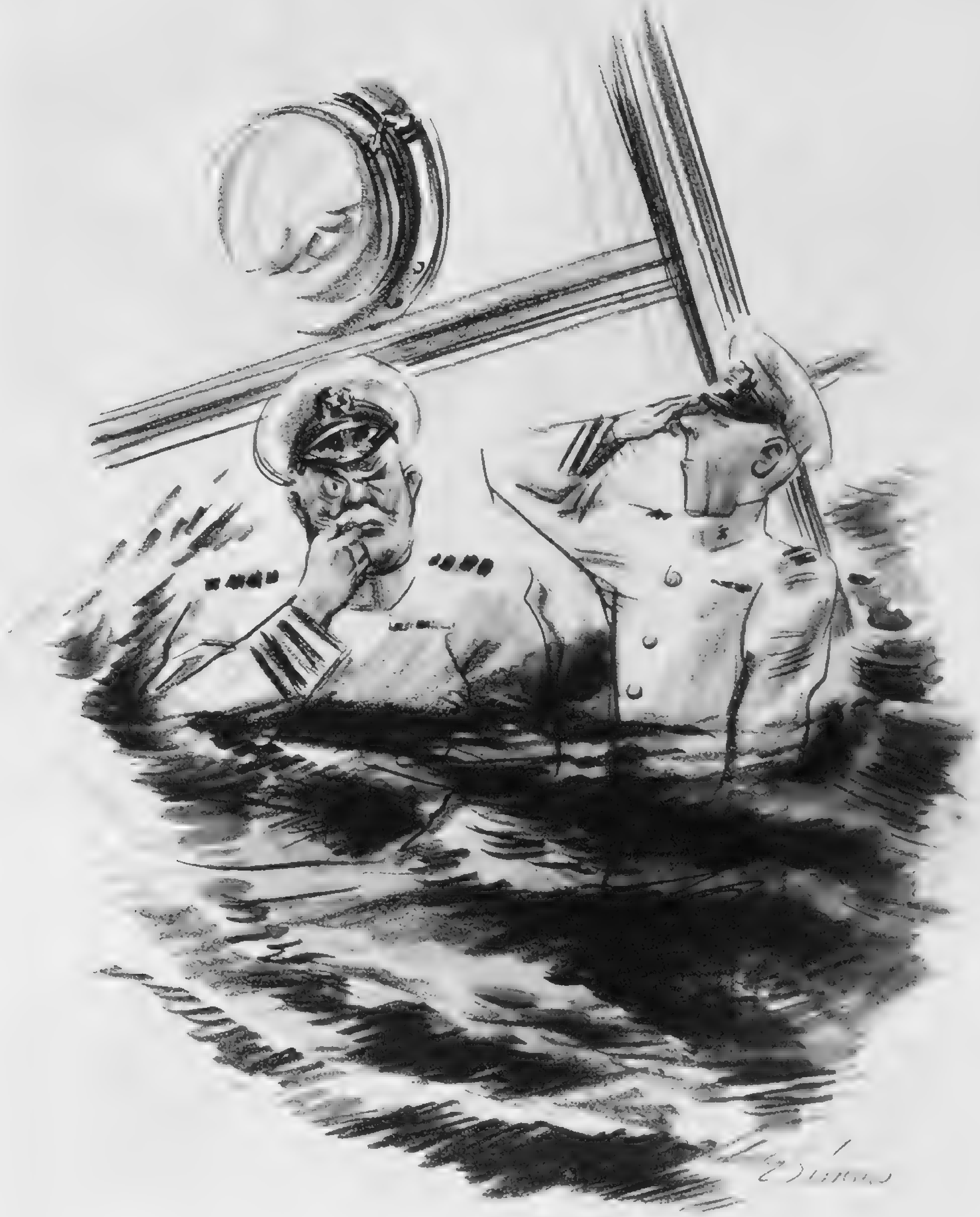
When we were cruising to hell-and-gone past the entrance to Hempstead Harbor, I saw masts behind a breakwater, further in. "There's a harbor in there," I said, careless. "Shall we have a look?"

"Okay," Tom said.

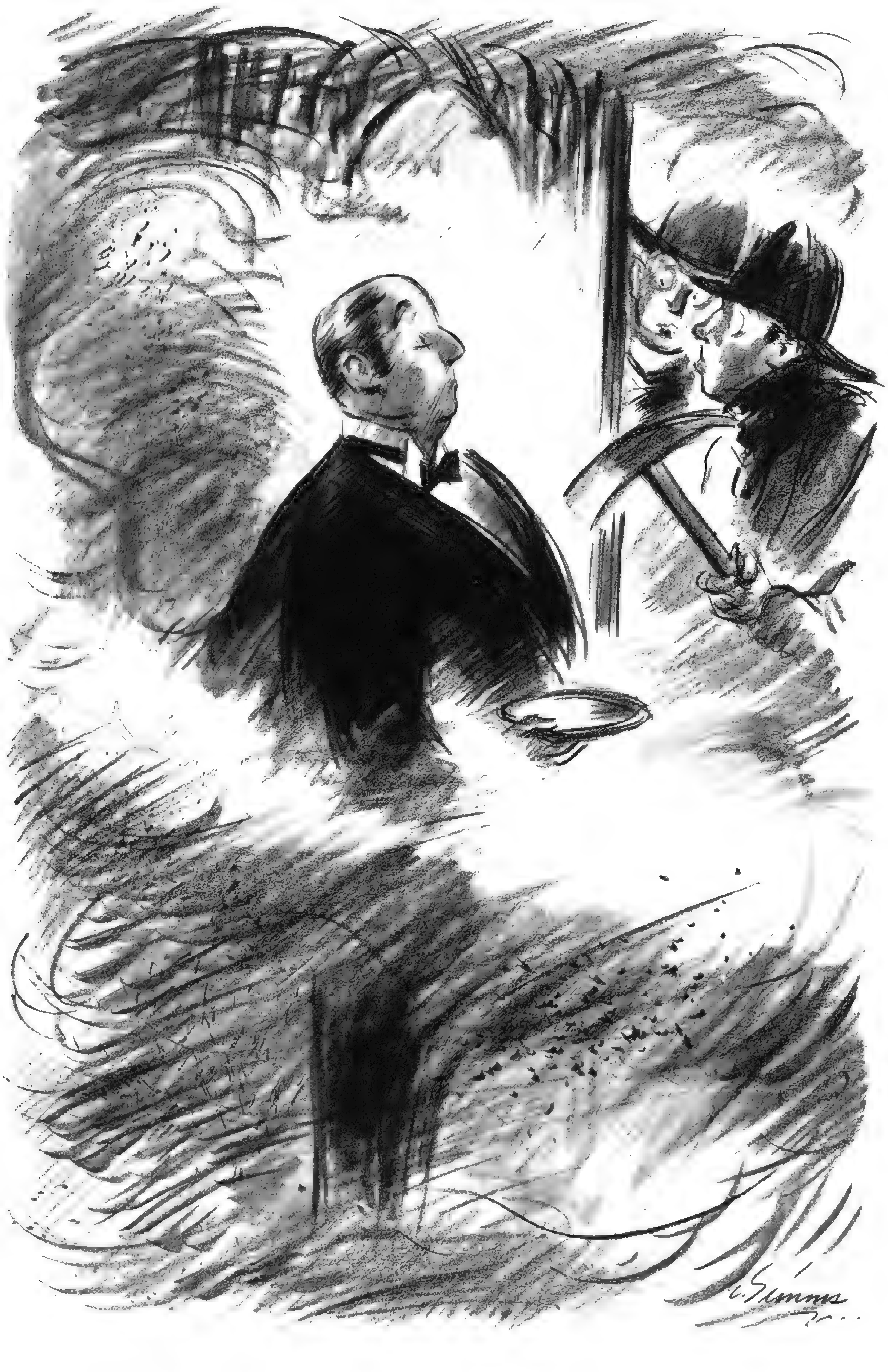
So we eased the sheets and ran in. It wasn't much of a harbor: just a stone breakwater, and a little clubhouse like a birdhouse on the shore, under a hill covered with trees. But maybe there weren't some swell yachts in there! J. P. Morgan's *Corsair*, and Andrew Mellon's *Vagabond*, and the *Viking* that Fred Wells designed, and the *Lotus Land*, and a lot of others. (When you've read old copies of Yachting until you've read them to pieces and know them by heart, you know all the famous yachts even if you never saw them before.)

But it wasn't the big steam and Diesel yachts that got me. It was a black schooner about seventy-five feet overall, and she got Tom, too. Do you know how looking at a beautiful boat can get you? The *Black Princess* was like that. She had such lovely lines that it hurt my throat, just to look at her.

Continued on page 98



"Sir—do you think I should give the alarm?"



"You gentlemen will of course use the trade entrance"

How to Win a Medal

Things you probably wouldn't try for a wagonload of medals, that all firemen do in their day's work

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

"For gawd's sake get me outa here," croaked a hoarse voice. And Mullarky, of 98 Engine, nearly jumped out of his boots with surprise.

Mullarky had been operating a line at very low pressure across a shaftway from the fifth floor of the structure adjoining the fire building. The rest of his crew had left him in this soft spot and the hypnotic roar of the water stream had lulled him into an idling day dream which was so rudely interrupted.

Soot-streaked and dishevelled, the civilian across the shaft was pretty rocky from smoke but still able to navigate. So Mullarky bade him wait, and scuttling through the rooms, he soon found a step ladder long enough to reach across the chasm. There wasn't much to spare, to be sure; but it did span the gap and that was something.

"Come over on your hands and knees," he directed. The man climbed up to the sill, leaned forward a little on the improvised bridge—then looked down that awful distance to the flinty concrete five stories below.

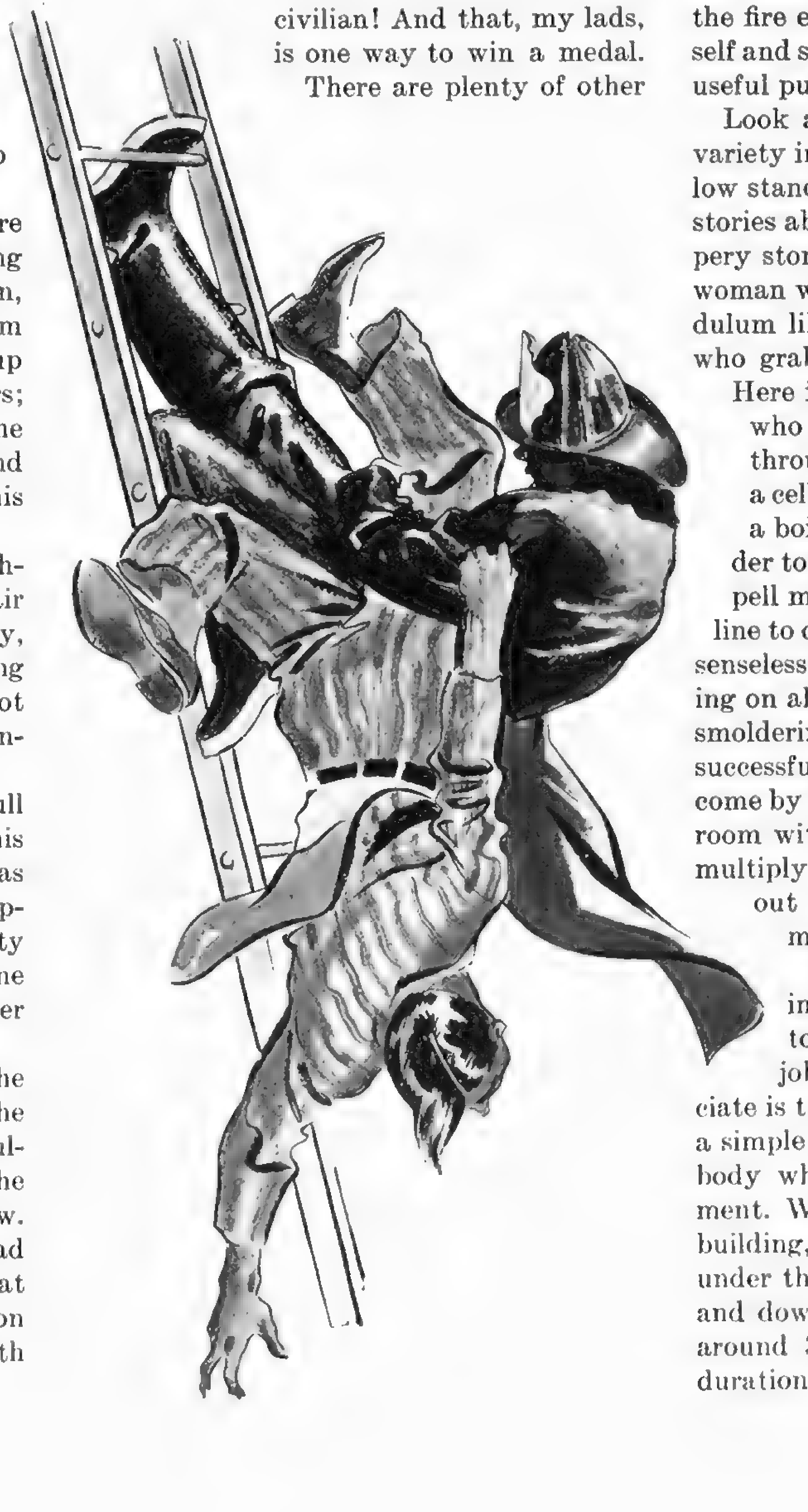
"I can't," he groaned, slipping back into the room. "I can't."

Mullarky was no debater; besides there was fire in there behind that guy, billowing up again now that the line was shut down, and its surging heat would soon snuff him out. Without a word the engine man was up on the ladder, creeping forward on all fours; at the opposite window he clutched the trembling civilian's coat with a firm hand and then started backwards again over his flimsy bridge.

Steadied by that vise-like grip, the coughing layman followed. Head to head the pair of them crawled gingerly back to safety, each inch at that perilous height seeming like a mile, and soon Mullarky's groping boot told him his right foot was inside the window.

Then only did he draw his first full breath, for he wasn't any fonder of this human fly stuff than the other guy—and, as he lowered himself gently against the stepladder and reached for the welcome security of the floor inside, a shriek of wood on stone stabbed his ear and the far end of the ladder slipped free.

With a moan that swelled to a scream, the body of the civilian lunged downward as the ladder dropped from under him, but Mullarky still had him by the coat—still, by the grace of God, was part-way in the window. The sill wasn't yet up to his belly so he had no balance; all he could do was clutch at the sash with his free hand and hang on to this 170 pounds of kicking fear with the other.



He couldn't speak; couldn't tell the guy to stop struggling: all he could do was cling to him although the finger nails were being dragged out of his flesh. He couldn't reach the floor with his feet and that dead-weight was slowly but surely dragging him out. He'd push himself in, one-hand, an inch—he'd slip out two inches; with a superhuman wrench, he'd pull back three inches and then slide forward four. His brows dripped cold sweat into his eyes; his taut muscles screamed for mercy; the window sash cut into his free hand until the blood trickled into his sleeve—but he hung on.

He could have let go—who was to stop him—who was to know the difference? But he didn't. He couldn't, because he was a fireman. And a few moments later when the rest of his crew barged into the room behind him, there was Mullarky, purple in the face; two-thirds out of the window—but still hanging on to the kicking civilian! And that, my lads, is one way to win a medal.

There are plenty of other ways, of course: there isn't any fixed pattern in the fire department. At the end of the year nobody cares much how you did it: the official report simply says, "Fireman Whosis, at great personal risk, rescued Mrs. Sophia Zilch from the top floor of her dwelling at 36 West Main Street, May 5th." And that's that. You may have left your eyebrows, the flesh off your hands and the lobes of your ears up in Sophia's flat—but what the hell! you've got a couple of points boost in your civil service rating; you rated a two weeks' sick leave—and your wife is not yet a widow.

On such nourishment do the smoke eaters thrive. And while for years I took these things with a civilian complacency—that's what they're paid for, isn't it?—I began to discover what stuff these fellows are made of when I got closer to the fire fighting business. Other folks still patronize the circus to see the death-defying acrobats, the strong men, the fire eaters: I chase the fire engines myself and see all those stunts trumped to some useful purpose.

Look at "the book": there's no end of variety in these performances. Here's a fellow standing on the lintel of a window four stories above the street, clinging to the slippery stone with one hand while he grabs a woman with the other and swings her, pendulum like, to a buck in the next window who grabs her heels and drags her inside.

Here is a fireman (off duty, by the way, who just chanced on this one) crawling through three inches of boiling water on a cellar floor and carrying two victims of a boiler explosion up a red-hot iron ladder to the street. Here is a husky dashing pell mell through a river of blazing gasoline to drag out an officer who was knocked senseless into the inferno: or another creeping on all fours through the black hold of a smoldering ship loaded with sulphur in a successful effort to rescue a stevedore overcome by the fumes. Have you ever been in a room with one little sulphur candle? Well, multiply that by a thousand and figure out if you'd try it for a wagon load of medals!

These, to be sure, are dramatic instances requiring no elaboration to drive home the enormity of the job—what we commonly fail to appreciate is the grade of guts required to go into a simple burning house and take out somebody who's been forgotten in the excitement. With a going fire uncontrolled in a building, you're in a pretty hot spot: up under the ceiling it's over 1000° Fahrenheit and down around mouth level it's ranging around 300° to 400° depending upon the duration of the blaze. Under such conditions

Continued on page 123

Japan Plays at War

Suggesting that the Japs held dress rehearsal sixteen years ago for the war still to come

by JACK MORROW

▪ARTICLE▪

If Balboa could return to the scene of his early discoveries, mount an eminence overlooking the expanse of water that stretches from the western shores of these United States to Asia and Australia, view it in the light of current events, I wonder if he would call it the Pacific—ocean of Peace!

Mars is churning the Pacific to a mad fury at this very moment and just as soon as Japan's war lords believe the book of "incidents" against Soviet Russia is closed, just so soon will the legions of little but mighty brown men go marching over the Manchukuoan and Korean borders to play in earnest a game of war that they thoroughly rehearsed during the allied occupation of Siberia in 1918-1919.

As soldier, newspaperman and student of Pacific affairs for 16 years, I have watched Japan militarists shape the policy of their country toward ruthless Imperialism in east Asia, chiefly towards the conquest of Manchuria, invasion of Siberia and, if necessary, naval combat with the United States.

If possible, and the Japanese think it is possible, the Empire of the Rising Sun is going to set up in continental Asia an empire embracing more than 1,500,000 square miles of territory, abounding in almost inexhaustible natural resources. For all practical purposes, the empire of Hirohito, ruler of Japan, now controls almost one third of the coveted territory, the 460,000 square miles of the puppet state of Manchukuo. Annexation of the Trans-Baikal in Siberia will complete the picture.

We Americans have treated Japan's ambitions very lightly, and as a power held Nippon still more lightly. Most Americans laughed at California in 1906-07, when that state was greatly perturbed over its school problems and the danger of its agricultural activities completely falling into the hands of the Japanese. When California, joined by Washington and Oregon, insisted on the dangers of the "Yellow Peril," the press of the rest of the nation soundly spanked the Pacific coast states for precipitating an international situation.

It was not until the Japanese navy, in the world war, very efficiently wiped German power from the Pacific that we of the United States began to respect Japanese naval and military prowess. Even then it was but a passing recognition. Indeed, it was not until American troops returned from Siberia that we became Japan conscious as a nation and realized that in the family of nations Japan was accorded third place as a first class power.

About the middle of 1918 the allied powers in the great war decided to send an expeditionary force to Siberia. Even today there is much dispute about the real objective of that expedition. Some say it was for the purpose of rescuing the Czecho-Slovakians; others that it was to prevent war supplies already in Siberia from finding their way into the hands of the Bolsheviks and eventually to Germany. There are still others who claim British capital interests in the Trans-Siberian Railway and similar French interests in the Chinese-Eastern Railway constituted the true reasons for the expedition. My own personal opinion, based on what I consider inside information, is that the last claim comes nearer the real truth.

There never was any doubt why Japan went into Siberia. Evidence gathered by the intelligence forces of the various military and diplomatic units over the period of allied occupation differed only on the question whether the Japanese went in with the firm intention of staying or for the purpose of working out the war game destined to make the Trans-Baikal a part of the Japanese empire.

Originally London and Paris were agreed on sending only the Japanese into Siberia. The late Woodrow Wilson, then president of the United States, blocked this plan. His ultimatum amounted to this: "If the Japanese go into Siberia, we all go in!" That is just what happened—we all went in, and when I say all, I mean the French, British, Americans, Japanese, Chinese, Italians, Poles, Letts, Serbians. The Czechs and Russians were already there.

The Canadian forces, of which, along with many other citizens of the United States, I was a member, sailed from Vancouver on the evening of October 10, 1918. It was the morning of October 25 when we arrived at the Egerscheldt docks in Vladivostok Harbor aboard the old Empress of Japan.

The Canadians were given the Puschinskaya Theater as their official headquarters. It was on the hill overlooking Svetlanskaya, the main street of Vladivostok, also the beautiful bay known as Zolotoi Rog, or the Golden Horn. The main floor of the theater was divided into the various offices of the departments of the army; the stage was used as sleeping quarters for the guard on duty at headquarters. The upper gallery, boxes and the like, were the sleeping quarters of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the headquarters unit. The old dining room, bar and smoking room, which in Czarist days had resounded to the merriment of Russian army and navy men, were now converted into canteen, mess hall and quartermaster's stores.

A unique setting for army headquarters, you will say. Yet looking back on it all, it seems a truly fitting patch in the pattern of the crazy quilt of Siberian occupation, which under the guise of legitimate war tactics gave the Japanese an opportunity to work out a private war game, which may be played and finished in reality ere another September dawns.

We were not long in Siberia before individual American, British, French, and the like were convinced that Japan was there for a purpose far removed from the noble design of the late Woodrow Wilson, David Lloyd George, and Georges Clemenceau.

Japanese troops were strung out from Vladivostok to Irkutsk at the foot of Lake Baikal. Others were located at every strategic point from Vladivostok to Nikolaievsk at the mouth of the Amur River. Nor was this all; still other troops were encamped down the Amur River to Blagoveschenks, and thence onward to contact the line going east and west between Vladivostok and Irkutsk.

Across the border in Manchuria there was similar activity by the Japanese military. The ostensible reason for the large number of "railway guards" in Manchuria was to protect the line of supplies for the Japanese army going into Siberia by way of Harbin.

The chief source of our intelligence reports, apart from that of our own forces and the British Mission, was through Russian and Czech channels. It was not long before we concluded that Japan was in Siberia with the intention either of remaining there or of planning a campaign for future war with Russia and China which would end by Nippon holding on the Asiatic continent an empire of more than 1,500,000 square miles.

I remember distinctly a conversation with a British officer who had been attached to the British embassy at St. Petersburg before the downfall of the Czar. We had just received reports from Habarovsk and Chita to the effect that Japanese agents had been "egging" the Cossack atamen, Kalmikoff at Habarovsk and Semionov at Chita, to fresh offensives against the Americans. The report also stated that charges against the American troops—namely, that they were in sympathy with the Bolsheviks, and that most of the interpreters with the Americans were Jews and out-and-out Bolshevik supporters—could be laid at the doors of the Japanese propaganda outfit, located in the same building on Svetlanskaya as the Japanese Y.M.C.A.

"How long," I asked this British officer, "is the vaunted intelligence of the British, American and French armies going to stand for this Oriental war game? You and I know that the Japanese are mapping every foot of the Trans-Baikal region and that the railroad guard in Manchuria to protect supplies coming into Siberia by way of Harbin is just a blind which would not deceive a ten year old boy. We know that the Japanese navy has sounded every estuary along the coast of maritime Siberia from Novgorod to Kamchatka. Every day we are receiving reports of Japanese activities, acts of oppression, that cannot be justified by actual conditions."

"Take it easy," the British attaché replied. "I have devoted my life to a military career. I have been in the British legation at Peking, the embassy at Tokyo, and the embassy at St. Petersburg. I was a language officer in Japan in my early days; I know

where once had been mounted a Russian coast defense gun. It commanded a view of the great Amur and Ussuri Bays where the fleets of the world could be assembled and manoeuvered without difficulty. My teacher for the afternoon was the typically well educated, well rounded British officer. (I would use his name here only I am afraid he is still alive and this article might embarrass him.) Like most of his kind designated for diplomatic service, he was a linguist, specializing in Japanese, Chinese and Russian.

"The Japanese," he said, "never forget. They always pay in kind. They are never in a hurry, firmly believing that tomorrow may offer a better opportunity. Time in terms of a quarter of a century, a half century, one hundred years, means nothing to them. Like other people they can overlook small things, but one thing, as a nation or as individuals, they cannot forgive: 'loss of face'."

Frankly I did not know what "loss of face" signified in the Oriental sense of the term. My British friend defined it as "being humiliated before others."

"Japan's war lords," he continued, "—and they are the real rulers of the nation—feel that Japan lost face in the peace treaty at the conclusion of the Sino-Japanese War and again in the peace treaty ending the Russo-Japanese war. The British reprimand at the time of the imposition of the Twenty-One Demands on China is another case in point. The California school question in your own United States and the sending of the American fleet into Pacific waters by President Theodore Roosevelt, were others.

"The war lords headed by Prince Yamagata (Yamagata died in the twenties) do not forget. That 'loss of face' must be paid back in kind. I believe the Pacific will be the theater of the next war."

My military tutor then went on to detail the humiliation of Japan by Russia, Germany and France following the Chinese-Japanese war. "You see," he declared, "it was not more than ten years before Japan was at war with Russia, thus paying her in kind. You are familiar with the results and with the treaty of Portsmouth. And in 1914," he continued, "Japan lunged at the throat of Germany, seized Shantung and drove the German warships out of the Pacific. Your country stepped into the Russo-Japanese war; at the invitation of Japan, it is true; but nevertheless you are blamed for the humiliating treaty of Portsmouth in which all Japanese believe that their country, in the moment of its greatest triumph, lost face."

"According to your logic, then," I commented, "we of the United States are next in line for a taste of Nipponese vengeance."

"You are in line," he replied, "but I do not think you are next. Japan showed her hand in 1915 with the Twenty-One Demands on China. It is common knowledge that Japan has never forgotten the Sino-Japanese peace treaty; it is equally common

pire into subjection. You can draw your own conclusions as to the Japanese activities in Siberia and Manchuria. All this anti-American propaganda coming out of the Japanese bureau on Svetlanskaya is a blind to cover up, to distract our attention from, the actual operations of the Japanese army in Manchuria and Siberia. . . . Let us be getting back down the hill."

I look back on that conversation now in the light of my own many years of experiences in Japan and the mid-Pacific, and profoundly do I bow to the intelligence of this British officer who called the turn fully sixteen years ago.

I went back to my desk, back to copying intelligence reports, back to my long talks with Sergeant (later Lieutenant) Tartak, one of our Russian translators. I was in a better frame of mind and in possession of a new yardstick for the measurement of Japanese military activities in Siberia.

When the time came for the Canadian forces to evacuate and retire to their native land, I applied for and received my discharge; but in the months intervening between my talk with this brilliant British officer and my farewell to military duty I collected information that I have not to this day seen in print. Briefly I will epitomize it:

I—Siberia had an organized government when the allied forces landed at Vladivostok. It was known as the Siberian Constituent Assembly and had its capitol at Omsk, a dreary little town out on the steppes of Siberia. This government did not meet the approval of the interallied council. In a cleverly executed coup d'etat it was overthrown and Admiral Kolchak, an officer of the Czarist navy, was made leader of the hopeless White Russia movement.

II—The Czechs, whom we were supposed to rescue, constituted a mighty brilliant military unit. In the early days of the Kerensky government these same Czechs, under the youthful Gaida, fought their way across Siberia to Vladivostok, armed in many instances only with clubs and rocks. There, securing proper arms and supplies, they turned and fought their way back once more through Siberia, joining forces with the White Russian army. They constituted the backbone of Kolchak's troops when they smashed the Bolsheviks at Perm and drove the Red remnants scurrying across the Ural Mountains at Ekaterinburg. There was only one other military command in Siberia more efficient than the Czechs—that was the Japanese expeditionary force.

III—The British had a high-powered mission in Siberia with Sir Charles Elliot, later ambassador to Japan, as high commissioner. Sir Charles was an outstanding authority on Oriental languages, religions and philosophy. He was also fluent in Russian.

Attached to the British mission were military experts who conducted a school on Russian Island. The purpose of this school was to develop a new breed of officers to command the Russian troops, a breed more in keeping with the traditions of the British

Melancholy in the Comics

A gusty sigh for that far day almost beyond recall when the comic strips were sometimes funny

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS

According to my records, the last time a grown man laughed at a comic strip was in February of 1904, but that may be a typographical error. So far as I know, no child, male or female, has ever laughed at the funny page. Something is wrong. Perhaps with the comics, perhaps with the name.

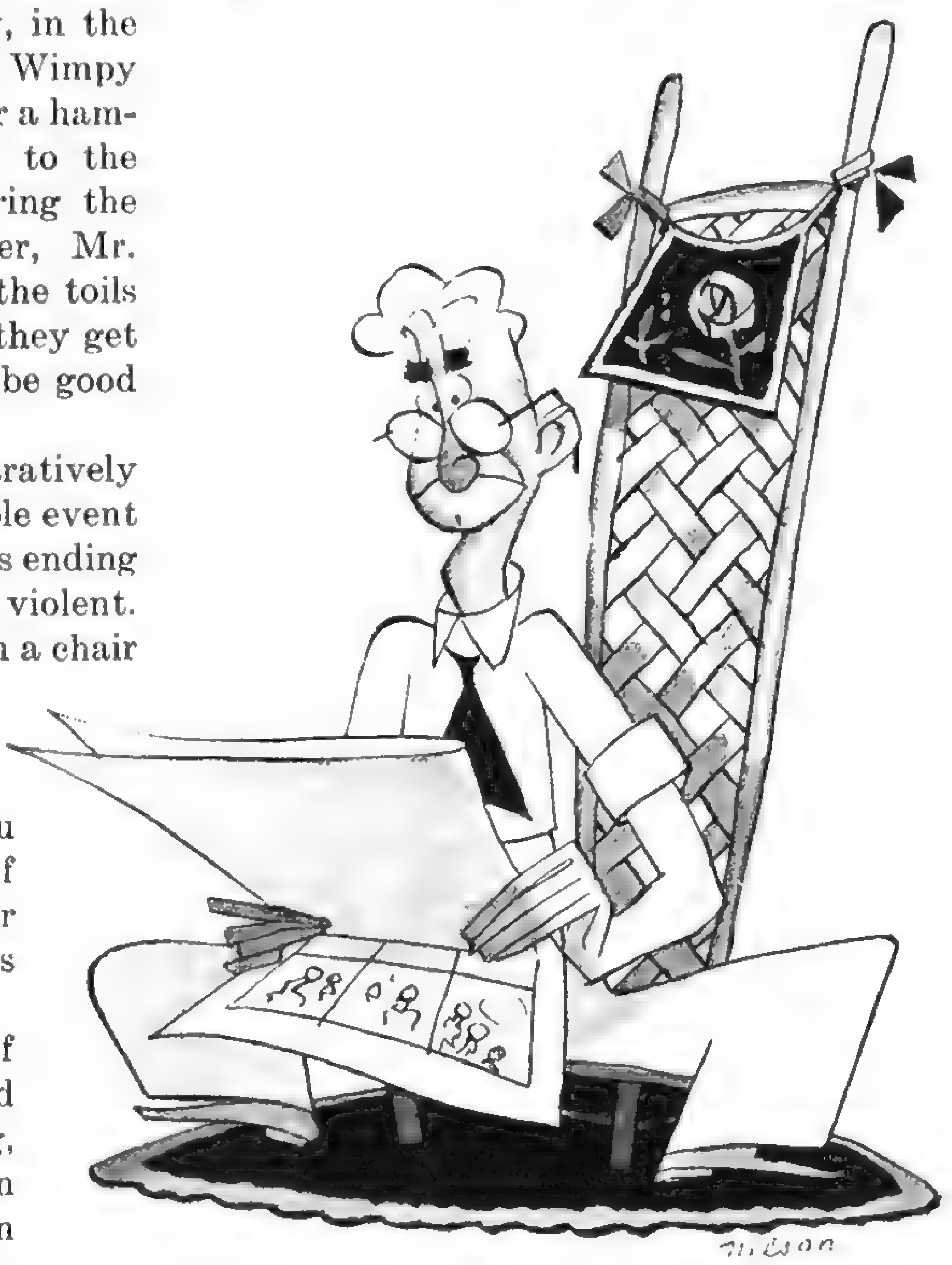
I still get pleasure from half a dozen strips or so, but part of that pleasure, I am afraid, is senile. I used to like them fifteen years ago and it is easier to read a comic strip you already know than to follow the involved plots and strange psychologies of an entirely new group of people. One comparative newcomer has real humor: Mr. Wimpy, in the full-page versions of Popeye, Mr. Wimpy who will gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today and invites you up to the house for a duck dinner, "you bring the ducks." At the moment, however, Mr. Wimpy and Popeye are caught in the toils of a ship with a ghost. As soon as they get out and back to normal, they will be good again.

The comic strip used to be a comparatively simple thing: a more or less laughable event portrayed in five or six small pictures ending with a wow of some sort, frequently violent. If, by exception, no one was hit with a chair or a vase, the person who was on the receiving end of the joke fell backward, violently, to express appreciation of the joke. You read it and you were done with it. If it happened not to be amusing, your outlay of time and mental energy was very slight.

Somewhere in the boom years of the 1920's the great idea of continued stories came along. Rube Goldberg, for one, couldn't take it. He had been making his grotesque pictures in several series: foolish questions, meetings of ladies clubs, inventions, and so forth. They couldn't connect up and for years Goldberg fought along, a sort of maverick among the comic strip artists. George MacManus continued to bring up father more or less as he always had; his story had been a serial anyhow, but each episode was a unit by itself, largely because the units were pretty much the same. There are people who find the quarrel of Jiggs and Maggie monotonous; I find the series simple and attractive, but not, of course, funny.

The people I have mentioned are what you might call "the New York school" of comic artists, or the Hearst gang; the other important school is the Western or Chicago Tribune group, led off by The Gumps, Moon Mullins, Harold Teen, Gasoline Alley and including perhaps a dozen others. These are, roughly speaking, strips about domestic life or business life, and the creators have given up the effort to make home or business seem comic, in which they may be wise enough. The Western school has, in a way, humanized the whole industry, although MacManus was doing domestic discords years before. In general their people are a little, not much, more like yourself and myself and their problems are in a faint way an approximation of ours. But the technique doesn't lead to humor.

Take, for instance, The Gumps of the day of writing. Bim is in bed, feeling awful because he is broke (must have lost money in preceding month of strips) and is imposing on Min; Min says, "Andy could let you take some money, Bim, we have a little saved up—if twelve or thirteen thousand dollars would help you—" (did I, extravagantly, suggest that these people were like you and me?) and in the next picture Min suggests to Andy that he let Bim have twelve thousand dollars, and in the next Andy doesn't know what twelve thousand she means, and in the last picture she says, "the money we saved, you and I—OUR MONEY" and he replies, "Now listen, let me explain about that, Min." And there the strip ends. I can guess as well as anyone that he has done something with the money, but I do not think that all of this constitutes anything solid. It's bad enough not to understand today's Washington despatches without remembering what happened last week; comic strips ought to have, as Aristotle said of tragedy, a beginning, a middle, and an end.



There seem to be half a dozen serials of adventure, rather like the movie serials of the degenerate days after the first thrills and perils were exhausted; all the characters have slipped into the moon or into the next century or into the wilds, following Tarzan who is also serialized. I suppose there are people who read these penny-dreadfuls of the comic page and on the occasions (once a month) when a climax comes, there must be a little action. The rest of the time, you might as well read the stock market reports.

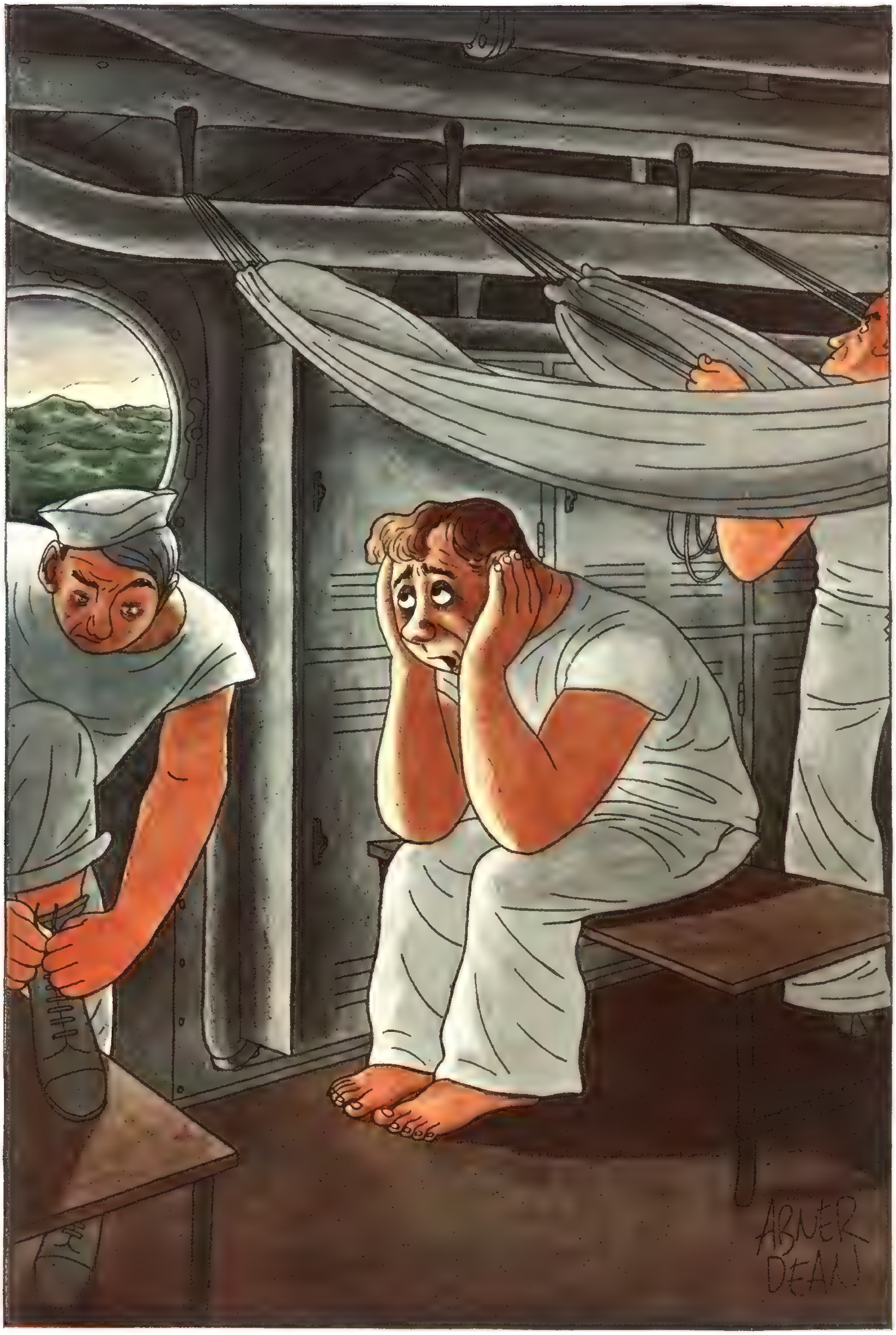
It seems to me that the first of the continuations which impressed people was when Spark Plug came to Barney Google. Mutt and Jeff had done a few things which took a week or more to get through, but people still thought of them as the Weber and Fields of the strips, with something awful happening to Jeff at the end of each day. I was stupid enough to prefer Barney Google before he got his horse—my bad guesses in this field are notorious, but Spark Plug made Billy de Beck an ace among the strippers. Other artists saw the point rapidly: if you could build up a climax, with suspense for weeks, you held your readers; syndicate managers saw it and howled for held-over interest; and artists got their characters into some sort of a jam and prayed to God that some day they would find a way out.

They were right, every one of them. You see little children painfully spelling out the wordage of the strips, getting Heaven knows what satisfaction out of each episode, and wondering, audibly, what will happen next. Good strips are more taken to the bosom of the family than any actual character, and if a beloved (and usually, to me, obnoxious) child falls ill and is taken to hospital (there to languish like a dying soprano) people call up the newspaper and ask for bulletins and little children are inconsolable over the loss of a companion.

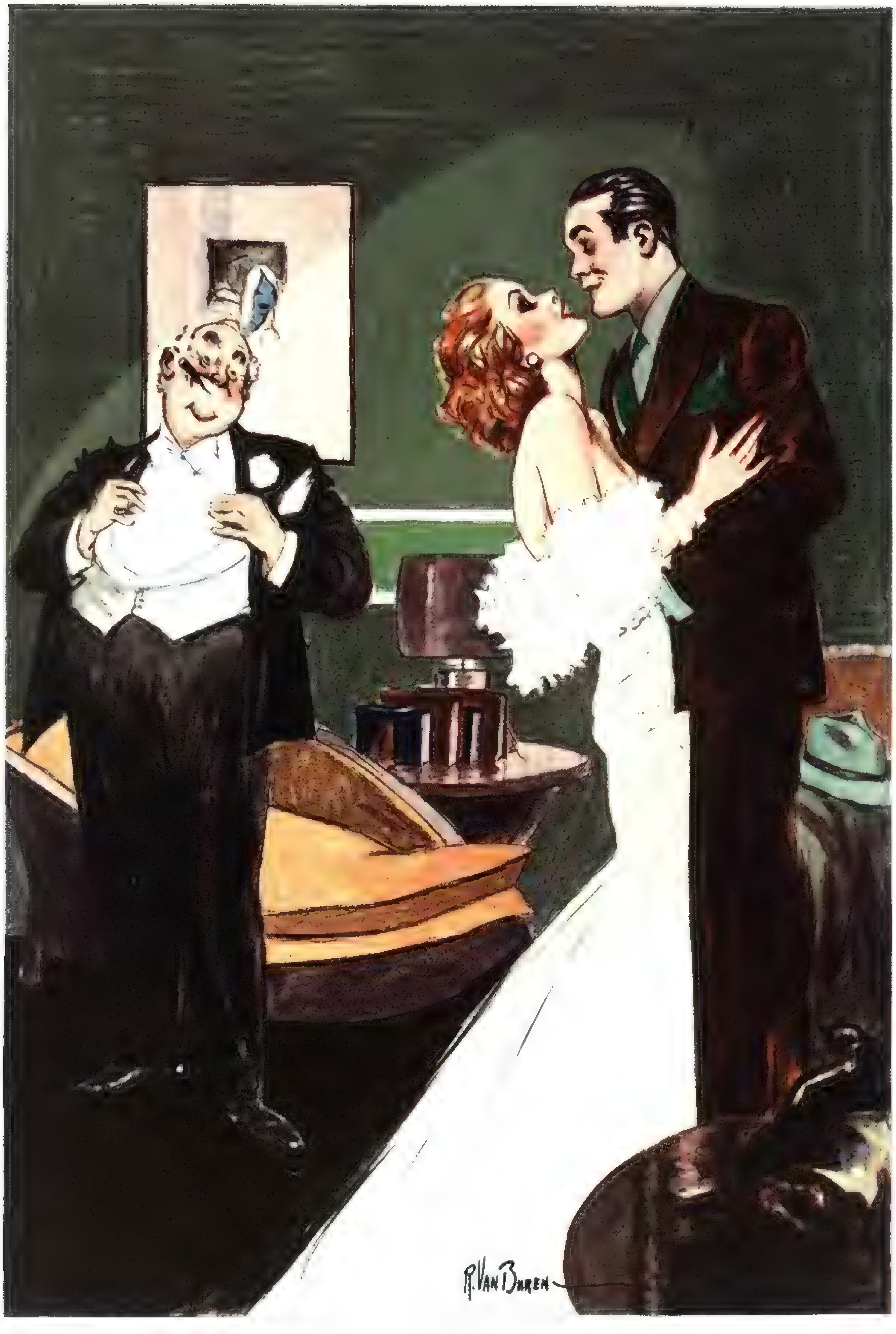
For myself, all of these strips come very close to being as exciting as those others in which women discuss B.O. or laundry soaps and the climax is the discovery of some commodity which lets them go out again at night. I think that the artists and their editors have missed a bet. Let them keep on with their continued stories and their long realistic conversations; but let them also give us hit-and-run readers something quick and funny to get out of their pages. Some of them, recognizing a defect in their current selection have tried to give us photographed jokes in the shape, but not the spirit, of the comic strip.

Minor stars from musical shows pose as they tell each other a gag, a tasteless

Continued on page 107



"I pitched and tossed all night"



"I have a surprise for you, Harvey dear—I'm going to be your mother"

Return, Oh Moses!

A call for commandments for Hollywood, expressed from the standpoint of intellectuals

by FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

• ARTICLE •

I MUST be very calm about this. But last evening I saw Mr. Edward G. Robinson, one of my favorite movie mimes, ennobled for committing a murder. If I could but be as calm as Mr. Robinson, as he went, with loving care, about his poisonous task! Unfortunately he left a false whisker on the premises, but he had the audience practically leaping out of their seats to defend him from the agents of the law. Repeatedly, throughout the opera, the high minded characters, doctors, detectives, play producers, and sweet mothers, delivered themselves of the opinion that he ought to get a gold medal, and the Pulitzer prize, for his deed.

True, the gentleman rubbed out was a slimy Svengali, acted to the peak of cheerful beastliness by Mr. Calhern. But don't we all know people like that?

If Mr. Robinson's murder were but a lone cinema offense, it might be condoned. But alas, it puts me to mind of a whole series of noble murders that seemed to promote an amendment for a certain article in the decalogue. Perhaps it should read, "Thou shalt not kill, except if his table manners do not please thee."

How often, for instance, has Miss Kay Francis, one of my favorite movie honeys, gotten away with murder? Let us disregard the gallons of blood she loosed in that fated house on 57th Street. There was the picture in which she was left in Nick's place, Rangoon.

It seems he was her lover and left her stranded in Nick's Place. I shouldn't want to be stranded in Nick's Place, either, although it probably was just around the corner from the American consulate, a Church of England mission and the League of Nations anti-white slave rescue home.

Still, I am willing to grant that strange things can happen on the road to Mandalay and that Miss Francis was done extremely wrong. When her faithless Tony turns up later just as she is falling in love with a drunken doctor on an Irawaddy river steamboat, I wished Tony no luck. I did not, however, thirst for his blood. Miss Francis was made of sterner stuff. She poisoned the guy. Then, arm in arm with the gradually reforming doctor, she marched into the scented dust of Mandalay.

Yes, it has come to murder. Sly, poison murder without one drop of remorse or intimation of retributive justice. I doubt if "Mandalay" either made box office history or advanced the art of cinema, but it should stand by a peculiar distinction of its own. Our lovely women of the movies, who have been stooping to folly so casually, there triumphed over the last commandment. "Mandalay" had Miss Kay Francis for its star and heroine, and she poisoned a guy and lived happily ever after.

I'm not shocked about this. I had been expecting it for some time. When I saw Miss Irene Dunne, another very special honey of mine, in "Back Street" the inevitable was made very plain. What a heroine Miss Dunne turned out to be in that one! She failed to meet John Boles beside a grandstand, where he planned to introduce her to his mother, so John married the other girl. No case was ever made against the other girl; she bore Mr. Boles several children, kept the house neat and labored for her husband's advancement.

Our heroine, nevertheless, became his mistress and suffered years and years, nobly and self-sacrificially in what Miss Fannie Hurst, the author of the story, was pleased to describe as the back street of the hero's life. When the hero goes abroad with wife and children on B deck, Miss Dunne travels on D deck of the same ship. Naively, I expected my heroine to show some resentment at this discrimination. But no, she remained a sentimental, loyal little mistress to the last sob scene.

That shook me, I recall, and I wondered why it all couldn't have been straightened out by having the hero's mother meet Miss Dunne by some other grand stand early in the picture. But when I saw my dearly beloved Ann Harding with an illegitimate baby in "Gallant Lady" I began to understand. And when Miss Miriam Hopkins made such a brilliant plea for polygamy in "Design for Living" my disillusionment was complete. Obviously, but for the current explosion, we should have seen Miss Janet Gaynor starred in "Oedipus Rex" and Miss Norma Shearer as the charming Mrs. Bloom of "Ulysses."

In California's clime where I used to spend my time, a-serving of This Majesty, the Screen, a great many odd things have happened. When I was a Hollywood scenario writer, back in the sweetly simple days of the first talking pictures, heroines were heroines. Miss Mary Pickford had not even dreamed of doing "Kiki" and Miss Joan Crawford was wild but nice. The only bad gal character I remember was "Madame X," and how she paid and wept and paid. Miss Mae West was still riding in New York police patrol wagons. Our heroines sometimes had pasts, but those pasts invariably arose to haunt them; in the present, they were determinedly virtuous; and their futures always indicated a home, husband and legitimate babies at the fade-out.

We geniuses of the New Art were surely no nobler or more idealistic than movie supervisors, directors and writers are now. As I recall, moral indignation on the lot where I worked was then as now, the unforgivable sin. During my two years in Hollywood, the only morally indignant man I ever saw was a certain young supervisor on the Lakeside golf course. He accused me of grounding my club in a sand trap. Let Miss I. A. R. Wylie and Mr. Rupert Hughes argue the point whether Hollywood has any morals. I am here to state merely that

Subtly—now..!
nelson.

Continued on page 84

An "I" For An "I"

Daunted by nothing but the sad thought of going out of print, an intrepid explorer dares all

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

("RICHARD HALIBUT")

Editor's Note: *Raymond Knight—the man of a thousand aliases—now shyly reveals that he is none other than Richard Halibut, the famous explorer. Halibut will be remembered as the dare-devil who startled the,literary world with a dangling participle in his first book, "Richard Halibut Discovers Mother India's Magic," or, "What's Sorcery for the Goose is Sorcery for the Gandhi."*

I opened a tentative eye one morning in the fall of 1933, yawned deliciously, and then, as was customary with me *en le matin*, I awoke. "Well," I thought, with that quick adjustment to the situation which is one of my characteristics, "well, what new worlds have I to conquer today?"

I reached out a lazy hand for the copy of the New York Times Book Section which always lies on the carved ivory stand beside my bed, and lightly, even whimsically, began to glance over its pages. Sure enough—there it was—the weekly list of the "Six Best Sellers."

Around the Acropolis in 24 Hours, or, *Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day—What Now?*, by Richard Halibut.—D. Applesauce & Co. $2.50.

A Modern Peter Pan in Palestine, by Richard Halibut—D. Applesauce & Co. $2.50.

Richard Halibut on the Mississippi, or, *With the Rover Boys Before Vicksburg*, by Richard Halibut—D. Applesauce & Co. $2.50.

A Harem-Scarum in Turkey, or, *The Fez on the Barroom Floor*, by Richard Halibut—D. Applesauce & Co. $2.50.

Fun in a Persian Garden, or, *What An American Boy Saw Through the Keyhole*, by Richard Halibut—D. Applesauce & Co. $2.50.

Lost in Radio City, or, *Through the Rockefeller Millions with Gun and Camera*, by Richard Halibut—D. Applesauce & Co. $2.50.

Six best sellers—and I was all six of them! Ah, Life looked good to me, although, of course, it was no more than I deserved. I pulled off my riding boots, changed my Tunisian Tunic for a simple Bulgarian blouse and prepared to crawl back into bed.

Just then my telephone rang. I regarded it lazily. It was a little piece of carved jade which I had picked up in Siam during the midnight adventure in which I had climbed the royal white elephant unaided except for seven native guides. I had brought the jade home with me and had it carved into a telephone just for fun, much to the consternation of the prosaic telephone company officials, who hate anything out of the ordinary routine. "But it isn't done," they had protested, "a jade telephone won't work." "In Siam," I had replied tolerantly, "jade is always used for rings." Not a bad quip for a rough old adventurer, eh?

The telephone buzzed again, insistently, sounding like thousands of tse-tse flies which drone in the moonlight over the milk white tomb of King Watamahn and his Royal consort, Queen Uh-uh, in far off Afghanistan. These royal lovers were interred ages ago and the tse-tse flies have kept the curious away for centuries, until, of course, I appeared there. It was my cables home about my adventure which gave Rodgers and Hart the idea to write that delightful song for the Garrick Gaieties—"Tse for Two."

Once more the telephone rang, and this time its bell sounded like the temple bells of that little Buddhist monastery on the Wishing-Well Road outside Peiping where I had the exciting adventure of being mistaken for a Peiping-tom. This was because I was looking through the windows of a joss house to watch the geisha girls sing "Joss A Gigolo" in their little sing-song voices. In fancy I could see the dear old Buddhist monastery and the monks on Armistice Day calling to the passing crowds, "Buy a Buddha poppy?"

"Thibet or not Thibet, that is the question," said our author to himself, whereupon he hied himself off to Mongolia and points east. He is here shown with either the Dalai-Lama, the Panchen Lama or the Donta Lama. The latter is ostensibly presenting the former with the key to the Forbidden City, while the former is intently studying a quaint old Thibetan hieroglyphic.

Again the telephone rang and *this* time it sounded like a telephone, in spite of the hundreds of other adventures of which it could have reminded me. Half in irritation, half in boredom and half in amusement, I picked up the phone, and answered it with that characteristic little query of mine which is known the world over. "Hello?" I said.

"Hello," came the reply, "this is Longfellow." Instinctively I knew it was Longfellow Zandt of Zandt, Zandt and Zandt, my literary agents. "Selah Longfellow," I shot back at him, "how's tricks?"

"Dick, old man," came the answer in Longfellow's meticulous English, "there's h—l to pay, if we don't act quick!" I tensed myself, but said calmly enough. "Righto, mon ami, tell me the worst." "The lumbermen are on strike and there's no paper for your next book!" came the reply.

For a moment everything went black before my eyes. Blinking lights shot through my brain, reminding me very much of the northern lights I saw when I was moving in the best arctic circles. Longfellow's words beat insistently in my head—"No paper for your next book! No paper for your next book!" Suddenly I shook my leonine head to clear it of the words. The thing was incredible. No paper for my next—"Hold the line un momento," I shouted to Longfellow and reaching for my other phone, I crisply commanded "Get the White House." Lumbermen on strike, eh? . . . I said to myself . . . We'll see! No paper for my next book? *That* situation would be remedied!

A feminine voice answered the telephone. "White House?" I said. "Yes, is that you, Dick?" came the reply. "Hello," I said, "what are *you* doing home?" "I was just leaving," came the answer. "Let me speak to your husband, will you?" I said, and in a moment I heard a click as the extension phone was picked up.

"Hello, Frank," I greeted the voice at the other end. "Why, hello, Dick," was the response, "what are *you* doing in this God-forsaken country?" "I haven't got time to apologize now, Frank," I countered, "but what's this I hear about a lumbermen's strike?" "Have *they* struck, too?" said the voice. "Yes," I confirmed, "that's what my agent says." "Then, it's true," he replied, with a sigh, "it's true." "But look here, old thing," I answered, "this means I'll have no paper for my next book. That's terrible!"

"Terrible? You think *that's* terrible?" he said. "Listen, *I* haven't any *book* for my next *paper!*" And he hung up.

I was stunned. Things seemed to be crumbling about me. They were. Several graham crackers I always carry in my pajama pocket were breaking up under the strain. And then the idea! The lumbermen were on strike, eh? They wouldn't furnish me paper, eh? Very well—I would take matters into my own hands. I would get my own wood and make my own paper! My public would not suffer! In a frenzy of elation I bathed, dressed, was massaged and rushed out to the Explorer's Club for dinner to work out my plans.

And so it was that the Richard Halibut South American expedition in search of wood pulp came to be formed and that was my last book . . . *Hacking Out The Pages With a Paper Machété*, or, *Between The Covers with Richard Halibut.* (D. Applesauce & Co. $3.00) . . . came to be published. To tell you the entire story of that trip would take too long and would prevent you from buying the book itself. The purpose of this article is merely to give you a picture of hardships of that adventure and to whet your appetite to the point where you will step into a bookstore to purchase a copy (I am at Miss Titherton's Olde Booke Shoppe on odd Thursday afternoons to personally autograph copies purchased there).

The well-dressed explorer invariably dresses for dinner no matter what the surroundings. The author is here photographed on his last expedition in the middle of the Peruvian Jungle. Unperturbed by the encompassing wild-life, he was about to dine, when he noticed a deadly cobra in the act of seizing his hors d'oeuvre. "Jarvis," he queried with well-bred amazement, "am I seeing snakes?" "Not until later in the evening as is customary," replied the perfect butler.

Suffice it to say, that after days of feverish activity the expedition was finally assembled and we set sail for South America and my latest adventure. (File No. 216 Series 2A, 1933). It was not until we had been at sea for a week that I remembered that Longfellow Zandt was still holding the line back in New York. I had forgotten to pick up the phone and speak to him again!

I want all my readers to thrill with me over my South American adventure. As you pore over the pages of my book, I know you *will* thrill. As a Chicago society column said only last week—"A tea was given at the Sign of the Bookworm Book Shop yesterday, in honor of Mr. Richard Halibut's latest book. Mr. Halibut exhibited his book and Mrs. Schuyler Van Vlachter pored."

In many places this adventure will remind my readers of my 1927 book *Through the Panama Canal in a Panama Hat*, or, *How Richard Halibut Did the Lock Step* (D. Applesauce & Co. $2.50). There are the same breathless incidents, so characteristic of me, as for example, the afternoon I stepped into the arena at La Asuncion and wrestled with a native bullock. Muchacho!—Did I throw the bullock! And there are the same delightful, romantic escapades which my feminine admirers so love, as witness my moonlight tryst with Nola, a brown-skinned daughter of the pampas. She was fascinated by music, and I sat down at the piano and played Nola like a fish. Whether or not I captured her you will learn on page 184.

Also you will read how in Peru, with my instinctive flair for the dramatic, I followed the same trail that Cortez made hundreds of years ago—that is, it was practically the same trail, being only a short hundred miles to the south. The trail was tangled with beriberi bushes and one caught one's foot every so often, but there were the cutest tea shops encountered from time to time and we really had a very jolly time in spite of the hardships (This will be found in Chapter XII—*Golfing Through Heavenly Peru with a Tea Caddy*, or, *Richard Halibut Sinks a Birdie of Paradise*).

You will discover further (Chapter XVI) of my search for the Incas and how I classified the various tribes. There are the Fountain Pen Incas, the Blue-black Incas, and the tribe which left an everlasting impression on civilization known as the Indelible Incas. You will be simply agog over my account of the search for the Disappearing Race known as the Invisible Incas.

As I say, I can't tell you the whole story in this article. Briefly, it was about a year ago that I plunged into the South American forests with a small group of followers. There weren't over seventy-five in my safari. Of course if you count the government military escort, there were five hundred, and a fine body of men they were too.

Well, this plunging into the forest went on for nearly two days. Each evening, of course, we dressed for dinner—afterwards undressing for bed, which I do in all my books. You will recall this in my 1929 volume, entitled —*Dinner Jackets Among the Yellow Jackets*, or, *Richard Halibut Gets Stung on The Malay Peninsula.*

On the morning of the third day, a terrible thing happened. One of my fingers was seriously injured! A native porter shut the door of my limousine on my hand. After a consultation, amputation was found necessary. This was done. The car door was taken right off the hinges, and my fingers were never hurt again! Wasn't it thrilling?

Another day of plunging into the jungle, and then . . . then, we were forced to stop! Our plunger was broken! Everyone lost his head—except me. I had none to lose. Cool and collected, I stood in the midst of the expedition, and issued an order. I said to them—"I am commander of this expedition; my order will be obeyed. My order is this—'Do not wake me in the morning until eleven o'clock.'" In a moment, order was restored out of chaos, and I turned in, and slept like a baby.

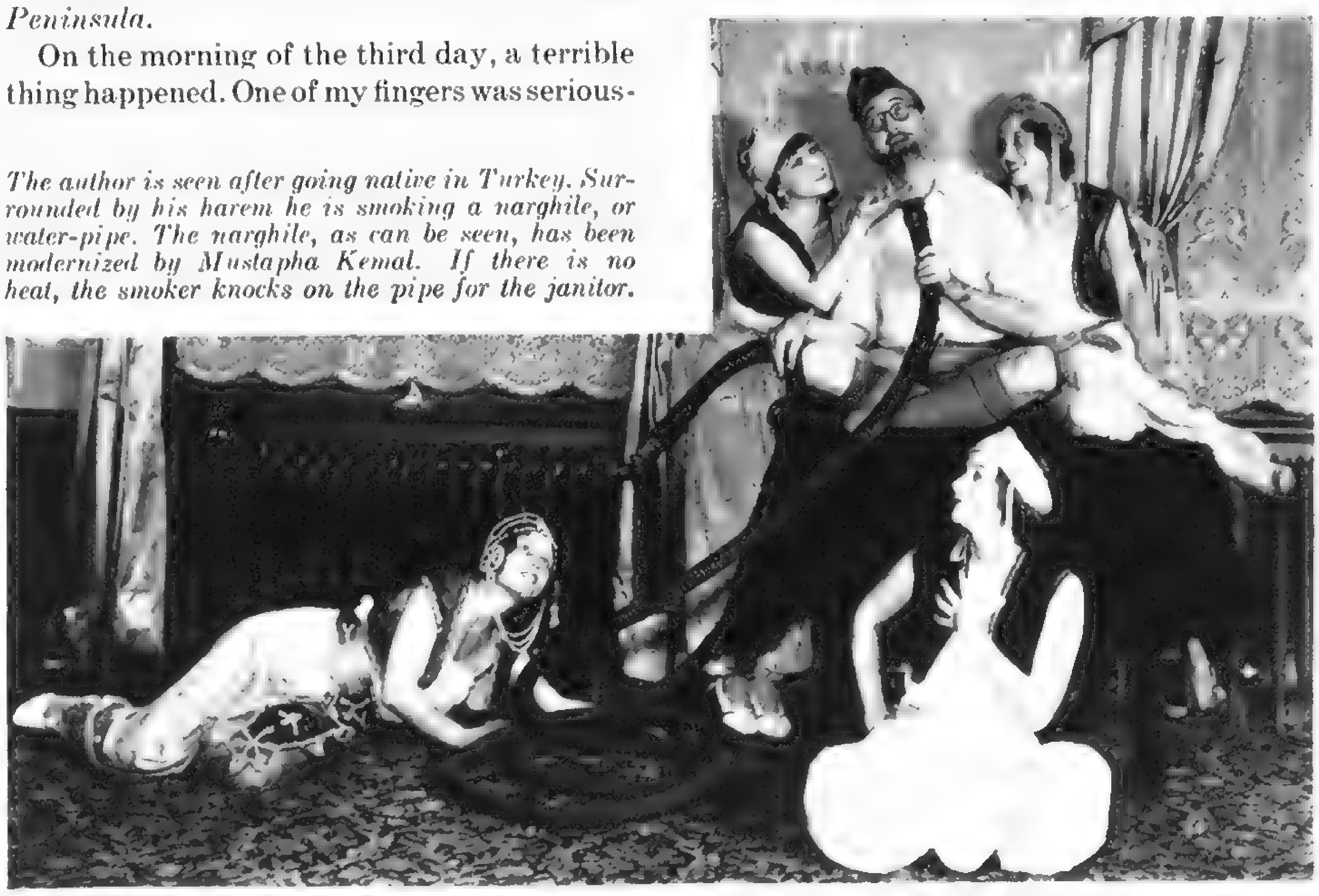
When I awoke in the morning, we were back in Hoboken, New Jersey, safe and sound. Not a man had been lost! Not a man had been found! A record equalled only in my 1926 book entitled—*Small Talk Among the Pigmies* (D. Applesauce & Co. $2.50). Of course I had forgotten to look for wood pulp, but then, who of us doesn't slip up once in a while?

But I *did* return alive once more, and I *did* discover that the Vanishing Race of Invisible Incas has indeed vanished, and as proof, I have the fact that neither I nor my men saw one—not one!

In closing, I'm sure my readers will be amused by the epilogue to my little story. As we sailed by the Statue of Liberty on our return, I remembered poor old Longfellow still holding the line. Immediately on landing I rushed to my penthouse apartment and, sure enough, there was the receiver still lying on its side.

I picked it up and said "Hello?" "Oh, Dick," said Longfellow, continuing the conversation where it had been left off, "the lumbermen's strike has been won!" "By the mills?" I queried. "No," replied Longfellow, "by the lumbermen." And that, dear readers, is why my latest book costs $3.00 instead of $2.50. I *know* you won't mind.

The author is seen after going native in Turkey. Surrounded by his harem he is smoking a narghile, or water-pipe. The narghile, as can be seen, has been modernized by Mustapha Kemal. If there is no heat, the smoker knocks on the pipe for the janitor.



Return, Oh Moses!

Continued from page 81

Hollywood at that time had no moral indignation.

What then kept heroines reasonably pure, ethical and heroic? It was none of our doing. We writers yearned to be Dreisers, Hemingways, Molnars and O'Neills. Directors were always wistfully demanding to do "something with guts, something real and grim and honest." Even supervisors and higher executives, burning under rebukes from the New York intelligentsia, nursed their inferiority complexes by periodically considering Joseph Moncure March's "The Wild Party" for production. No scruples of conscience, I repeat, held us in check.

Usually, it came to this: "They won't take it. The heroine's a tart and the hero's a heel. You gotta clean 'em up." By 'they,' the big boss meant, of course, the great, clean-hearted, romantic American public. Sometimes, we heard mutterings of the censorship in Pennsylvania and Ohio, rarely we were reminded that the Hays office might squawk. But in the majority of instances when we plotted the ethical curve of our characters' behavior we were obliged to keep in mind a definite, if mythical, audience reaction. Heroines could not be tarts. Come up and see us some time, Mae West! Heroes could not be heels. James Cagney, thou shouldst have been trying to sock women in those days!

It was not a decalogue we followed, however. Most of the Ten Commandments had been discarded before the talking pictures came in. But the movies did preserve well into 1931 a few shalt-nots. Ah me, perhaps I can remember:

1. Thou shalt do no murder unless punished for it, or at least, thou must stand trial and shed salt tears before a jury.
2. Thou shalt not commit adultery, if thou art a hero or a heroine, unless thou do it in a sober manner and with a full sense of sin and suffer punishment therefor.
3. Thou shalt not curse or speak any dirty words unless the sound track has been removed.
4. Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, excepting they be society people and very snooty.
5. Thou shalt not steal except in a worthy cause and thou must go to prison for it.

These abjurgations we accepted on my particular movie lot, not from any burning conviction of soul or general personal adherence to such a code, but because they were tacked up in every box office in the country. Ours not to reason why at $750 to $3500 a week! Ours but to do or let the option lapse. Some of us still believed in the full Ten Commandments, some of us were opposed to all five of the Shorter Code. But I think we were all fairly well agreed that the great American public was at heart incorrigibly idealistic. The spade-is-a-spade group groaned and cursed. The conservatives, being careful not ever to utter the dread word "chastity" within studio walls, went on writing happy endings.

Then "The Front Page" came along, blankety, blankety blank. And Hollywood, which slavishly follows Broadway, decided it was time to get tough. True, the final s-o-b of this rowdy epic was left off the sound track; but audiences, the boys discovered, could read lips. Followed then, the gangster cycle, the musical show black-out cycle, the back stage cycle and finally came the era of the Noble Prostitute. After that, the Deluge of Decency!

Just who glorified the scarlet woman first is a question I should not like to decide. Was it Miss Joan Crawford in "Rain?" Was it Miss Helen Hayes in the "Sin of Madelon Claudet?" Was it Miss Pickford's "Kiki" or Miss Shearer, Miss Chatterton, Miss Bow, Miss Harlow? They have all had a shot at it. Luckily, I had departed from Hollywood before prostitutes became noble. And I also missed the Rise of the Sacrificial Mistress and the Triumph of the Blithe Adulteress. We had a code in my day. We timid Victorians had glimpsed but never captured the vision. In our misguided way we were obliged to treat the nymph du pave as a pitiful, almost invariably moronish gal. That she could rise to heights of altruism, drama, self-sacrifice and insouciant gallantry we might have imagined. But I'm damned if the Boss wouldn't have said: "Nuts. They won't take it. You gotta reform her right at the start."

Well, they made pictures without any code for some time. I got a little worried about it not long ago and I wrote to a young executive I know out there. I inquired, timidly, whether all the boys weren't a bit upset by the absence of the good old Five Commandments. Didn't it make for rather muddled story lines and ethical curves? Also, I asked, how was the public taking it? What had become of the great pure-hearted, romantic American movie audience?

"You're still a goddam moralist, I see," my good friend wrote back. "You protest against tart heroines and adultery and everything. We're not in the business of teaching the American public religious principles. We're working to entertain them. I don't care what a character is or does, just so that character is honest and the story entertains. You ask about the box office. Have you seen the figures on Mae West's last two pictures? Go sit on a tack."

Well, that brings me to Miss Mae West. She became the mainstay of the non-code cycle. The public, apparently, took "Diamond Lil" and "I'm No Angel." I had a swell time at both pictures. But I must insist that Mae West is really no argument favoring the Rise of the Sacrificial Mistress and the Triumph of the Blithe Adulteress. Miss West does not even portray the Noble Prostitute. She is the only honest bad woman of the lot. She is coarse, vulgar, rowdy and dumb. She has made no effort to endow the characters she portrays with the beauty of a nun or the wholesome strength of a faithful wife or the injured innocence of a maiden. Her wit never rises above the bagnio. She might say with Popeye, "I yam what I yam." She belongs to the code.

Compare Miss West, for instance, with Miss Anna Sten in the recent "Nana." One is frankly and honestly a bawd; the other is a phony, sentimental concoction. No one could imagine a normal American girl wanting to emulate Mae West. But Miss Sten—ah, what noble virtue there, my young countrywomen! What suffering, what sacrifice, what strength and arrogance.

"Design for Living" seemed to me to be a far better case for pleading the desirability of the no-code régime. For here we have the glitter of brazen immorality. Miss Miriam Hopkins parades across the screen with the glamour of Bohemia, gowns by Chanel, mots by Ben Hecht. She is beautiful and clever and she sleeps with two men. Not content with this virtuosity, she marries the comic cuckold and gayly runs out on him to return to polygamy.

When I saw this I could imagine, shudderingly, the scene in the conference room in the good old days had this Noel Coward whimsicality come up for adaptation. "The heroine's a tart, the heroes are two heels and it makes adultery funny. I don't know what we can do with this except maybe lay it in Florida and have 'em all drowned in a hurricane. That'd put it over for L. A. and Glendale."

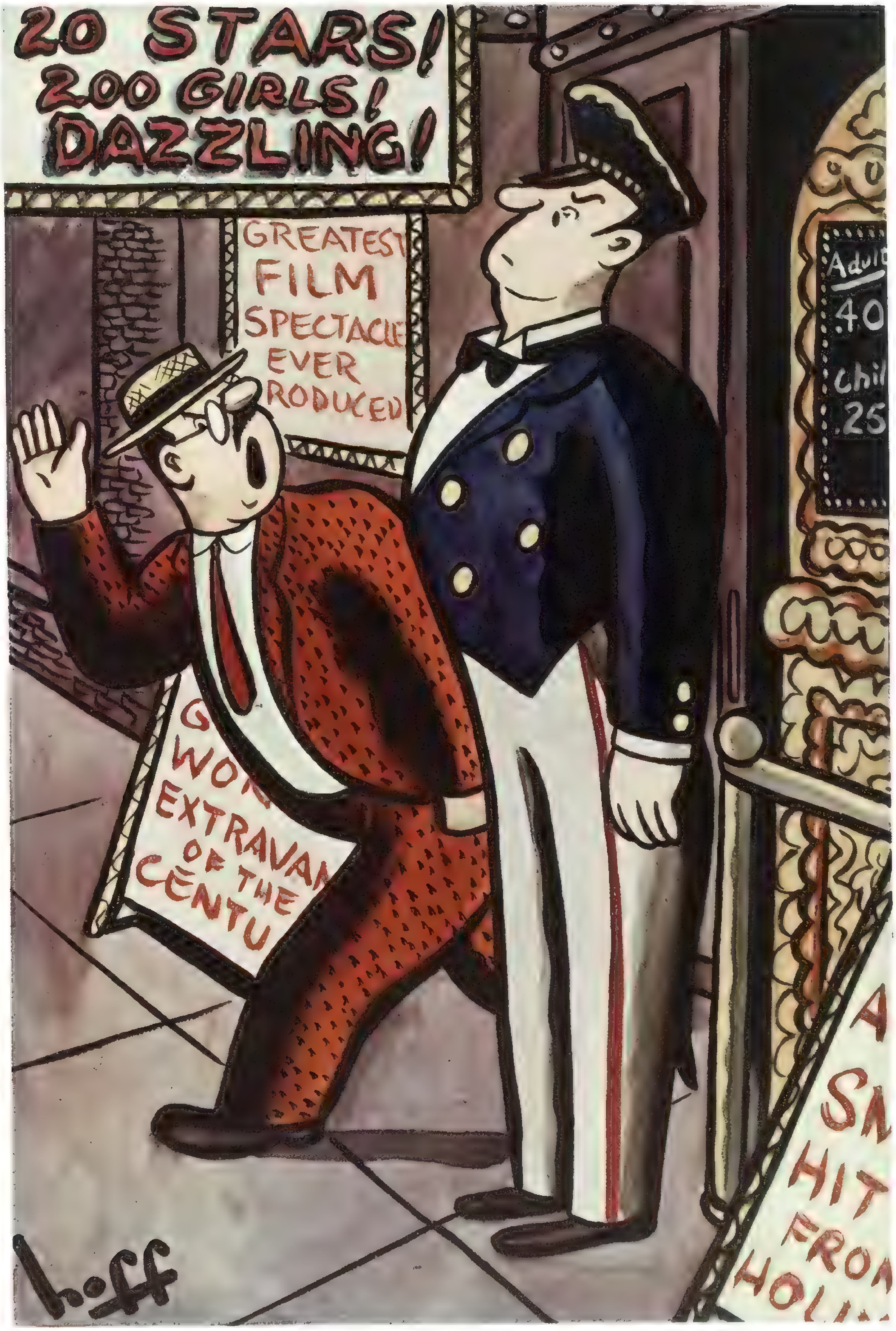
Now, this country has had more than its share of moralistic cant in the past. But I think it is getting more than its share of immoralistic cant and phony liberalism now. It seems to me as dishonest to sentimentalize viciousness as to drool over a virtue like mother love. To take the men and women of the screen—always idealized in the photographic process—and show them having a hell of a swell time stealing each other's mates, plying the oldest profession, adventuring in sex perversions, murdering and thieving with casual grace, looks to me like stretching it a bit liberally. As nearly as I can make out, after viewing two dozen of the latest Hollywood releases, our good old ethical curve of behavior has hit the following high spots:

1. Adultery is funny.
2. No heroine is ever chaste.
3. A prostitute is the noblest work of God.
4. Heroes sock women.
5. No woman knows Life unless she has had one illegitimate child.
6. Illicit love affairs are the only sweet, true and fine ones.
7. All characters representing respectable citizens are sure to turn up on the steps of a sporting house.

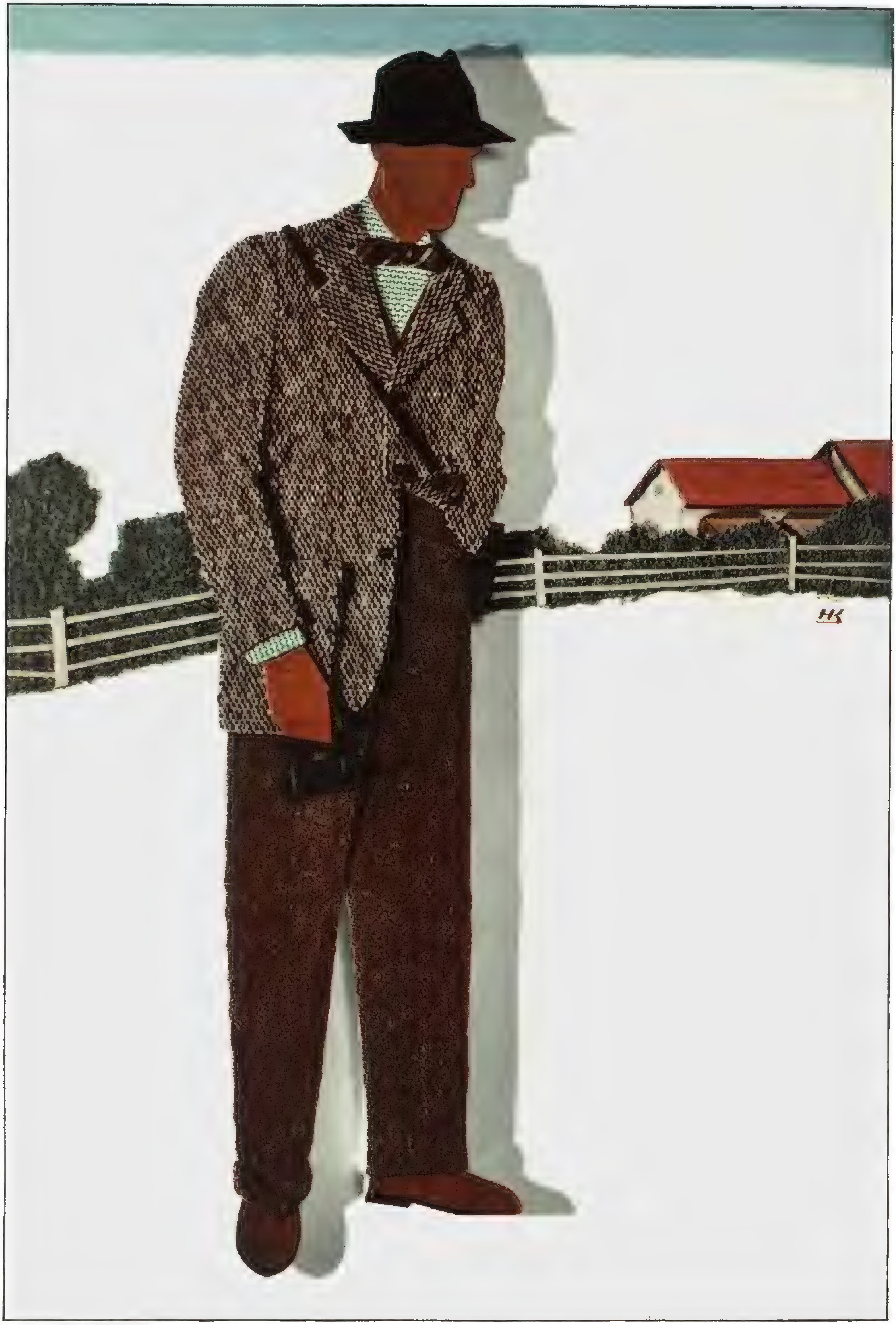
What the great romantic heart of American cinema audiences feels about all this, I do not profess to know. Currently, an effort is being made to rouse them. But from my own observations of audiences in my middle western home city, they are at present blandly indifferent. They wept over "Back Street" and "Little Women." They laughed at "Hips, Hips, Hooray" and "Mr. Skitch."

But be that as it may, the motion picture industry needs a code again. It may be that the Five Commandments are too many; that the current spree of false freedom and phony liberalism will render futile anything but one or two essentials. One should not expect worldly men and women receiving $1500 or $2500 a week to give anything but lip service to moral ideals. But at least two commandments should be forced upon the industry for its own preservation.

The first and great commandment should be this: "Thou shalt respect the sanctity of the home"; and the second is like unto it: "Thou shalt learn that Romance is thy very life and do nothing to take its name in vain."

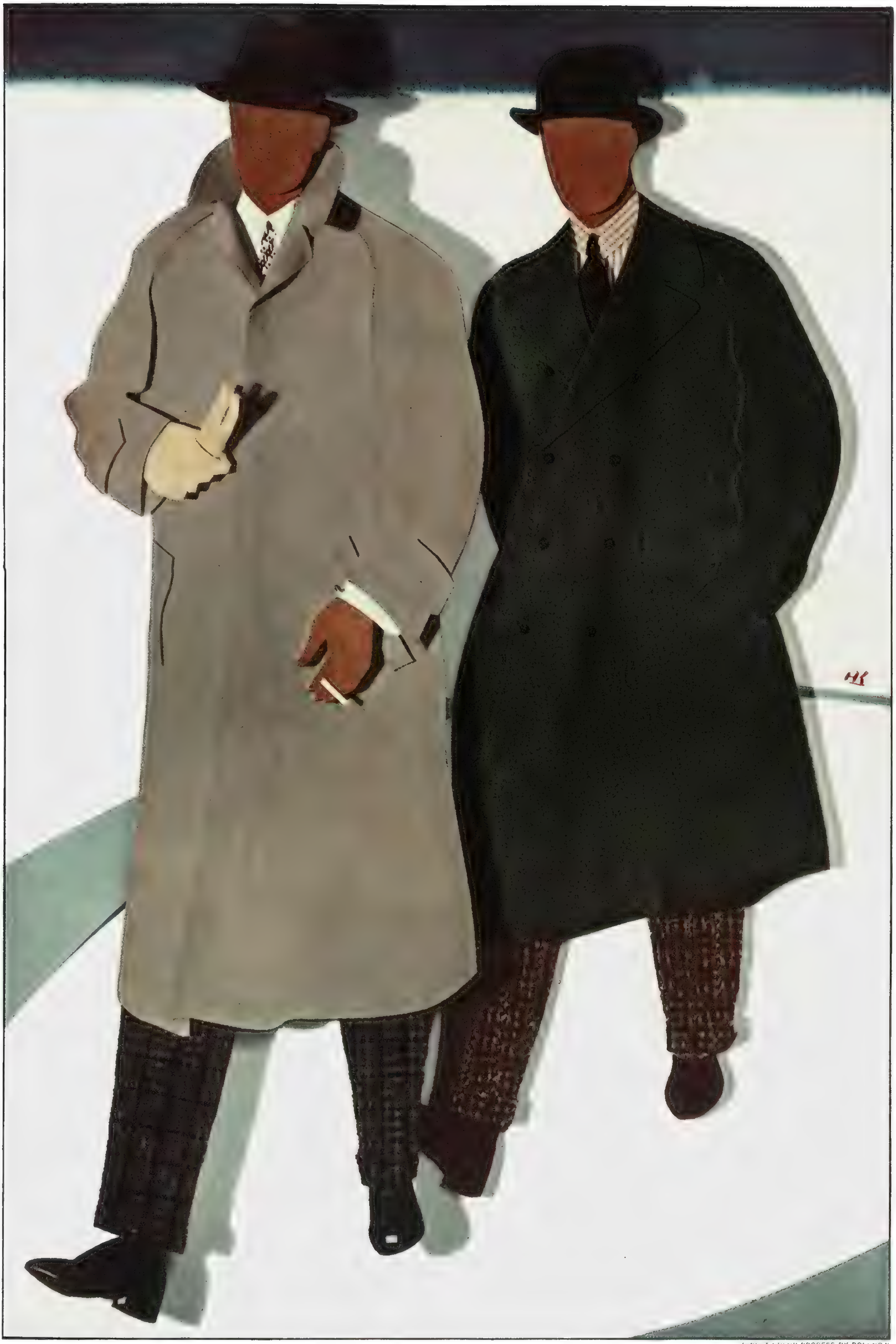

20 STARS! 200 GIRLS! DAZZLING!
GREATEST FILM SPECTACLE EVER RODUCED
G WOR EXTRAVAN OF THE CENTU
Adult 40
Chil .25
A SM HIT FROM HOLL
hoff

"Phooey!"



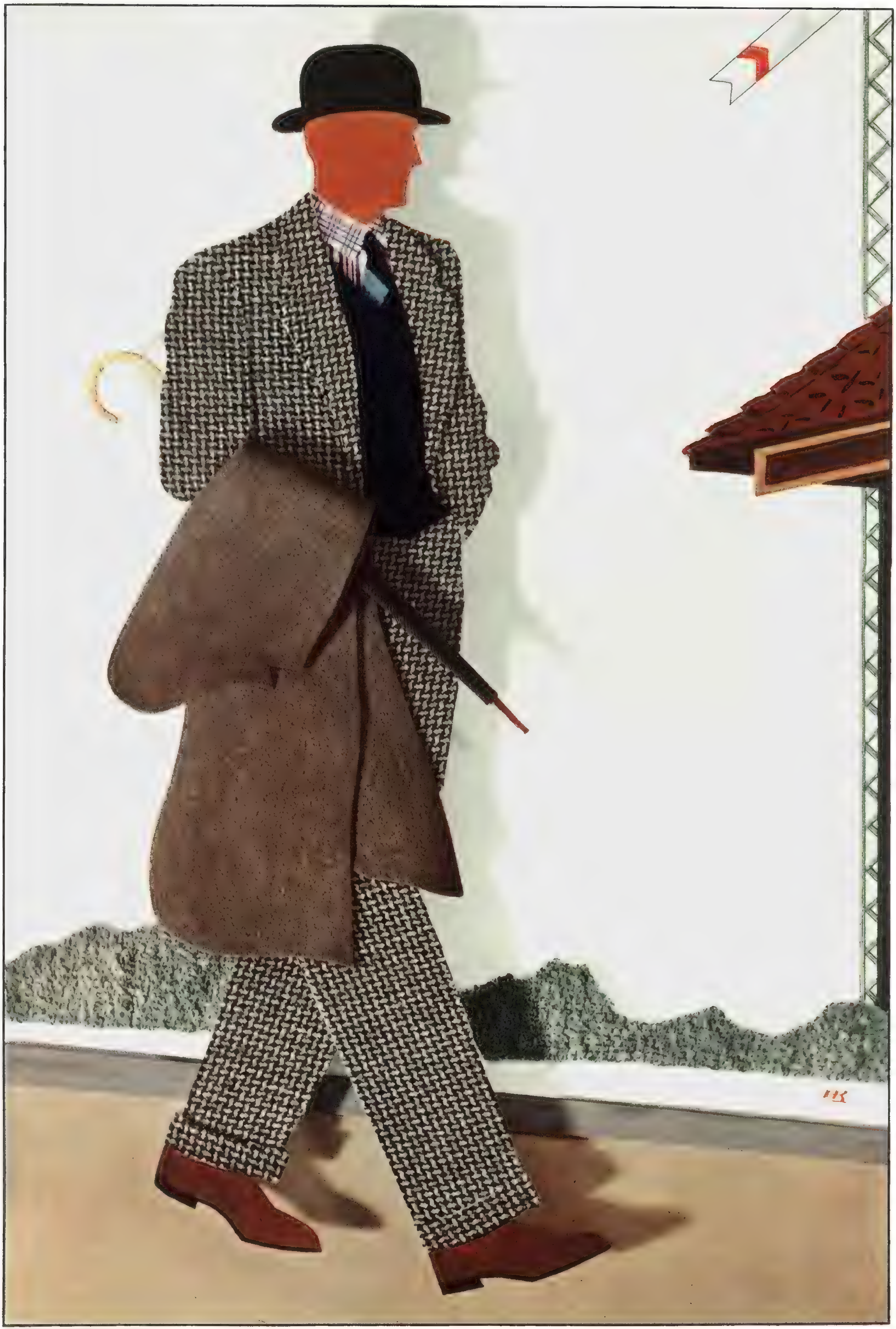
[illegible]

THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* COUNTRY WEAR



DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* RAINY WEATHER



DIRECT COLOR PRO[illegible] BY [illegible]

THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* COMMUTING WEAR

Our Literary Nudism

Continued from page 30

Being somewhat curious, I wanted to see what editing—if any—was done to certain passages distinguished for the new candor. I could have spared myself the trouble. The book-publisher not only preserved the phrase, but referred to it in large type in advertisements.

We find in the New York Times of January 30th, 1934, this announcement over the facsimile signature of the publisher.

"I don't believe the question on page 192 of Dashiell Hammett's 'The Thin Man' has had the slightest influence upon the sale of the book. It takes more than that to make a best-seller these days. Twenty thousand people don't buy a book within three weeks to read a five-word question."

Let us credit that statement with 100% sincerity.

I don't believe that "the five-word question" did make "The Thin Man" a best seller. It had conspicuous qualities far above it. But the famous question, taken in connection with the advertisement, certainly celebrates a degree of candor which few magazines have attained.

To be fair, however, let me add that I have since encountered the word, which made memorable this question, in "Anthony Adverse." There it occurs quite casually; but so much occurs, and quite casually, in that remarkable volume which has reached a crest of popularity attained, in recent years, only by miniature golf!

We seem to be welcoming a common condition of literary nudism. It is an artistic loss. Upon the pages of novels, as in nudist camps, we find too many people whose sole claim to attention is that they have their clothes off.

It is a cheap way to stir up excitement. It is far easier to provide oneself with the "courage" to copy the alley fence than to think up something really distinguished to say. It is far, far easier, that is, to be "courageous" than creative.

"Some booksellers are afraid to recommend this book," reads an advertisement just out as I am writing this. It continues:

"Be sure to ask for it. It's the year's sensation!

"Vigorous, original, bawdy and beautiful."

A very good friend of mine wrote this novel, which, with its "bawdy" pages, has chapters of great interest and beauty.

"I didn't show it to you," he told me. "No magazine could possibly have printed it."

Now, are the magazines wrong? Should we let down the bars further and faster than we are doing?

My own magazine cannot be accused of being crinoline-minded. We gave first publication not only to "The Thin Man" but to Sinclair Lewis' frank and realistic account of a modern feminist in love, "Ann Vickers."

Do you want the periodical publishers to follow the book-publishers and the theatrical producers, to the camps of the literary nudists?

Toujours L'Amour

Continued from page 37

rived but not Mademoiselle Petitpois' young man. Nine o'clock passed—still no young man. At ten, with an air of satisfaction, Madame Froidveaux locked the front door.

"Maurice," she said, "they have quarreled."

"Why not?" replied Maurice, yawning and pulling off his socks.

At ten-thirty the bell rang violently. Madame Froidveaux was instantly on the alert.

"Maurice," she said, sitting up in bed, "perhaps he has come after all!"

Maurice's only reply was a snore. The bell rang again, a prolonged ring followed by a few short, impatient ones.

"None of the locataires have that ring," said the concierge.

Again the bell rang, this time for a full minute without a let-up. An inspiration flashed across Madame Froidveaux's mind.

"If it is the young man," she said, "I shall know what to do!"

She shook Maurice vigorously. He awoke, groaning and protesting.

"Wake yourself up," said Madame, "I may need you."

She clambered heavily out of bed, pulled the cord and stationed herself by the glass panel in the door to see who was coming in.

It was Mademoiselle Petitpois' young man. He passed quickly by and headed for the stairs. The ascenseur was not working. The concierge threw open her door and called after him dramatically, "Attendez!"

The young man turned impatiently. "What do you want?" he demanded.

Madame Froidveaux lumbered over and stationed herself on the lowest step, barring the stairway.

"You desire, monsieur?" she demanded.

"What blague is this?" the young man demanded in turn. "You know well enough what I want. Stand aside!"

"No!" declaimed the concierge. "You are a stranger. Strangers are not permitted in the building after ten o'clock."

It was true. Individuals not residing in a building may, at the discretion of the concierge, be kept out after ten at night. The young man stared at her furiously. "Stand aside!" he repeated.

"No!" replied the concierge, spreading her arms melodramatically, resting one hand on the balustrade, the other on the wall.

"Very well then," said the young man grimly. He seized one of her arms and forced it aside. The concierge emitted a piercing shriek.

"Maurice!" she yelled, "he's murdering me!"

Maurice came padding out of the loge. The young man went on up the stairs followed by the concierge shouting imprecations and threatening to call the police Maurice followed them both. Heads popped out of doorways at every landing and locataires joined the procession to the top floor. There the door opened and Mademoiselle Petitpois appeared in the doorway.

"What is it, Leon?" she demanded, looking at the young man.

"This daughter of Satan tried to prevent me from coming up," he replied.

"He has no right—he does not live here. It is after ten. It is the law," bellowed the concierge, placing herself between Leon and the door.

"Stand aside I tell you," said Leon threateningly.

"Maurice!" yelled the concierge, "he is going to try to murder me again!"

Maurice, the eyes of all the locataires upon him, drew himself up so that he reached the young man's chin. "Not so fast, my little one, not so fast," he bluffed.

"Aside!" shouted Leon, "or I will give you a blow!"

He waved his fist under Maurice's nose. Maurice retaliated by waving his fist under the young man's nose. They stood that way, shouting at each other, their shaking fists a bare inch away from each other's noses. But neither fist traveled that remaining inch. The reason was a good one. You may wave your fist an inch from a Frenchman's nose with impunity. But let your knuckle so much as graze that nose and it costs you sixty francs. The law is very clear on that point. It costs exactly $3.98 to punch a Frenchman.

Meanwhile the exchange of insults went thick and fast. Madame Froidveaux gave Maurice some fancy verbal support and Mademoiselle Petitpois showed herself no slouch either. She called Maurice a head of veal, a Chinaman and a camel, which, in the order named, are about the three worst things you can call a Frenchman. At last she could bear it no longer.

"Strike him, Leon!" she cried, "strike him! I will pay!"

Leon struck. Maurice went down. Mademoiselle pulled Leon into the apartment and locked the door.

In France the concierge is sacred but another thing too is sacred—l'amour. Toujours l'amour, mes amis! The elderly magistrate listened to the case attentively. He heard Madame Froidveaux's story. He gazed upon the swollen nose of Maurice. Then he listened to Mademoiselle Petitpois as she explained that she had given her heart to Leon.

"And how long have you known him, my child?" inquired the magistrate tenderly, his eye lingering on her crossed silken knees.

"Almost a year," whispered Mademoiselle Petitpois.

The magistrate turned a severe gaze upon the concierge. He fined her one hundred francs for attempting to interfere with Mademoiselle Petitpois' private life.

"But your honor—the law—strangers after ten—" she began, her face the color of diluted vin rouge.

"He is no stranger," declaimed the judge sternly. "He is her lover!"

This defeat, the first in her long and stormy career as a concierge, rankled in Madame Froidveaux's enormous bosom. Day and night it gave her no peace. She redoubled her vigilance, watching, so far as it was possible, every move of Mademoiselle Petitpois and her young man. Soon her alertness was rewarded.

It was the custom of the young man, during the long moments when the ascenseur

Continued on page 90

Toujours L'Amour

Continued from page 89

was carrying him at a snail's pace to the top floor, to pare and clean his finger nails with a pen knife. One evening, when the temperamental ascenseur gave one of its frequent unexpected jerks, he jabbed the point of the pen knife into his finger, drawing blood. This excited and unnerved him. He drew a handkerchief hastily from his back pocket to stem the flow. In doing so, he pulled out a letter which, unnoticed in his agitation, dropped to the floor of the ascenseur and was carried down with it.

The next locataire to enter the lift picked it up and turned it over to the concierge. The envelope, already opened, was addressed to M. Leon Bourdet. Madame Froidveaux looked at it a minute, then she pulled the curtains on the door, drew the letter out of the envelope and proceeded to read it. As she did so, a beautiful warmth crept through her. She sucked her mustache with the satisfaction of a cat licking its whiskers.

"Maurice," she said, "he is deceiving her—Mademoiselle Petitpois' young man. He has a wife in Lyon!"

"Why not?" mumbled Maurice, already sunk in his after dinner stupor.

"Listen to what she writes him" she went on, reading from the letter. "'I am so happy that you are returning soon to my embraces, my dear husband. We will be so happy together again. This sum of money you say you have obtained with which we will go far away—you have not written where you have obtained it. Have you then gained so much in your affairs in Paris? How fortunate we are!'"

It concluded with many endearments which Madame Froidveaux read with much smacking of the lips.

"That sum of money," she surmised shrewdly, and again accurately, "he must be getting that from Mademoiselle Petitpois. And he plans to run off with it to his wife—of whom Mademoiselle without doubt knows nothing. Quelle cochonerie! But now I will know what to do to make them both suffer as I have suffered!"

The next day, some hours after the young man had departed, Mademoiselle Petitpois came down. The concierge stopped her.

"Here is a letter your friend dropped by accident in the ascenseur, Mademoiselle," said the concierge. "Shall I hold it until he passes by again—or will *you* give it to him?"

"I will take it," said Mademoiselle Petitpois, going out with the letter.

Madame Froidveaux looked after her with one of her rare smiles.

"Perhaps she will not read it," ventured Maurice, "but merely return it to him."

Madame Froidveaux looked at him with contempt. "A lot you know about women!"

Mademoiselle Petitpois was a young woman of determination and a well organized mind. As soon as she read the letter (which she did immediately upon rounding the corner) she went directly to the post office and sent Leon a pneumatique telling him she had to see him at once. Then she stopped into a gunsmith's and purchased a revolver, doing quite a bit of haggling over the price, since as she reflected, she was only going to use it once. Finally, she went back home to wait for the arrival of Leon. For all practical purposes that young man might just as well already have been planted six feet under a tombstone.

As she passed the concierge's loge, Madame Froidveaux stopped her and drinking in with relish the expression on her face, lied, "I forgot to say that I would have given your friend himself the letter but I failed to notice him pass by this morning."

"It doesn't matter," hissed Mademoiselle Petitpois, hurrying on.

A little later a pneumatique arrived from Leon stating he would come that evening.

"Things are beginning to happen already," said Madame Froidveaux, with satisfaction.

When Leon arrived and went up, Madame Froidveaux grew tense with expectancy. She stood at the foot of the stairs straining her ears for the sounds of conflict that she knew would come. Soon the first waves of it rolled down the stairway—voices raised in furious argument. The sounds grew in intensity and volume. A few yells began to emerge, some crashes as of broken crockery, shrieks, screams, the crash of furniture, all working up to a crescendo in which all these noises were mingled. Then the sound of a door flung violently open, yells from Leon, shrieks from Mademoiselle Petitpois and Leon came dashing madly down the stairs, Mademoiselle Petitpois hot after him, revolver in hand. The locataires, who had been listening at their open doors to the fray, ducked their heads back. The concierge dashed into her room. Leon took the last five steps at a leap, looked around wildly for a hiding place and in desperation dashed into the concierge's room. Mademoiselle Petitpois came in after him just as he was about to crawl under the bed. She fired. The shot went wild. Madame Froidveaux let out an unearthly shriek. The bullet had struck the stone mantel of the fireplace, ricocheted and hit Madame Froidveaux in the big toe of her right foot. Mademoiselle Petitpois fired again. This time the bullet found its mark. Leon lay motionless, his troubles over forever. The concierge, sitting on the floor, was shrieking wildly and holding her right foot in both hands. Maurice was jumping up and down helplessly like a caged chimpanzee. Mademoiselle Petitpois was sobbing silently. That is how the police found them.

The trial was a sensation. Mademoiselle Petitpois, appearing in a stunning black outfit, melted all hearts in the court-room with her attitude of wistful melancholy. When her attorney, in a voice as rich and resonant as the lower stops of an organ, described how "this poor little dove, this helpless little lamb, this pathetic victim of l'amour" had been deceived by the black-hearted Leon, how he had sucked her dry and planned to cast her aside, broken on the wheel of love, the jury of middle-aged Frenchmen could not restrain its tears. The judge too let fall a tear as he gazed from his high bench down into Mademoiselle Petitpois' immaculate bosom. Clearly, it was a crime passionel. When a man deceives, what less can a woman do than avenge her broken heart? The jury acquitted her. It is an old French custom.

But even as the words of congratulation were ringing in her ears, another cloud was forming swiftly over the head of Madame Petitpois. Madame Froidveaux had instituted suit against her. Madame Froidveaux had been shot in the great toe of the right foot. To be sure the wound was not serious—she had to keep the toe tied up for a week or so. All the same, it was a wound. Madame Froidveaux sought redress.

This trial was a different affair entirely. The facts were clear—there was no gainsaying them. The judge took no time at all in finding Mademoiselle Petitpois guilty. She had to pay the concierge five hundred francs damages. She had to pay the costs of the action. She had to listen to a severe lecture from the judge on the consideration and respect due a concierge. In la belle France you may shoot a lover and be forgiven, but ma foi! shooting a concierge, even by accident, that is another thing!

The Life of Reilly

Continued from page 23

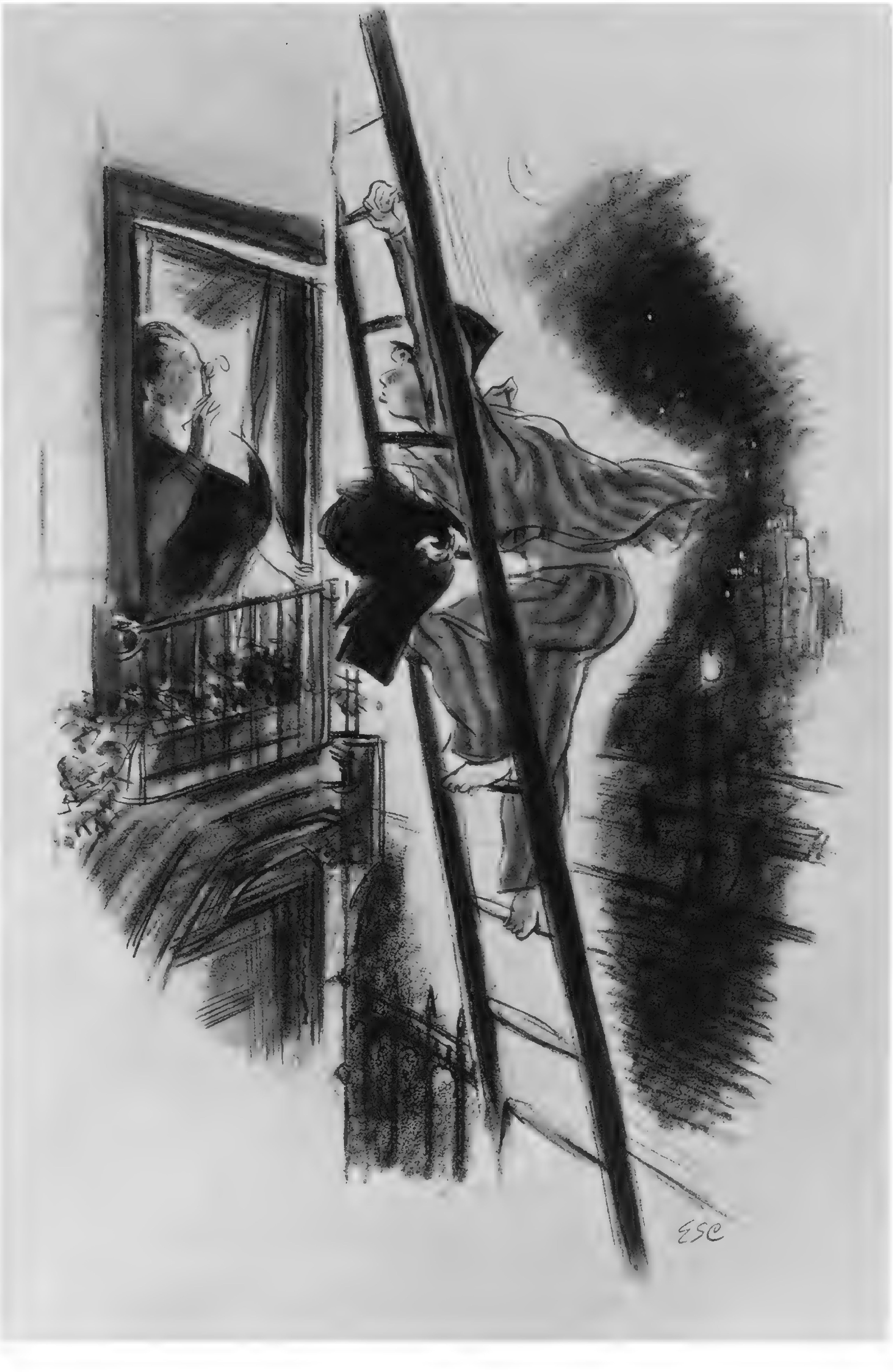
Bill McGeehan, who died last year, was a shy, amiable man but a magnificent endurance-hater with a knack for satire which made him one of the great newspaper writers of the United States. In his last years he worked for the Herald-Tribune and received $100 a day on a play-or-pay basis. If he didn't turn in a column he was docked $100.

But he was no money lover. He was sick a long time and would write or wouldn't according to his vitality and his mood. Anyway, he was cheap at his price for he was a philosopher and artist whose pieces will be culled out of the old papers some day and printed in books. People outside the circulation range of the Herald-Tribune seldom heard of him because he did not sell very well in the syndicate service. That is their misfortune.

After the War came Dempsey and the Million-Dollar and Multi-Million-Dollar Prizefight and Babe Ruth. The first Million-Dollar Prizefight was one of those mockeries. Georges Carpentier was not only too little for Dempsey but passé as well and Rickard asked Dempsey to tote him along for a few rounds for the pleasure of the customers and the fair name of the prizefight profession. Mr. Dempsey agreed to do so and did until Carpentier impudently popped him with a right-hand lead to the chin in Round Two. At the end of the round, Mr. Dempsey's manager, Jack Kearns, said, "Do not fool around with this bum no more," and Mr. Dempsey walked out to throw in some lefts and rights to the face and body, as the phrase goes.

The baseball industry secretly needled the standard baseball and the home-run, which had been almost as rare as the straight flush in poker, became common, though not commonplace. The customers loved their illusion about the home run and refused to let themselves believe that the ball which Babe Ruth,

Continued on page 92



"I'm sorry lady—but this is one time I don't give a damn how I look"

The Life of Reilly

Continued from page 90

Ken Williams, Cy Williams, George Kelly and numerous others were bunting over the outfield walls was any different from the missile which had been used in the era when a dozen home runs in a season was the individual record. Ruth presently hit fifty-nine in one year, and finally, sixty. The customers refused to discount the Babe's stupendousness even when autopsical data were published comparing the home-run or jack-rabbit ball with the old-fashioned hit-and-run or 'possum ball. They enjoyed being deceived and the sport-writers gave up trying to undeceive them after a while and just went along.

The Big Fight, the home run, Paavo Nurmi, Lenglen, Tilden, Hagen, Jones and Red Grange naturally attracted attention to the sport page and created the opportunity for sport writers to make from $15,000 to $100,000 a year with Rice, Runyon, and McGeehan leading.

Ring Lardner had been a sport writer but his newspaper copy was not his best work. He attracted little attention until he began to write his Busher series for The Saturday Evening Post. He continued to do his newspaper column for the Chicago Tribune for a few years after that but he was on his way now to become a great short-story writer and humorist and his column was neither sport copy nor the best Lardner. He worked until he died and close to the end, when Grant Rice called on him one day, he was lying in bed with his typewriter on his legs.

"I am trying to think of something that will make them laugh," he said, so weary and weak that he could not open his eyes.

New sport writers have been coming on in the meanwhile, some of them sport editors and columnists, some just columnists, some just reporters following the ball-clubs, the racing shells, fighters, football teams and steeds.

The best football reporters in the United States are in Boston. The most prejudiced fans in the profession, who include, incidentally, some of the best though not the fanciest workmen, are employed by the California papers, where they root home their winners the year around and try to conceal the fact that they were born elsewhere. An Indiana or Pennsylvania Californian is in somewhat the same position as an octoroon in white company. He hopes you will say nothing about it. If you do confront him with that damned spot which will not out, he can only plead that he went to California where the champions grow as soon as his early circumstances permitted.

There are three California sport editors, Harry B. Smith, and Tommy Laird of San Francisco and Mark Kelly of Los Angeles, who know more about sport and the people of sport than any others. Mr. Smith is a Californian but the other two are trying to live down their shame and succeeding moderately.

It would be very brash of me to attempt to rate or even list the good sport-writers.

Generally, the best are to be found in New York and Chicago where the pay is best and the publishers, with their syndicate and chain-store connections, are able to bid in good men who put their heads up elsewhere. They can parlay the expense of the high-priced man's base pay. Or they may retain him on a modest base pay and fatten his check with royalties from the customer-papers out along the line.

But the generality would have to note exceptions in the case of Harry Salsinger, of the Detroit News, a fine journalist with a background of book-knowing; Ralph McGill, of the Atlanta Constitution; Jack Bell, of Miami, Fla.; Ed Wray of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch; Bob Considine, of the Washington Herald; and Walter Stewart of the Memphis Press-Scimitar.

Mr. Stewart lived in New York a while, writing fiction for the pulps. He wrote mostly about adventure in the Foreign Legion. He has never been East of Coney Island but pulp fictioneers often write about life on Mars and life in A. D. 5000.

I could name twenty other exceptions who have not moved into big jobs in New York or Chicago because they owned homes or didn't want to move or, somehow, were not bidden in. But this is not intended to be a list or a yoo-hoo to my personal friends. In fact, Mr. Bell, of Miami, has been cross at me for some years because I once composed some living human documents about the gambling trade in Miami which he thought tactless, unethical and wantonly unkind to those of Nature's Noblemen who were conducting games of little or no chance. Still, I think he writes a stylish, gallopy piece.

The best sport-writing jobs, not in order but just in a bunch, are those held by Rice and Runyon, Willie Corum, Gallico, Joe Williams, Dan Parker, John Kieran, Davis Walsh, Eddie Neal, Henry McLemore, and Harry Grayson. Willie Corum is the columnist for the New York Journal and other afternoon Hearst papers. Joe Williams is the sport editor and the columnist for the New York World-Telegram and columnist, as well, for the other twenty-five Scripps-Howard papers. Dan Parker, in the New York Mirror, writes a boisterous, truculent 800-a-day, and is, next to McGeehan, the master, the most redoubtable and indefatigable hater in the trade. But he is a counter-hater. He won't hate you unless you start it. Mr. McGeehan liked to lead off. Mr. Parker's feud with James J. Johnston, the matchmaker of the Madison Square Gardens Corporation, now going into its third year, has been a classic affaire of old-fashioned personal journalism. Mr. Johnston probably will sue him and his paper for libel one of these days. But if so he will have to take six cents, at most, because he has been heard to remark, in trying to laugh off some of Mr. Parker's unkindest cuts, that all this mention was but a help to him in his business. You cannot mulct a man in damages for helping you in your business.

Mr. Kieran, of the New York Times, knows the names of birds and flowers and the ferns in the bosky dell and is, as you might say, the spirit of the Atlantic Monthly in a realm of sweat, liniment and cauliflowers. But, though he is the favorite sport columnist of Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, I doubt that the Common Fan gets his meaning all times. He is so educated!

Mr. Walsh, the Gloomy Prince of the International News Service, forever fearing that things are going to take an abrupt turn for the better, conforms to my idea of par for the job of sport-editor and expert for a news service. This is a job which requires style in the writing but speed, brevity and a very peculiar know-how not essential in any other sport-department job. It calls for a flash-and-bulletin man with a thorough knowledge of all sports, a strong back, endurance, enthusiasm, and with it all, class.

On the Associated Press, Alan Gould, as sport editor, is more a department executive than a soloist. His department is big and he is in somewhat the same position as the chief of the Washington Bureau who also does pieces but, for his principal business, handles a staff and takes the responsibility for getting stories covered, written and moved, fast.

His soloist is Ed Neal, who won one of the Pulitzer awards for a piece about the crash of the German sled on the Olympic bob-run at Lake Placid. Mr. Neal went down the groove which curls through the rocks and groves on the face of Mount Van Hoevenberg with one of the American bob-teams. As his sled tripped the gadget at the finish, notifying the starter at the top that the run was now clear, the Germans shoved off. They left the run on an icy curve, sailed a few yards and wrecked themselves against the boulders and trees. Mr. Neal was in a position to write very feelingly about it all.

The McLemore boy is coming up. For a year or two he seemed to have only a wild desire to write. This is very good for a boy but to get the best out of the desire he ought to know how. I have not seen a young newspaper writer in twenty years with McLemore's story sense. He sees them where they apparently ain't. He also pines to write pretty and make the customers laugh and lately he has learned the way.

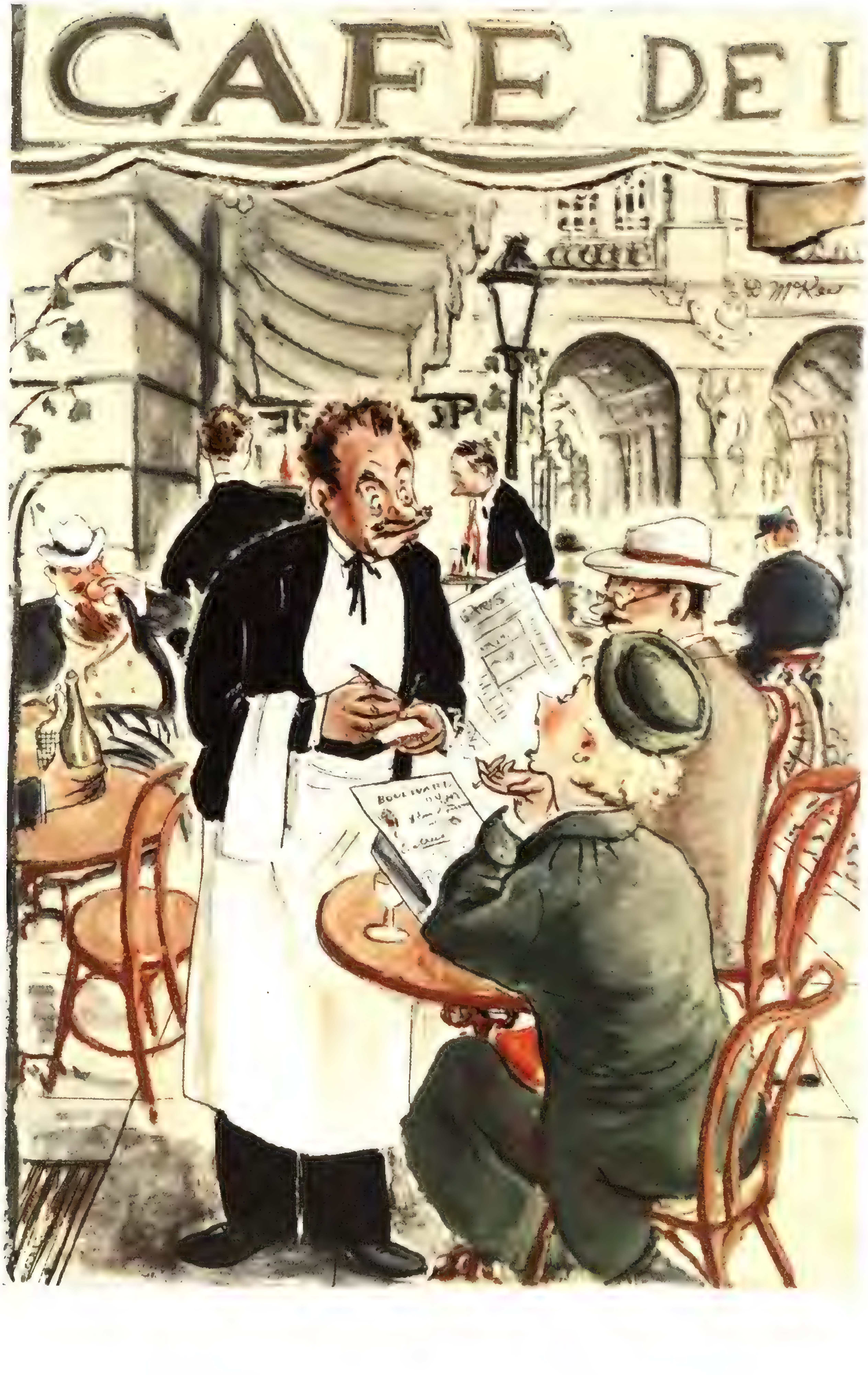
Harry Grayson has recently been named sport editor of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, the biggest of the editorial canned-goods companies, with headquarters in Cleveland. It is a big job of sport-writing and department management. The customer papers, in commentary on his work, have been using about twenty-five per cent more N. E. A. sport copy than they were using before. He can write, cover, and hunch.

These jobs pay from $7,500 to $30,000 a year and, with the income from their spellbinding on the radio which some of the boys derive, their pay is augmented about thirty per cent.

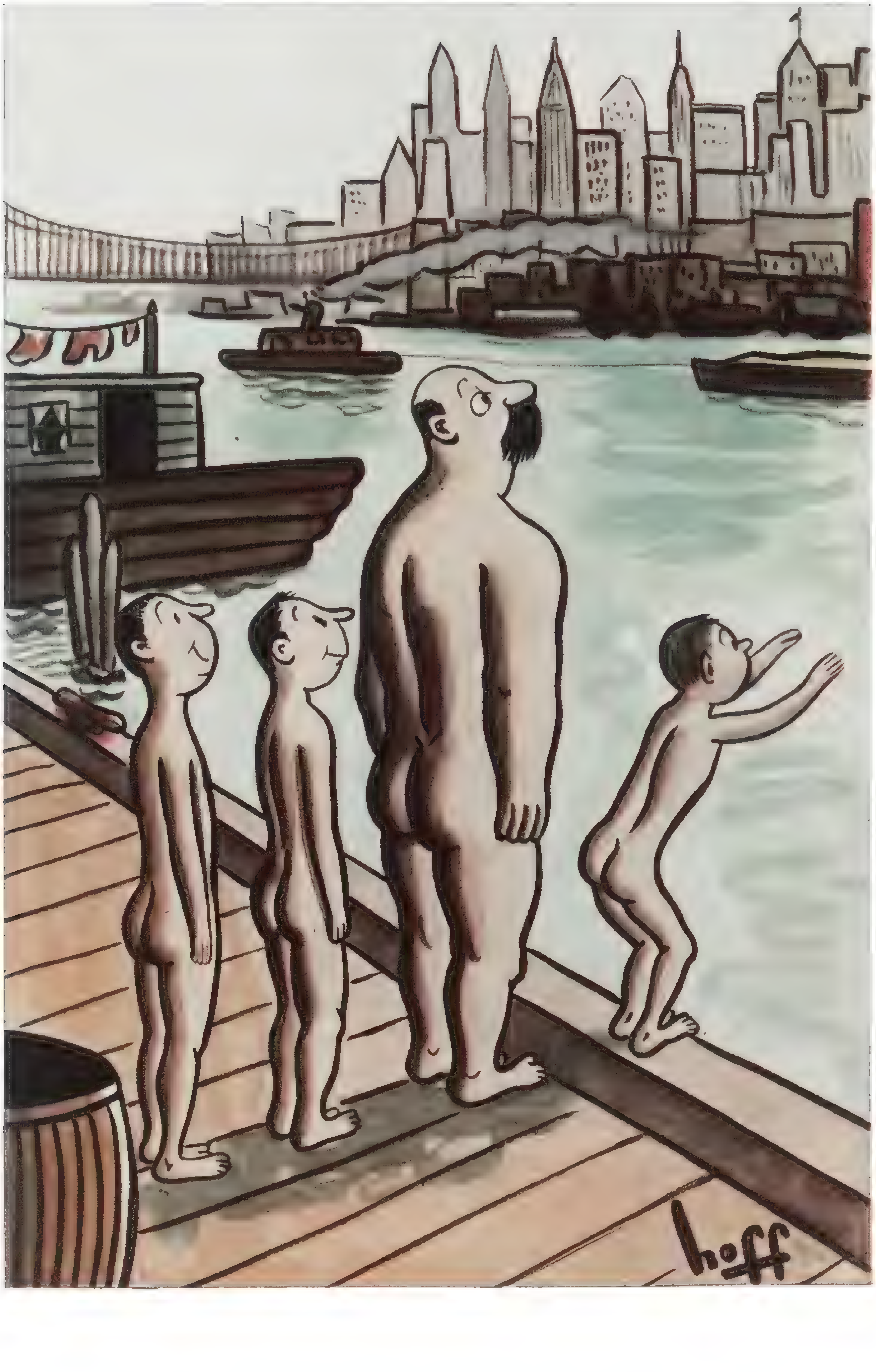
The non-editing, non-columning, non-man-about-towning specialists such as Rud Rennie and Ed Burns in baseball, Stanley Woodward and Bob Harron in football and Bob (Collapsible) Kelly, the man who wrote the book and knows more than anyone else about rowing, do not reach the top range of the columnists' pay. But their jobs are much better than the star reporter's on the news side and of course they often outwrite the columnist.

A fight a week. A tennis or golf tournament now and again where the green grass grows all around. Travel. Expense account. Five hundred words a day or maybe eight-hundred and nothing to do till tomorrow.

A deadly grind, my friends.


CAFE DE L
PARIS

"Do you have French Frys?"


hoff

Please Don't Let It Be the Same

Continued from page 65

"Nothing," he said, looking down, munching a doughnut.

"But you've really come back?" she said incredulously. "I'm out at ma's you know?"

"Yeah, I know."

"Look—Joe, where you staying?"

"Listen, I ain't going out *there*," he mumbled, his mouth full.

"No. That ain't what I mean. Where you staying?"

"At a cousin of mine's. Out south. I been doing odd jobs around."

"Gee, you could of let me know," she said.

He reached a big red chapped hand over the table and patted her arm.

When they rose to go he said, "You didn't eat your doughnuts."

"I guess I was so excited I was half nuts," she said. "You grab them, Joe. No use letting them sel' them all over again."

"No," he said. "I ain't really hungry. I just ate supper a little while ago." But when she turned he slipped the two big doughnuts into his pocket and brushed away the trace of powdered sugar.

He rode out west on the "L" with her, very quiet, so that she had to do the talking. There were so many things she wanted to ask him now, but she didn't want to risk upsetting him.

"Did you hear the one about the girl that married the trombone player?" she asked, grinning. "One of the girls at the store was telling me."

He shook his head, so she told him the story about the girl and the trombone player, and then the one about the Frenchman and the Englishman.

Joe began to laugh. "Reminds me," he said. "Some riddles my cousin was pulling on us the other night. What's the difference between a barmaid in the morning and a barmaid at night?"

They told stories and riddles and laughed all the way out and were in good humor as they approached the flat. But Joe wouldn't go in and Mae knew enough not to urge him. "Look," she said, after thinking a minute. "I got passes to the neighborhood movie, good for any night this week. I got them from the kid next door. He's an usher. Look, why don't you go to the poolroom or somewhere then and wait and I'll sneak out soon's I can and meet you?" She began to laugh quietly. "It'll be like old times, huh?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. Then, "All right. What time?"

"I can be in front of the show at eight."

"Oke."

They stood there in the hall. Mae felt shy. She smiled nervously and started upstairs, but felt his hand on her arm and stopped. He pulled her back gently and kissed her. When she felt his lips and the pressure of his arms she went weak and thought she was going to faint. He held her a long time and she clung to him.

"Gee, ma'll think I got run over," she said finally. "Look—I better go in. Eight o'clock, huh?"

"Oke," Joe said, "eight o'clock."

He was breathing hard. So was she. Tears began to come as she ran upstairs.

She got out of the house at half past seven and went to the box office of the movie and bought two tickets. Then she went to the drug store and looked at the magazines while she waited for eight o'clock. When it was time she found Joe in front of the movie.

"Come on," she said.

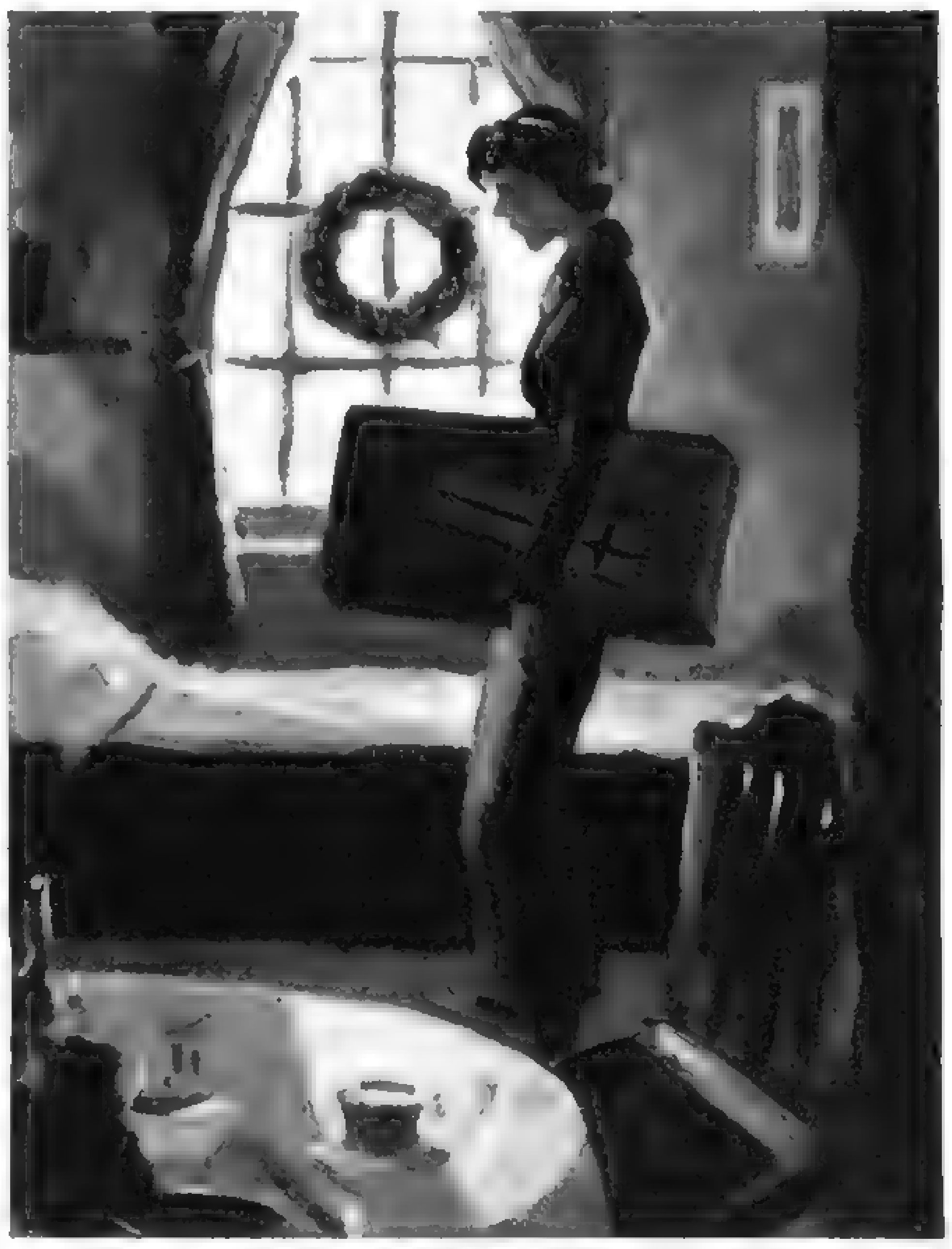
She managed to cover the tickets with her hand as the man tore away the halves.

"Let's go upstairs," Joe said. "We can see better."

"You can't though, Joe. It's better down. Don't you remember?"

"No, I mean it's easier for your eyes upstairs," Joe insisted.

"All right."



They went upstairs and Joe sat her down in the last row, right under the projection booth. They could hear the whirr of the motor and occasionally a word that passed between the operator and his assistant.

After maybe ten minutes Joe's hand slid over and took Mae's. She pushed closer and smiled.

"Gee . . . Joe," she said. "Remember?"

Joe rubbed his calloused hand over her thin white one and grinned at her.

Presently Mae felt his arm go around her shoulder and then his hand cupped over her breast. She sighed and pushed her shoulder against him.

"Toots?" he said haltingly.

"What, Joe?"

"Nothing." Then he said, "You're all right. You know it?"

Mae looked up at him slowly and he kissed her. He kept making fumbling love to her through the picture, the projector motor whirring above them, neither of them looking at the screen.

They stayed until the show was closed. Outside, on the cold street, they were dazed; the city had been far away. They stood a few minutes, Joe shifting on his feet and looking about anxiously. It was hard for Mae to realize that they were not going home to their kitchenette.

"Well," Joe said, "it's colder than hell."

He took her arm and they started for her mother's. On the way he said, "God, I wish we had some place to go."

Mae pressed close to him.

When they were on the porch Joe took her in his arms again and she froze against him, trembling.

Finally he broke away. He looked out toward the street. "This ain't doing nobody any good," he said. "I better go."

Mae took his hand anxiously. "No—you're cold. Look—why don't you just step into the hallway by the radiator a while?"

"Well . . ."

Mae already had the door open. Joe stepped in. There was still heat in the hall and on a wall bracket a feeble electric bulb was glowing. In a little while Joe rose from the carpeted stairs and unscrewed the bulb. "Remember?" he said huskily, with a short quiet laugh.

From that night on they met as often as they could. Mae knew that she was happy and that was enough. She didn't try to analyze her feelings or foretell the future. She was knowing again what it was to be loved hungrily, to be necessary somehow to somebody, to be treated with the awkward gruff respect of a big rough man, and to be strong again herself, the comforter, and that was enough.

Sometimes Joe had money and then he made a regular date with her and took her somewhere to eat, but they never had any place to go afterward except the stuffy little hall of her mother's flat building. If only it were summer, Mae thought, and there would be places to go, the parks and like that.

One night when he left Joe told her he was going out of town for about a week to see about a job and would meet her the next Sunday. That night in bed she thought, "Please let Joe get the job. Please do. Please let Joe get the job."

Saturday afternoon as she was punching out she heard Joe's voice. "Hi, Toots."

Turning, she saw him standing there, so changed. He had on a new light gray hat, the kind he liked, and a new overcoat. She looked hard at the overcoat, then at Joe's eyes.

He nodded. "Yep," he said. "The same one."

They both began to laugh.

"Come on to dinner," he said. "We'll go to the College Inn."

"*Joe!* You got the job?"

He nodded, smiling cockily.

But when the time came again it was the same. Mae couldn't stay downtown in the hotel; her mother would think she was lost. Joe said to call up and tell her she was staying with a girl friend, but Mae insisted it would sound funny so late at night, so in the end they rode back out west on the "L" and walked to the flat and into the old hallway.

When he left, though, he said, "Listen, Toots, this kind of stuff is out now, see? No more sneaking around like a couple of punks. You can quit your job and come down to Gary with me. I got a hotel apartment all picked out. It's a lot like the last one only better."

"That's swell. Gee, that's swell, Joe." she said.

But that night she found it hard to sleep. She was vaguely unhappy in the midst of her happiness, without knowing why. Gee, that was a crazy way to be, Joe having a new job and all, but she couldn't help it. She fell asleep thinking. "Please let it be different this time. I'd almost rather Joe never had a job again if it was going to be the same. Please don't let it be the same."

A War Without a Truce

In the endless battle of wits between prisoners and keepers the wooden gun is an old trick

by JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The escape of John Dillinger from the Lake County, Indiana, jail, brought to public notice once again the extraordinary ingenuity of caged men in meeting, and in many instances overcoming, the obstacles put in the way of their escape. In the case of men like Dillinger these obstacles are unusual, as such men are watched much more closely than the general run of prisoners. Dillinger is the type known to old prison guards as "a real bad *hombre*," and one must know hard-boiled prison guards, whose daily fare is toughness and viciousness and depravity, to realize just how much of a back-handed compliment such a designation really is.

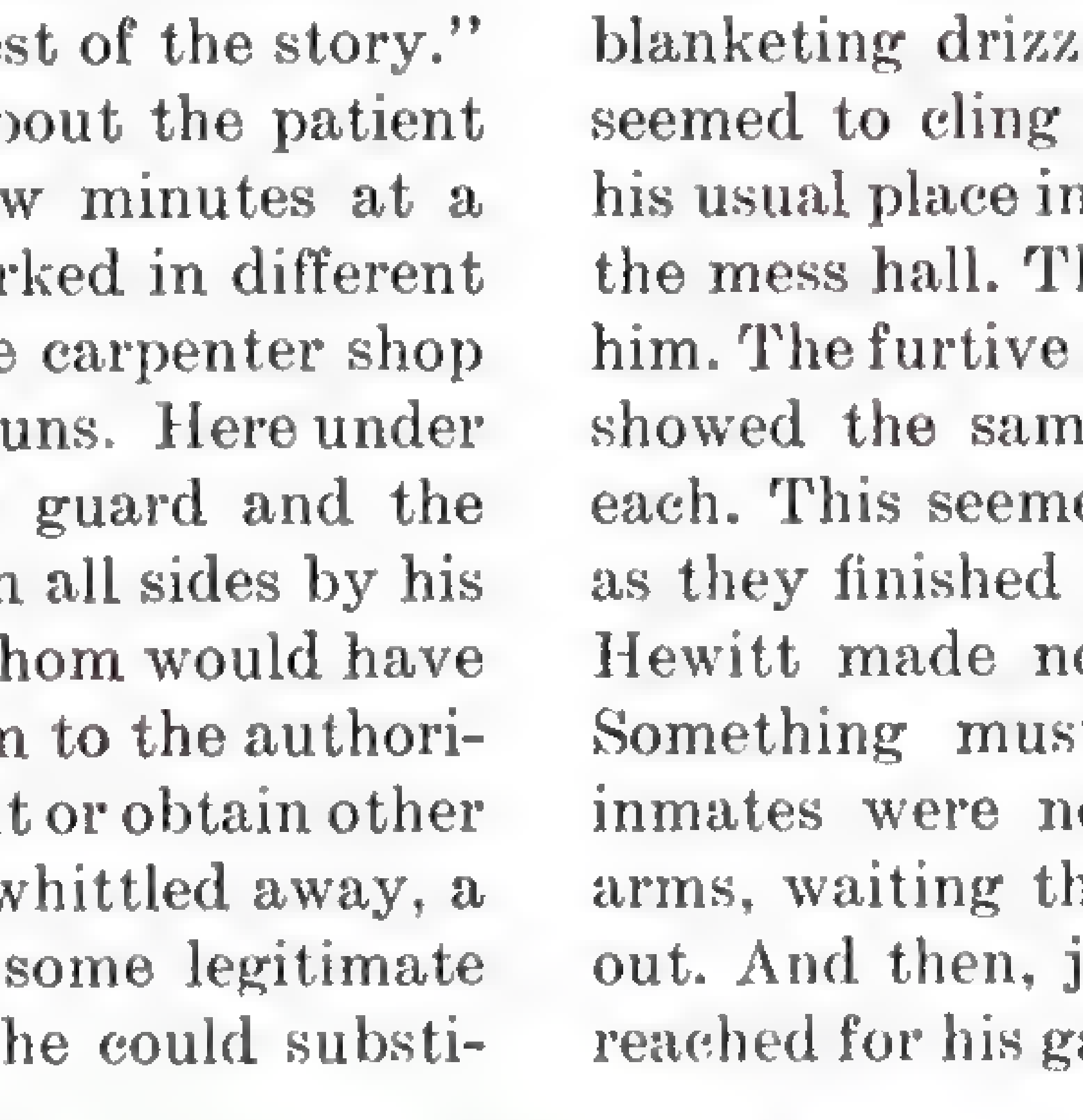
But the making of a fake gun out of wood, the trick used by Dillinger to effect his escape, is not new in the prison world by any means. As a matter of fact, it is one of the oldest of the choice collection of deceits and deceptions which are in the repertoire of every thoroughgoing criminal, no matter how new such tricks may seem to the general public. Escapes in this country by means of phoney guns have been engineered on numerous occasions. Indeed, one of the most famous and successful getaways staged in America in the past fifty years, in which seven lifers took French leave of the hospitality of their enforced home, was encompassed with nothing more than seven deadly looking but absolutely harmless "guns" whittled out of seven ordinary pieces of wood.

This was in the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, about twenty-three years ago. For months these prisoners, Murdock, Hewitt, Keating, Grigware, Gideon and two others, had tried to get real guns smuggled into the institution. But the prison was "airtight." Several times "Old Calamity" (the Deputy Warden) found guns "planted" on the prison grounds outside the enclosure, undoubtedly placed there in the hope that some outside "trusty" would bring them in. It was one of the Deputy Warden's duties to keep his finger on the pulse of the penitentiary by means of his informants ("stool-pigeons" if the other fellow happens to be using them), and he did it so effectively that he knew the guns were coming in before they got there.

The seven were discouraged. Then Murdock, a mild-mannered young man who looked exactly like the thousands of clerks one may see in any office building in the country, got the idea of the fake guns. He communicated his plan to the others. It was discussed pro and con in the prison yard during recreation periods, the only time they could get together. After every possibility of a slip-up had been weighed the plan was approved and work was immediately begun.

"The idea was," Murdock explained to me several years later when he was a prisoner-clerk in the office of Warden Morgan at Leavenworth, "to seize the engine which delivered freight cars into the yard over the switch which ran from the main line about a mile or so away and make for the open country. I had noticed that, when the car had been shunted into the yard and the engine was ready to leave, it was the practice of the engineer to blow the whistle as a signal to the guard to open the gate. There are two gates there, as you know. One is opened, the car goes in, then this gate is closed and the other one opened, the idea being that there is always one closed gate between the prison yard and the outside. But of course guards get careless and sometimes they opened the second gate before the first one was closed. Anyhow, we felt that we could tear the second gate off if necessary. You know the rest of the story."

Murdock said nothing about the patient work on the "guns," a few minutes at a time. Each of the men worked in different shops. Murdock was in the carpenter shop and he agreed to make the guns. Here under the very eyes of the shop guard and the foreman, and surrounded on all sides by his fellow prisoners, many of whom would have been delighted to report him to the authorities in order to win a time cut or obtain other favors, Murdock furtively whittled away, a minute or two at a time, some legitimate work always handy which he could substitute whenever an official or a prying inmate approached. Often he felt he was discovered. He knew the officials sometimes played a cat and mouse game with the prisoners, letting them go ahead and do a lot of work on an escape plot and then pouncing on them at the last moment. Days went by, then weeks, then months. Each week-end when they met in the yard Murdock reported his progress to his impatient co-conspirators. It took about eight months to finally complete the work which, Murdock assured me, had he been able to work in the open, could have been done in two or three days.



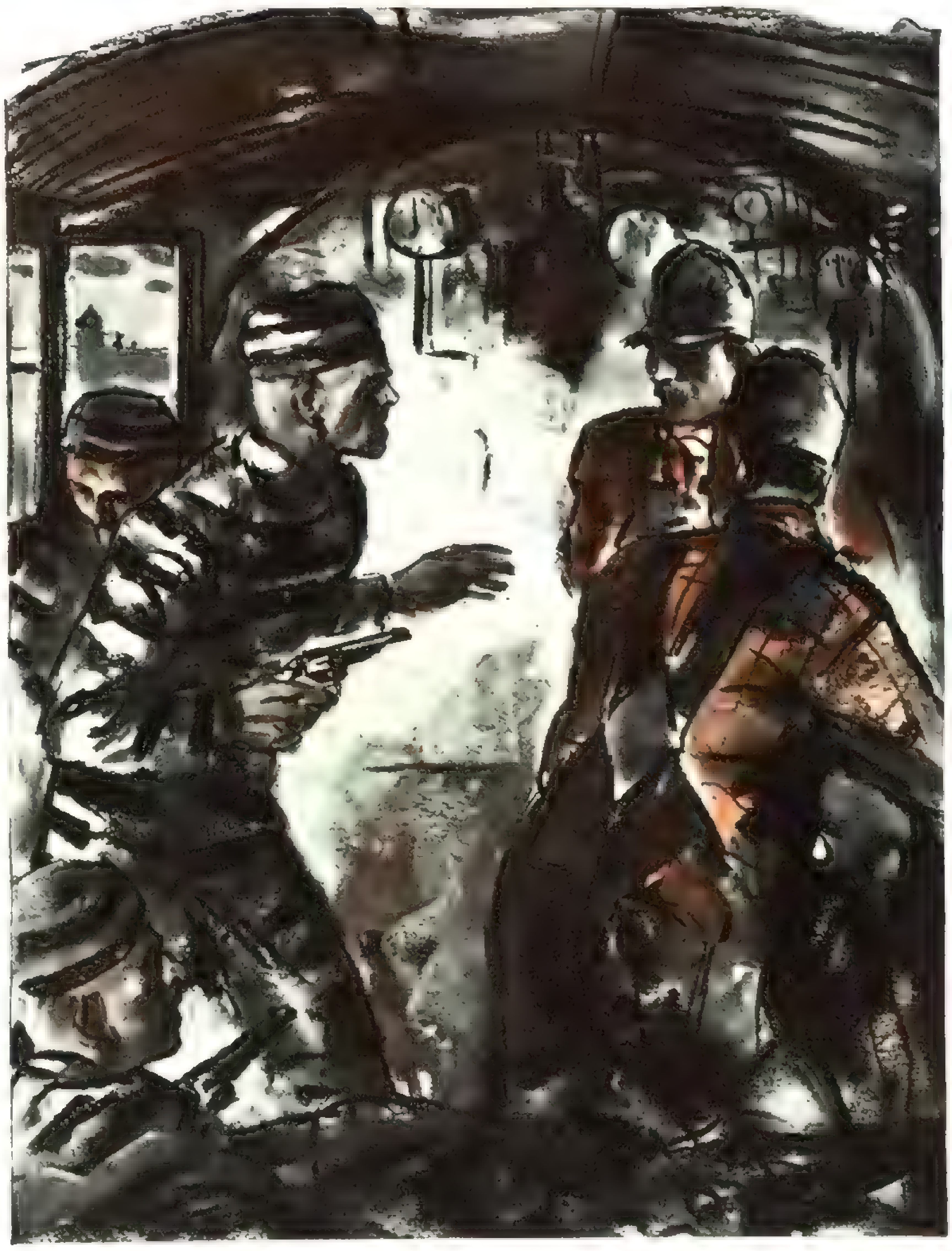
But at last all was ready. A rainy or foggy day would be better. But then the question arose, how could he notify the others when they all worked in different shops and celled in different cell houses? Murdock, who seems to have furnished the brain power for the gang, again solved this difficulty. "We'll let Hewitt do it," he said. "He goes into the mess hall first and sits in front of all of us. On the day when he thinks best let him yawn and stretch his arms over his head. That'll be the signal. Then the first engine whistle after we get in our shops and we'll go."

For days each of the six watched Hewitt at breakfast with an intensity which almost bored a hole through the back of that gentleman's head. For days each had carried a wooden gun inside his blouse, fingering it furtively now and then and praying that nothing happened which would lead to its discovery. Daily their nervousness increased as Hewitt preserved, outwardly at least, all the table manners of a gentleman, and neither yawned nor stretched during his meal.

Then came one of those mornings with a blanketing drizzle, and a heavy fog which seemed to cling to the earth. Hewitt took his usual place in one of the front benches in the mess hall. The other six filed in back of him. The furtive looks which they exchanged showed the same thought in the mind of each. This seemed to be the morning. But as they finished their corned beef hash and Hewitt made no move their hearts sank. Something must have gone wrong. The inmates were now all sitting with folded arms, waiting the signal to rise and march out. And then, just as the Deputy Warden reached for his gavel to bring it down on the stone block on his desk, which was the signal that the meal was officially over, Hewitt yawned and then slowly, but not too ostentatiously, raised his bent arms toward his head in a good, soul-satisfying stretch!

The gavel fell. There was a crashing sound as eleven hundred seats were pushed back and the long line filed slowly out of the dining room and then out in the yard to the various shops. For what seemed hours each of the seven waited, trying his best to work in his usual plugging, normal manner. In a torture of suspense the long morning dragged slowly by and they glanced furtively at the clock as men await their time of execution, or as soldiers, zero hour in the trenches. What if they encountered opposition? Suppose the engine had already gone? Why, they might even be killed . . .

There was a piercing whistle, a simultaneous commotion in the shops where the men worked, and seven gray-clad figures, each gripping a "gun" in his right hand, bounded past the shop guard and out into the yard. To the stupefied prison "runners" walking through the yard, the place seemed alive with racing men all running toward a focal point, the engine, which was slowly pulling out. Keating reached the goal first. He swung himself aboard and threw his light wooden "gun" into the engineer's face. "Jump," he said tensely. The engineer, followed by his fireman, leaped to the ground, just as the rest of the gang piled helter-skelter into the cab and flung themselves in a huddle on the floor. Keating, crouching down, pulled the throttle wide open. The wheezing old switch engine sprang forward and tore through the open gate. Luck was with them. The second gate was being opened. Undoubtedly it would be open all the way by the time they reached there. But it wasn't. The guard there, when he saw what was happening, started to swing the gate back. But it was too late now. With a rattle and roar the engine tore into the half open gate, wrenched it from its hinges as though it were so much paper, and raced at high speed out across the prison farm for the open country beyond, followed by a hail of bullets from the guns of the wall guards.



It was a perfect getaway. But, like most getaways, perfect and otherwise, it was followed by the usual climax, the apprehension of the escaped ones and their sentencing to additional terms. Six of the men were back in the prison within a few days and two or three of them within an hour. And, perhaps the most desperate of them all, Gideon, was brought back a day later by a farmer boy of fifteen who lived in the neighborhood. The boy found him hiding in a haystack and, pointing his rifle at him, marched him in front of him to the penitentiary, several miles away. *The farmer boy's gun wasn't loaded!* But of course Gideon didn't know that. He could be frightened by a harmless gun just like anybody else. Grigware is the only one of the seven who has never been apprehended.

But while this was the most famous escape ever accomplished in this country with fake firearms, there have been numerous others which, while not so colorful, have been equally successful. It wasn't long after the above affair that a prisoner walked calmly out of the Government Hospital for the Criminal Insane with a "gun" made out of soap, the barrel of which was wrapped with tinfoil to give it the appearance of being silver mounted. This man had been a tramp, and one of the doctors remarked that he probably got his idea from the fact that he had always looked upon soap as an "offensive weapon."

However, the fake gun is only one of the innumerable devices which prisoners manufacture to assist them in effecting escapes. In the smaller jails where they have no tool-proof steel, saws are manufactured out of every conceivable substance and where this is not possible other methods are used. In one instance, incredible as it may sound, a prisoner sawed through two bars of his cell with pieces of yarn taken from his sock! He dipped the strands in glue, ran them through emery powder and hung them up to dry. When he was brought back following his escape and told the guards who questioned him that he had gotten out in this manner, he was greeted by what has since come to be known as the "razzberry," whereupon he became very indignant and said that he could prove it. So he was given an ordinary cell bar and, watched by a guard, he sawed through it with the treated yarn in about twenty-one hours of actual working time.

When the bars, even though not tool-proof, are still too tough, it is a common practice for prisoners to take the temper out of the steel by wrapping small pieces of alcohol- or gasoline-soaked yarn around a certain part of the bar and setting fire to it. Enough of this treatment will take some of the temper out of the toughest bars of "soft" steel, which, to jail builders, means any kind of steel which is not tool-proof.

The inexperience of sheriffs and county jailers, many of whom are merely political appointees, often leads to escapes which could and would easily have been prevented by an experienced prison man. This was amusingly illustrated when the writer was Inspector of Prisons for the Federal Government. While talking to the jailer of a small county institution that official said rather boastingly that he treated his prisoners very well, and that the present group seemed particularly well satisfied because they had done nothing but laugh and whistle and sing for the past week or two. Whereupon he was told very much to his surprise and dismay, that that was the very time he should be the most cautious, because prisoners invariably acted that way when they wanted to drown out the noise of sawing. He excused himself and, with his deputy, hurried into the jail. He appeared a half hour later, very crestfallen, to announce that he had just discovered a bar cut in two places. He had gone in so quickly that the prisoners had had no time to conceal the cuts with bread crumbs treated with burnt matches, or with putty covered with shoe blacking or in one of the other innumerable methods jail habitues have of hiding a severed bar until they are ready to move.

Some extraordinarily ingenious methods for bridging an open space necessary to accomplish an escape are often thought of by prisoners. There was the attempted escape of Dick Osborne. In the prison he was in, there was a trap door in the roof of the cell house which Osborne figured he could get through if he could only reach it. But it was about twenty-five feet from the top of the cell block. Two things, therefore, were necessary; first, to get out of his cell and second, to bridge this twenty-five feet. Osborne accomplished the first with an ordinary file. One morning at about three o'clock, he projected a small hand mirror cautiously out of his cell, an old trick of prisoners to see whether or not the guard is on the gallery on which the cells face. No one was in sight. Osborne wrenched loose the bars on which he had been working and let himself out of his cell. He raced noiselessly to the end of the cell block, ran quickly up the steps to the top tier, then swung himself up on to the roof of the block. Then he pulled up the leg of his trousers and took out a heavy-looking contrivance strapped to his leg. It was about eighteen inches long and made of heavy thongs of leather, stolen from the shoe shop where he worked piece by piece and cautiously fitted together in his cell. He started to "unwind" the leather device and in a few minutes had a rigid pole about twenty feet long. What he had done was to make it exactly like a carpenter's rule. Closed, it was about a foot and a half long. Open, it was about twenty feet. There was a ring fastened to each section and through this ran a rope with which the contrivance could be pulled rigid, so that it was in reality a leather pole. Attached to one end was a large hook. Osborne groped around in the dark until he had fastened the

Continued on page 135

What Do They Want?

Continued from page 72

And when she rose to the swell from an express cruiser, and that curved bow and varnished bowsprit went up, I felt as if my heart was going up with it and wouldn't ever come down again. Her hull looked as if it had been cut out of one piece, and it was black enamelled as smooth as a new piano, but she wasn't just varnish and enamel: you could see she was real. She was built and rigged as strong as a Grand Banks schooner. She looked to me like an Alden job, but Tom thought she was designed by Hand of New Bedford. Tom reads Yachting, too.

We sailed past the *Black Princess*, jibbed astern of her and began beating up, without ever taking our eyes off her. She was the loveliest, handiest thing I ever saw. I figured that the boys from our club could have sailed her without asking anybody's advice.

Tom must have been thinking the same kind of thing. "What would you do if she was yours?" he asked.

Gee, what wouldn't I do!

"Well," I said, "I'd take you and Len and Olaf and Jerry and Robbie and Mr. Teeves—he knows navigation—and some of the others, and we'd cruise the Caribbean and go through Panama to the Pacific—

"And when we got into the Pacific, we'd lay a course for the Marquesas Islands."

"That's the idea," I told him, "only maybe we'd have a look at the Hawaiians first."

"If we went through Panama, we might go up the coast," Tom thought. "I want to explore the Gulf of Lower California."

I did, too. "Then, there's Alaska—"

"We wouldn't get back for years, and we wouldn't care." Tom had kind of loosened up, and he was talking more than I ever heard him in my life.

"We'd be at home all the time," I said. "The *Black Princess* would be our home, wouldn't she?"

"That's right, too."

"And we'd have a look at the Maldive Islands," I decided. "There's where the real pirates hung out. Only people seem to have forgotten. I guess those islands haven't been explored for a hundred years."

"We'd explore them all right," Tom said.

So we kept sailing around that wonderful schooner, planning what we would do if she was ours. "The only thing that worries me is that some time I'd have to get old and die," Tom told me.

I knew just how he felt. "I guess we wouldn't get old for a long time," I said, "living like that."

Right there, I made up my mind that some day I'd own the *Black Princess*, or one like her. I have my working papers, and I'm going to start saving for a real boat as soon as I get a job. Only, you can't get a job now. I tried to figure how long it would take to buy a schooner like that. Tom thought she would cost about a hundred thousand dollars, with a Diesel auxiliary and everything. What if I got a good position and earned two thousand a year—like father did before he got a cut? It would take fifty years to earn that much. And if I was married, my wife would spend all of it making both ends meet. I'm not going to get married, ever. But even if I could save half my pay, it would take a hundred years. . . .

"Some people have all the luck," Tom said, never taking his eyes off the schooner. "Her owner goes places as easy as we talk about it."

I don't know how many times we sailed round the *Black Princess*—a good many, I guess. Then, when we were beating up to starboard of her, I stood in toward the gangway ladder longer than usual. I knew we couldn't go on board, but I guess I wanted to get as close to her as I could. Tom had the jib-sheet of the cleat, ready to go about, but when I finally put down the helm it was too late, and we were right against the gangway. Tom let go the jib and grabbed the platform. We hung there, with our sails flapping.

When I looked up, the captain of the yacht was leaning against the rail, watching us. He was a middle-aged man of about forty, with a red face and small moustache. I knew he was the captain by the crossed anchors on his cap. "Hey, there," he sang out, "you boys can't come on board here!"

We didn't say anything. We knew we couldn't go on board, but we couldn't go away, either. We just stayed there, looking and wishing we could. When you've fallen in love with a boat and get so close to her, you can't leave right away. If he hadn't been watching, I would have touched her side, just to see if she was as smooth as she looked. And so I could tell myself afterward, "I touched her."

When we'd been looking for maybe five minutes, the captain seemed to get kind of uncomfortable. "Oh, hell!" he called down, "come on board for a minute, if that'll do you any good! But don't sit there, looking!" Maybe he saw we were barefoot and wouldn't do his decks any harm.

We thanked him and made fast, then we lowered our sails and went on board. At first we didn't say anything—just stood there, looking. It was like a dream, the clean lines and sheer of her deck, with nothing to break it but the varnished masts and the teak companionway and skylights. I looked into the binnacle and saw how she was heading—North by East, a quarter-point East—and I touched the beautiful canted wheel and thought what it would be like, holding her full and bye on a good wind, with her tearing along, lee rail under.

"Gee," Tom said, "I'd work for nothing on a boat like this!"

"Think so?" the captain asked. "You might find it lonesome." He was nice and friendly after he decided to let us on board.

When we had talked a while, I wanted to know where he went.

The captain looked surprised, or maybe he didn't understand my question. "Nowhere," he said.

"I mean, where do you go in this schooner?"

"Well," he told us, "we fit out at City Island and go overboard in June, and pick up our mooring here. In November, we go back to City Island and lay up."

What the hell? We'd sailed that far already that day.

"Didn't you ever go anywhere?"

"Once," he said. "Last summer, I took her up to Bar Harbor, Maine. The owner went up by train and met us there. He stayed at the hotel, but he had some parties on board in the harbor, and once we went for an afternoon sail. We were there ten days, and then I brought her back. The owner was coming with us, only he found he couldn't spare the time and he came back by train."

Tom wanted to know how she sailed.

"Sail?" the captain shouted. "Like a witch! She ghosts along when you could have lighted candles on deck, and she doesn't mind a full gale. Coming back from Bar Harbor we got into a snorter—the one that sank the freighter *Crowncastle*. You should have seen the *Princess* run off before it! The little devil logged twelve-and-a-half knots for hours on end, and once she did near fourteen. When I finally had to heave her to, she rode it out as easy as if she was lying here—never took anything but spray on board."

"Gee!" Tom said. His eyes were shining. I guess mine were, too.

I thought of the owner, going home on a dusty train, with his schooner having an adventure like that, and him not there to see it. "What does he have a schooner for if he doesn't use her?" I asked, impatient.

The captain raised his eyebrows, and his cap went up a little, too. "Do you think all the people who have yachts use them?"

"Then what do they have them for?" I wanted to know. "What's the use of having them?"

"You don't understand," he said. "Millionaires are supposed to have yachts, it's fashionable, and it's almost like a duty. They have to have them to talk about, too."

I didn't believe a man who owned the *Black Princess* could be like that. "Why's the owner always so busy, anyway?"

"The Exchange," he told us, "making money, or trying too."

"But you said he's a millionaire!"

"Sure, but he isn't Rockefeller."

Some people must be greedy, I thought. If I had a million dollars, or half a million, and the *Black Princess*, you wouldn't find me slaving in an office, or anything. "What would he do with more if he got it?" I wanted to know.

The captain smiled with one side of his mouth. "Buy a bigger estate and build a bigger yacht."

"But he doesn't use the one he has!"

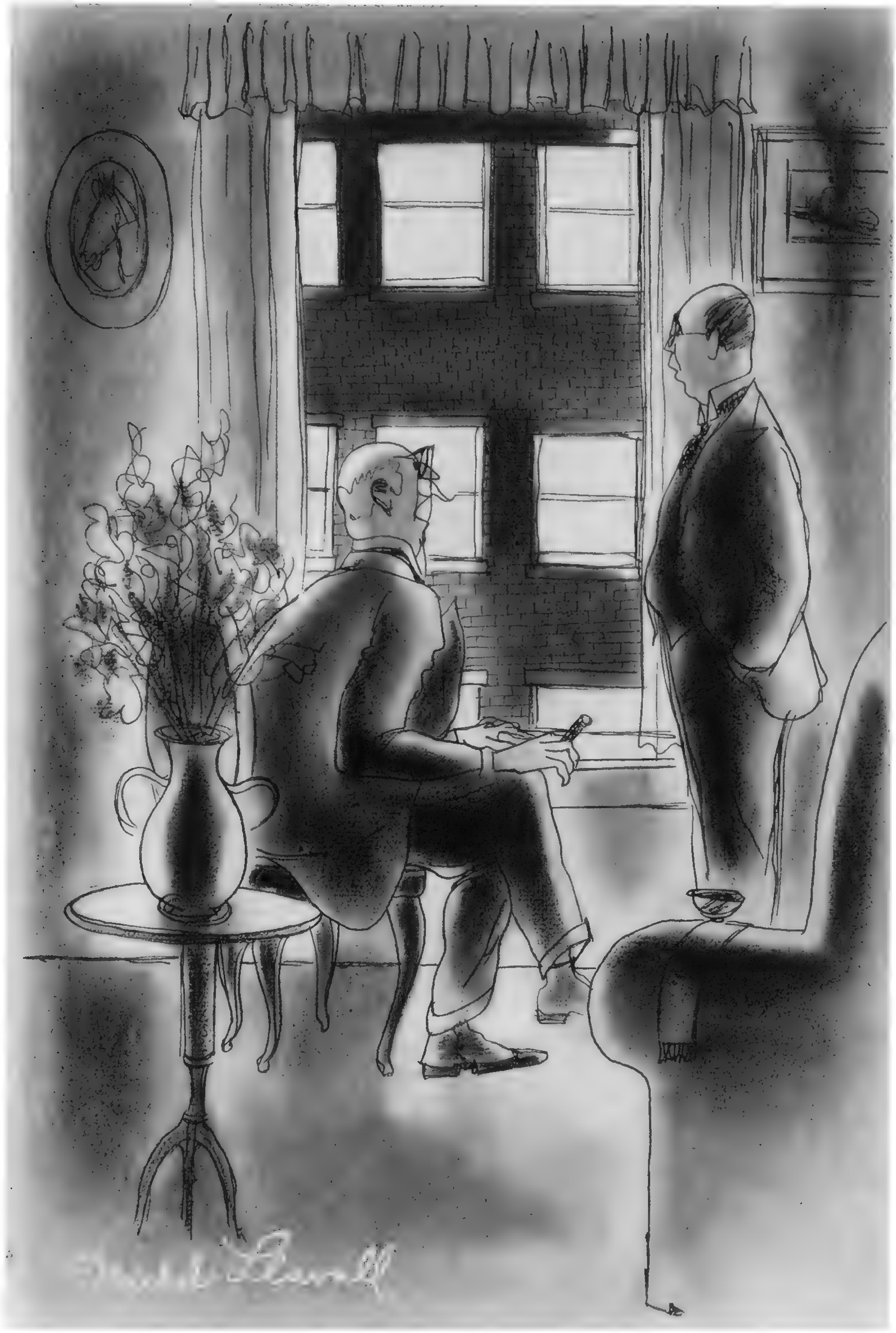
"That's so, but he would have to spend his money on something, wouldn't he?"

What the hell? It all sounded crazy to me, and I didn't ask any more questions.

Tom didn't seem to mind; he went right on. "Don't you suppose the owner will ever get caught up with his work and go on a long voyage?"

The captain looked at us, queer. Like there was something he wanted to tell us, but didn't know if he should. Then he lit a cigar and threw the match overside. "He won't now," he said. "I'm just waiting for orders to lay the schooner up. The owner died a week ago."

Gee! Wouldn't it be awful to have a schooner like the *Black Princess* waiting for you in the harbor, ready to sail, and you not able to go to her because you were lying dead at the undertaker's? But what about it if you didn't go because you were dead inside and couldn't think of anything but making money you didn't need? And afterward you were dead anyway? Like being dead twice. It just made me feel sick.



"I've been sitting here for two hours, Huddleston, and I'm beginning to think you're a damned liar, sir!"

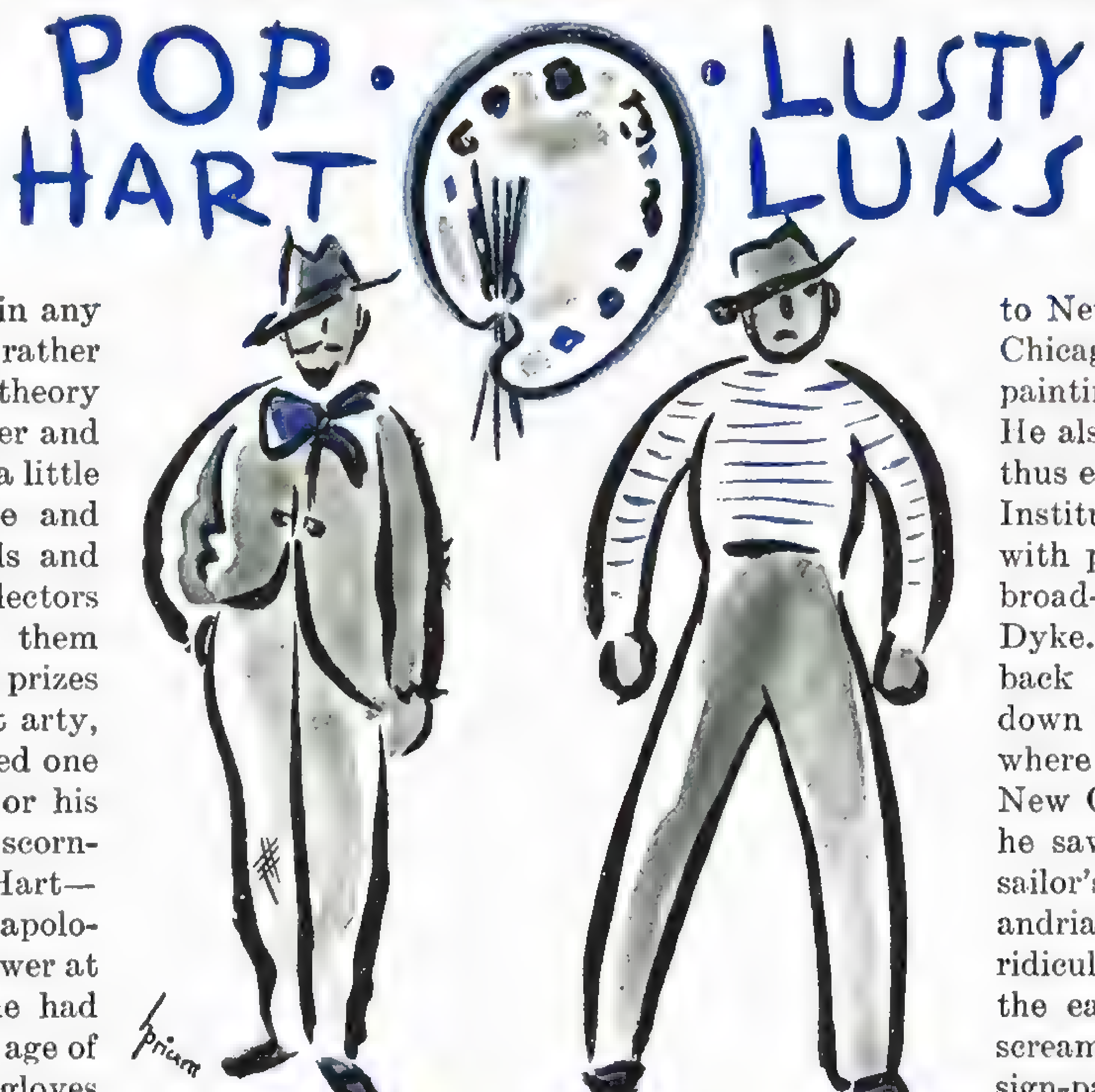
The Hobo and the Fighter

Of two Georges, Hart and Luks, both dead, who were men first, Americans second, and painters first and last

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

There was so much that was common to George Luks and George Overbury Hart that one felt almost a sense of fitness in their making their final exits within so short a period of each other, last fall. They were men, they were Americans, they were painters, a not so usual combination as you might think, off hand. They were men first, Americans second and painters first and last. They belonged to America, by birth, breeding, temperament. They did not derive from Europe, nor was the recognition they won in this world diminished for them by the fact that Europe did not share in it. Both affirmed the sometimes forgotten fact that a man may be an artist and be no less a man. Both were artists, in different manners and in different mediums, without being arty in any sense of the word. In fact, they rather despised arty artists. They had no theory of art, except to put down on paper and on canvas what they saw and mix a little of their American common sense and some of their guts with their oils and water colors. Museums and collectors bought their works, judges hung them on precious wall spaces, gave them prizes and medals *because* they were not arty, but earthy rather. If you had asked one of them what was his technique or his aesthetics, he would have belched a scornful laugh in your face; the other—Hart—would have become confused and apologetic and, had he attempted to answer at all, probably ungrammatical. One had been a prizefighter and even at the age of sixty-five offered to put on the gloves against anyone to settle an argument, and he was at all times an expert on beers and cheeses; the other was a hobo and looked it, especially when he had to get slicked up for a tea party. Neither could balance a tea cup on the right knee and a plate of cookies on the left, talk about art between gulps and look natural. One was as much at home in a low dive as the other was on a cattle boat. Both were typically American in that they had nicknames. Luks was both Lusty Luks and Chicago Whitey; the other was hardly ever known by his right name, George Overbury Hart, but by that of Pop Hart. You put Pop before Hart as naturally as you put Benito before Mussolini. Both were men's painters and it was easier to imagine Luks doing murals for a high class saloon than for a cathedral and Pop Hart made a living painting signs and movie sets long before the people who liked his work made it possible for him to buy a Ford sedan and U. S. Steel common at the high.

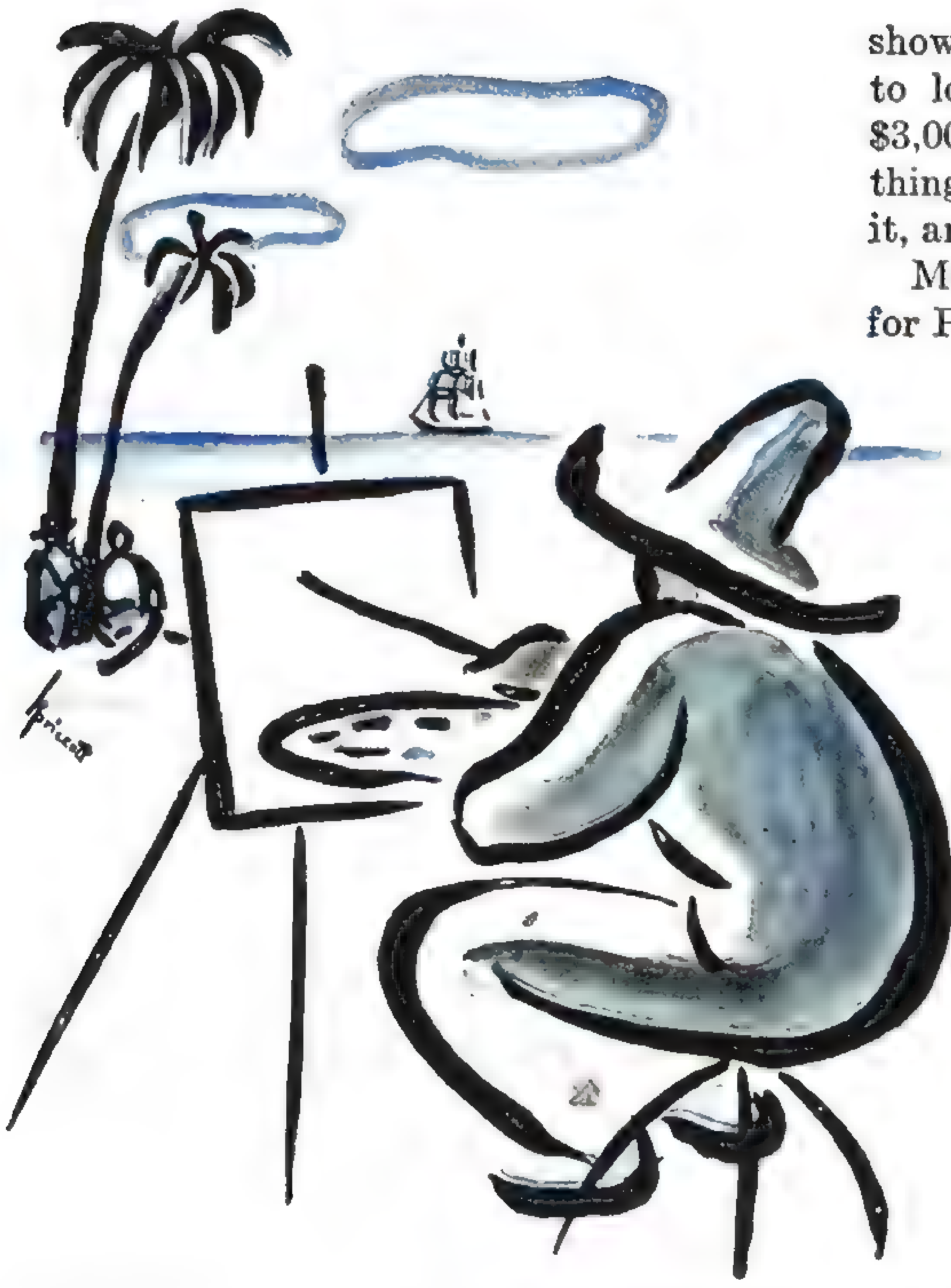


On the surface, the cards were as definitely stacked against the boy Hart becoming a famous water-colorist and print-maker as they would be against a first-time poker player drawing to a royal flush. As it was it took Pop Hart almost sixty years to begin drawing the cards for that royal flush and out of his entire life, he extracted no more than about seven years of security, and two of these were spent in pain. Spending no money when he had none, he kept to the same habit when money came, and because he never learned how to live well, he died a little earlier perhaps than he need have. It was notorious among his friends that he took better care of his Ford than of himself and his garage was neater than the room in which he lived and cooked his meals. But even during his insecure years, he followed the sun to the far corners of the earth, east and west, and one cannot look at his pictures without sensing that the man who made them loved the good earth and all the earthy people on it. But he had the good time of the tramp, the good time that costs nothing.

Pop Hart was born in Cairo, Ill., in 1868. He had the hobo's reticence in discussing his folks. He says his father owned a glue factory and was determined to knock out of his head his silly art notions, for young Hart was always making pictures, on paper and on walls when no paper was handy. Father had the idea that no one could become a painter without training, but he didn't know George, who became famous with no more formal instruction than a few months at the Chicago Art Institute, but perhaps he got as much by standing before pictures in the Louvre and admiring exactly the kind of picture that would make the regular critics laugh. Well, Father set George to work watching glue kettles boil; George, instead, set to work painting pictures on the walls and got so excited over them that the kettles exploded, splashing glue over his pictures and his clothes and making Father roaring mad. "I had to blow out pronto after that."

A few days later found him on the New York waterfront, dead broke. He worked his way to London on a cattle boat, and found that town so discouraging, he stowed away for a return trip to New York, and rode the bumpers to Chicago where he got a $3-a-day job painting political campaign portraits. He also painted signs and on the money thus earned, he went to the Chicago Art Institute, bought himself a velvet coat with pearl buttons, a flowing tie and a broad-brimmed hat, and grew a Van Dyke. When the money gave out he went back to sign-painting. He then went down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where he had a gay old time, and, from New Orleans, for $26, to Naples, where he saw pictures by day and slept in a sailor's mission by night. Then to Alexandria, to Cairo, to Luxor, at such a ridiculously low expense that he made the eagle, not to mention the buffalo, scream. Back to the United States and sign-painting and across the continent to Frisco where one day, working with one Joe Ducks on a scaffolding on a six-story building, he saved Joe Ducks' life. Then: "I kidded a steamship company into giving me free fare" to Tahiti, where he landed with $5 but found the girls swell. He would have married a Samoan chief's daughter, with 2,000 cocoanut trees into the bargain, but on the night of the betrothal feast Pop thought: "I could see myself climbing those trees for the rest of my life, trying to keep that bunch of relatives in grub and drinks," leaving mighty little time for painting pictures. He took a walk down to Pago bay, spied a schooner and swam out to her.

This was not his only escape from marriage. Many years later, in Mexico, finding himself becoming sentimental over a sloe-eyed Juanita who had been posing for him, he ran away as fast as he could. Later in Paris, Pascin, a great admirer of his, set on Pop's trail a seductive 19-year-old Spanish dancer, who was willing to take and to keep Pop, but Pop wasn't willing and fled his



usual haunts, until Pascin and the Spanish dancer gave up Pop as a bad job.

It would be difficult to follow Pop's life itinerary. After three years of the South Seas, he returned with a deed to a house in Honolulu and so magnificent a black beard that younger artists began calling him Pop, which name stuck though the beard didn't. He visited, in addition to the places mentioned, France, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Asia Minor, Greece, Algiers, Iceland, the Balearic Islands, Cuba, the West Indies, South and Central America.

About twenty-five years ago he bought himself a shack in Coytesville, N. J., painting sets in the Fort Lee movie studios, and round about, during the spring and summer and every fall, about the time the art season would be starting, he would close up the shack and move South, to Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo and such like places. His most characteristic water colors and prints were conceived in the warmth of the Mexican and West Indian sun. His chief diversion while at Coytesville consisted in listening to the gramophone and smoking pipefuls of vile tobacco. From 1930, when he got his Ford, he went in for racing on such a scale that friends rode with him in terror of their lives, for it became a fixed idea with him that no car should pass him. It was the most absorbing toy Pop ever had and while he had it he burned up the roads.

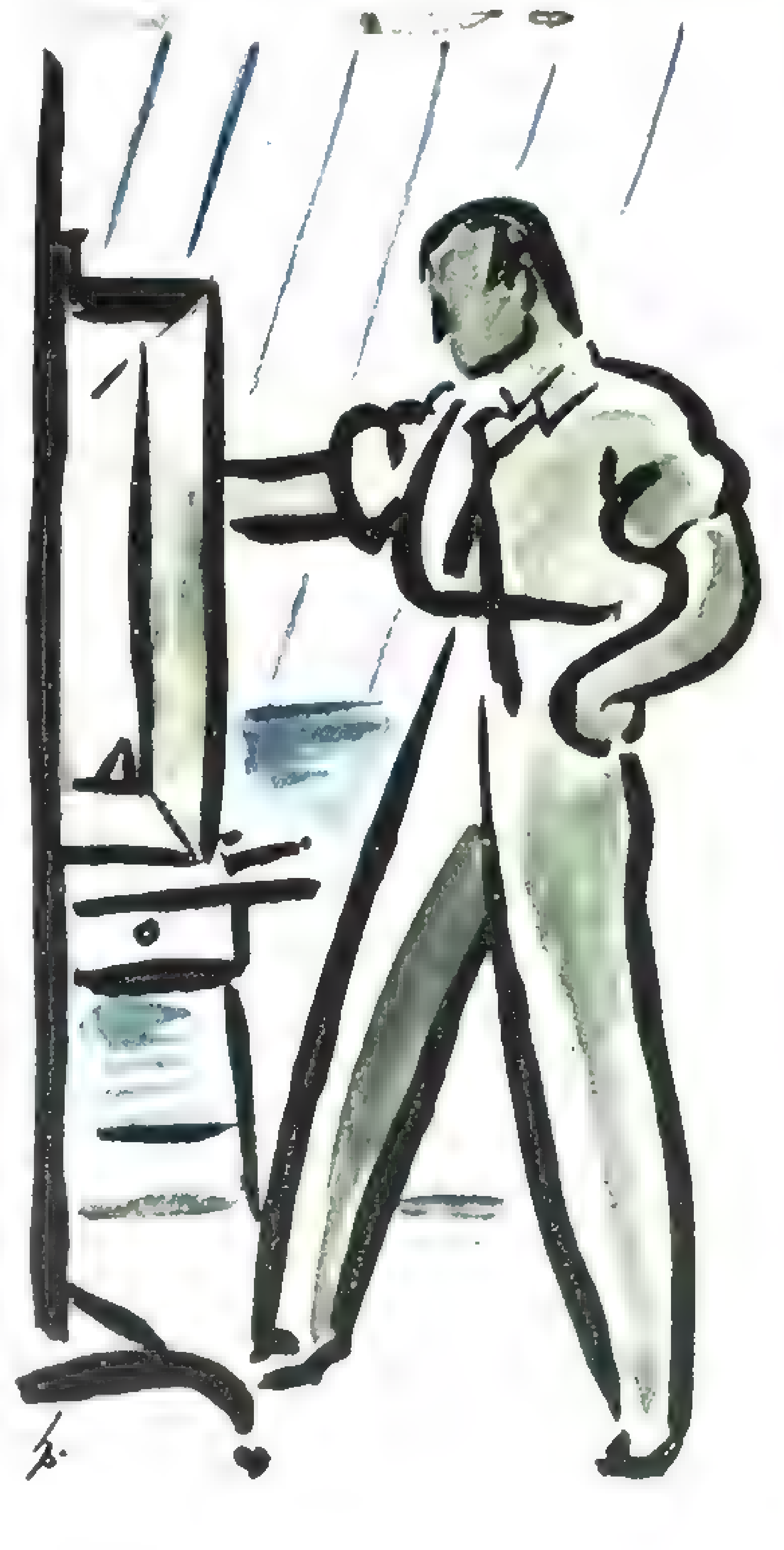
It was during one of his winter jaunts to the South that his first exhibition was organized. Friends, led by Walt Kuhn, the painter—Pop could play on the common chord of art appreciation and still be a painter's painter—broke into his shack and took everything they could lay their hands on. The exhibition was one of the season's successes. Museums, led by the Metropolitan, and private collectors, led by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., began stacking up on Pop Hart. When Pop returned from his winter jaunt, $3,000 stood to his credit at the gallery. Mrs. Halpert, the gallery's director, told him the good news, but he only looked at her with large reproachful eyes, as if to say, "You wouldn't kid me, lady!" She showed him the enthusiastic press notices; he still looked sad. She showed him the sales records; he continued to look sad. She gave him a check for $3,000; he still thought there was something fishy about the business, but he cashed it, and believed.

Mrs. Rockefeller wished to do something for Pop. Mrs. Halpert suggested an exhibition in her private gallery and a tea. (Mrs. Rockefeller now has fifty Hart water colors and a full set of the prints, numbering over eighty, and recently when Mr. Rockefeller was looking for pictures for his Radio City offices, he chose from his wife's portfolios almost exclusively the work of Hart.) Walt Kuhn was delegated to get Pop barbered, brushed, shoe-shined and generally slicked up for the party and when Pop arrived, looking neater and cleaner than he had ever been known to look before and was presented to Mrs. Rockefeller, that lady said: "I'm so glad to know you, Mr. Hart." Pop replied, embarrassed: "You don't know me, lady; this ain't me." On another occasion Pop appeared, almost as neat, except that his shoes were not shined. "Why didn't you shine your shoes, Pop?" Pop replied that he thought this was to be a sitting party during which his shoes would be out of sight, under the table.

Worldly people could feel superior to Pop, could play jokes on him and tell jokes on him, but while he may have been intimidated into silence by their superficial cleverness, he usually had the last word, with his colors and his etching needle, his lithographic pencil. He died, after a gallant fight, of cancer in the stomach last September, at the age of sixty-five. He suffered intensely, but few knew because he didn't whine. He left no legacy beyond his art, but everything he left bears the impress of a personality. He was nobody's fool and, what is more important, nobody's carbon copy.

Pop Hart painted art, he couldn't talk it much. George Luks painted art, talked it, taught it, fought for it, and would threaten to knock you down and drag you out if you dared to differ, in the manner of a saloon bouncer. He was a prize fighter turned loose in an art gallery, and he made the Nice Nellies of American art stop, look, listen—and tremble. When he left the place there were only pieces to pick up. Sometimes he spoke so loudly you couldn't hear what he was saying. He was a genius and told you so—which made some people resent him, but only inwardly, because they were afraid to fight him. He drank like a lord and swore like a trooper. Without being any the less himself, he was also the American Franz Hals, for there was good Pennsylvania Dutch blood in his veins and although he studied in Europe, he used Europe without letting Europe use him—which is a big thing to do. His pictures were bought by American museums and American collectors and he was proud of it. He was American and masculine. While Pop ran away from women, Luks stayed around—and generally learned to despise them.

He scattered the specially concentrated juices of his vigorous personality over a wide area, and there is now extant a large literature of Luks anecdote, the things he did, the things he said. He was so uninhibitedly himself at all times and in all weathers that he sometimes gave the impression of working hard to keep up a pose. But there was no pose. Even when he painted he painted like an athlete, striding up and down before the canvas, keeping up a running fire of entertaining talk, thrusting, dabbing, retreating, advancing, tossing up his brush and catching it at the third turn, his whole body almost throbbing and his face lit up with the pleasure of the thing he was doing. As an instance of sheer vitality: he celebrated his 65th birthday by rising at five and painting six hours before breakfast and smoking forty cigarettes. (He died before his 67th birthday.) He would jump up in the middle of a discussion, say "I'll show you how to paint" and turn out in almost no time a picture like "The Three Top Sergeants," which now hangs in the Detroit Museum. He was all for passion, not for patient, drudging meticulousness; that's why he despised the great Da Vinci, calling him "the bunk, a mathematician, a subway-digger." He didn't like "pretty pictures" and thought half the Old Masters that had been sold as such were fakes. To a young man who boasted that he had had a fight with him, Luks turned and said he couldn't have had a fight with him, because if he had, he wouldn't be alive to talk about it. He thought that if Tunney had had his legs he would have been a better fighter. "Look at that leg!" he commanded a woman interviewer. "It's not only strong, it's beautiful, and so is my foot. Perfect!" Overhearing a stranger at an exhibition say that a picture of his was good, he turned to him and said: "You're damned right it is. I painted it!" Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, on opening the Whitney Museum of American Art, gave a reception for artists and friends. After Luks had been introduced, instead of passing on, he tagged on at her heels. "Why are you following me about, Mr. Luks?" "Because you are so God-damned rich," he replied. Once he dumped a load of friends out on his "estate"—the middle of Central Park. "It's mine, it's yours, let's enjoy it."



A few years ago at an art market in New York at which he was to paint a professional model and give a talk on art, he refused to play. He told the model to get off the stand, launched into an invective against the art racket, talked about the pish and blather called technique and when someone heckled him, took off

Continued on page 135

Gods of the Stick

Continued from page 55

to perform extensively the works of living composers. The public, unsympathetic and generally unwilling to acquaint itself with the new, hissed. A fanfare issued from the press.

Yet those who know the endless pains he takes with new scores and the multitude of them he tries and re-tries at rehearsals, do not doubt his sincerity. He gives contemporary composers a real and rare opportunity, that of hearing their own writing. Even if it is not finally played publicly, these hearings in rehearsal are of value to the composer in verifying his work from the standpoint of form, orchestration, and psychological reaction. For there is no true test of music except performance. Music does not exist until it is played and heard.

Early in his career in Philadelphia, Mr. Stokowski demanded a standard of performance from his men that was then unknown. He took hold of a muddy, sluggish band and drilled it into the finest symphonic instrument of the day. It plays, as has been said, "with a technical magnificence equal to, if not surpassing, anything in or out of Christendom." He sought out players from far places and fitted them into his orchestral pattern, "matching them as a philatelist matches rare shades of postage stamps."

His complete, almost hypnotic, power over his orchestra exists to this day. And whatever one may make of the fact, in the view of the public the Philadelphia Orchestra is synonymous with Mr. Stokowski. Without him, it is not the same orchestra.

He experimented in arranging the orchestra, placing the whole mass of the instrumentalists on a single level, the 'cellos and basses to his right. Tests were made with the instruments first separately and later in conjunction with the whole orchestra. The chroniclers reported "the Stokowskian formation."

Mr. Stokowski explained, "The arrangement we now have is the result of all these experiments which have been conducted purely from the standpoint of how the instruments sound in different positions on the stage. Just as the painter assembles his colors on his palette, keeping them separate in some cases, grouping others close together, and blending others to make new combinations, so with the modern symphony orchestra. The stage is the palette, the individual instruments are the separate colors or timbres, and the inter-relating of groups of instruments blend these tone-colors into an infinite number of complex tone-relations and sound patterns. That is why the placing of the instruments and players is so important."

His discussions with the directorate about names long familiar on the orchestra's roster, or about the novelties he would introduce, reached the papers sooner or later. One year in August the Directors issued a statement to the press at the time they were selling subscriptions for the coming season that Stokowski would not play any modern music. They termed it "debatable music." In September, when Mr. Stokowski learned that the subscriptions had been sold with this understanding, he immediately issued a statement saying that he had not been consulted about this, that he did not agree to it, and that he *was* going to play modern music on some of the programs for the following season. There was great tension about this for a time, and the newspapers reported the conductor was running into big storms and would be dismissed. He did not move from his position, however. The modern music was played.

When he endeavored to get the audience to his concerts on time and locked the doors to prevent their late entrance—an absolutely just procedure—another flash went to the press. He believes quite rightly that not only quiet, but psychic communion should exist for the full enjoyment of music. Another factor has made him indurate in his stand. There are many in an audience to whom music means very much, and who "give all of themselves in the taking in of the music." There is another group to whom music means less and who are careless about coming late and otherwise making noises which disturb the first group. The more serious music-lover is powerless to protect himself, unless the conductor or management intervenes.

When Stokowski entered broadcasting, his publicity value increased by leaps and bounds. He could now be heard in twenty million homes. He was better copy than ever. And for newspaper men, Stokowski "has what it takes."

At once he turned his attention to the acoustics of the radio studio, a study that is not yet complete. "A radio studio," he said, "is as much an instrument as a violin or a trumpet. The wooden part of the violin and the wood and metal frame of a piano are really resonators and so, in addition to other things, is a radio studio. The distortion of some music heard by radio is often due to a studio that has been constructed without knowledge or with carelessness. The finest orchestra in the world can be distorted and thus ruined by a bad studio no matter how well the orchestra plays."

Experiment after experiment to make the symphony sound the same through the loudspeaker as it did in the concert hall brought reams of publicity. Stories were circulated that he had been given a desk fitted with dials which he twiddled to his heart's content, without knowing the wires were disconnected. Only an idiot could have the reasons ascribed to Stokowski in his "search for fame."

Radio magazines, springing up on all sides, seized upon him as THE symphonic figure. His every natural impulse was headlined in the sensational style known to personality-sheets. Scornfully, his interest in Oriental philosophy was tabooed. No mention was made of the great knowledge of life and living that may be gained through study of the ancient faiths.

Columnists reported he changed his entire suit of clothes during intermissions "to make certain that the impression he creates upon his audience is never diminished." As a matter of fact, he never even so much as changes a collar, because he wants to keep perfectly still and not break the mood of the music within.

His speeches were ridiculed as being "carefully prepared beforehand" and having "nothing whatsoever to do with music, but with character, morals, patriotism," while Stokowski speaks before conducting the music because he believes the listeners might like to know more about it. He usually discusses a subject pertinent to the art-work in hand. Great music is not merely pleasant sound, but concerns itself with life, with moods, emotions, and most profoundly, with character.

Funniest of all is the story recently announced as "published here for the first time." It credited Stokowski with having secretly rehearsed Strauss' "Blue Danube" waltz and then suddenly appearing in the audience at a popular concert, and having himself "called" upon to conduct "extemporaneously." Of course, he did the familiar waltz. Those who know that he picks out only the difficult passages of a work to rehearse, not bothering even to play once the simple and well-known passages, but leaving them for the actual performance, and that he does this because it brings spontaneity to his performances, cannot visualize him secretly rehearsing the "Blue Danube" to make a showing at a "pop" concert.

So the Stokowski legend grows and is amplified. TIME labels him a "stuntster" and reports that he sits on a "wooden horse fitted with a saddle" during rehearsals. Actually, he does use a flat, simple saddle because he wants to sit during long, fatiguing rehearsals and at the same time have freedom of motion and the sensation of a firm grip on the ground. For this he believes a saddle is the best kind of seat.

When he conducts Soviet Russia's "Internationale" because he thinks it is a good national anthem and should be known—the American Legion protests. He is called a Red, and another wire story goes around the world.

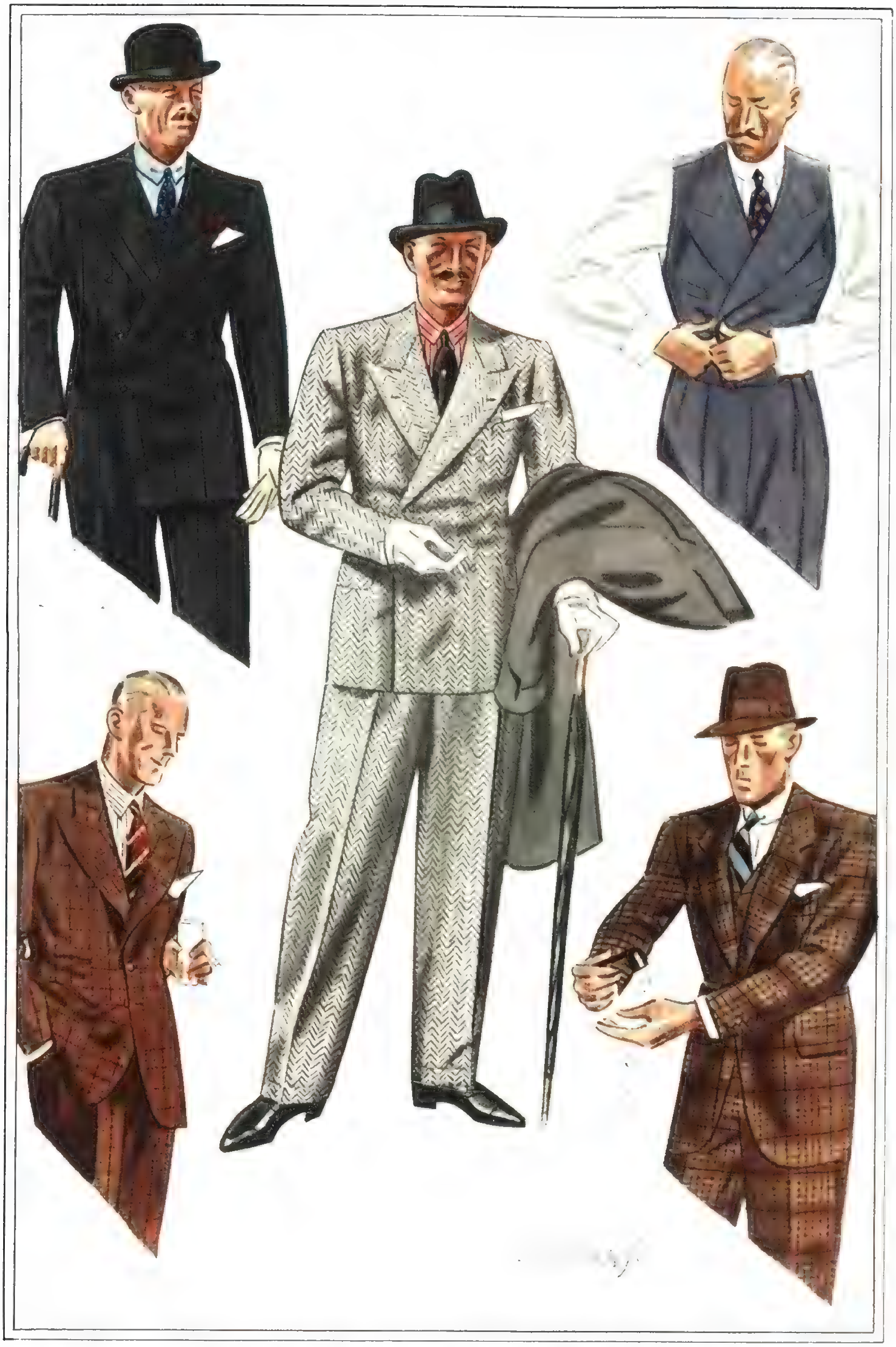
No doubt about it, Stokowski is news. He is a keen student of audience psychology and listeners' reactions. Unlike Toscanini, who concerns himself only with the performance, Stokowski is interested in what impressions his listeners receive. He has given consideration to satisfying the public's desire for the spectacular, but a circus ring-master he is not.

Something more than a musician, Stokowski conceals the sensitiveness of a woman beneath the manners of a prince. Perhaps he is more himself than most of us. He indulges in no poses that are not natural to him.

The public seldom reads of the man, humble before the art he serves, anxious to maintain a mastery over himself and an understanding of music's masterpieces. We do not visualize a man struggling to develop his musical gifts, forming as nearly perfect an orchestra as is possible for the presentation of music, enlarging indirectly the field of music by opening his programs to the compositions of all nations and all periods, particularly the present, and finally, giving the public the music that has for him the most inspired message.

Many do not appreciate that inter-action of technical address and imaginative insight with which he stirs his sensitive listeners. They may not sense the freshness and vitality with which he infuses familiar works nor the curious mind penetrating the profound problems of life, pondering the mystery and

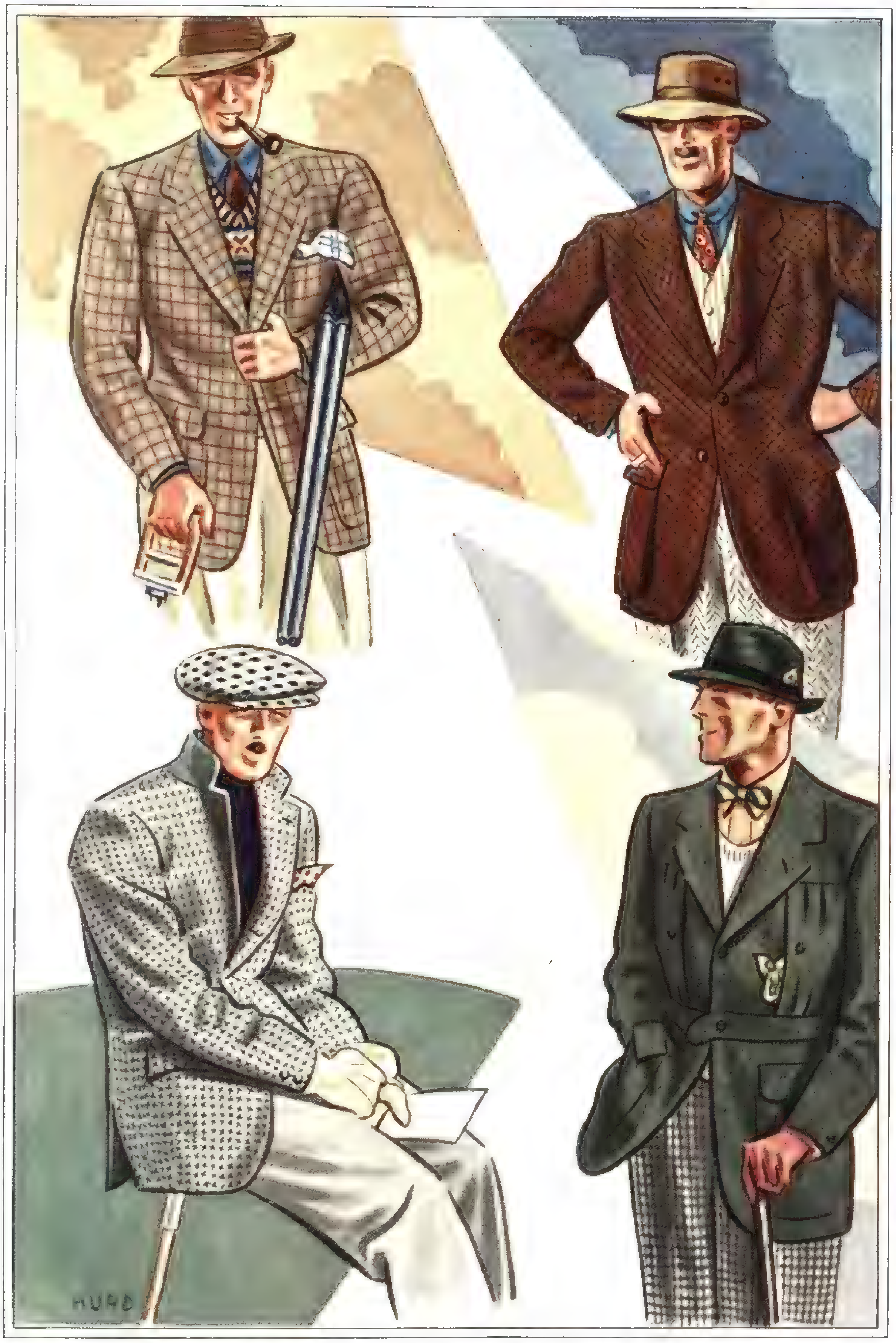
Continued on page 107



THE FALL TREND FOR THE BUSINESS MAN

Upper left: black worsted with blue stripes; tab collar shirt of blue broadcloth, black foulard tie with blue polka-dots, chamois gloves (note British touch of buttoning bottom button only). *Upper right:* blue-grey hard worsted with d. b. waistcoat, shirt with colored body and white starched bosom, collar, and cuffs, blue Spitalfields tie with spaced red and white figures. *Center:* suit of black and white herringbone cheviot, soft pink shirt with black stripe (starched matching collar), black tie with pearl stickpin, black Homburg hat (smart item), light grey mocha gloves, Oxford grey, single breasted topcoat. *Lower left:* fine checked Saxony suiting with a darker overplaid, brown and white madras shirt with tab collar, tie of wine rep with narrow gold stripes. *Lower right:* brown Glen Urquhart plaid suiting with blue overplaid, rounded collar-attached shirt of cream broadcloth, brown and blue striped rep tie, brown snap brim hat.

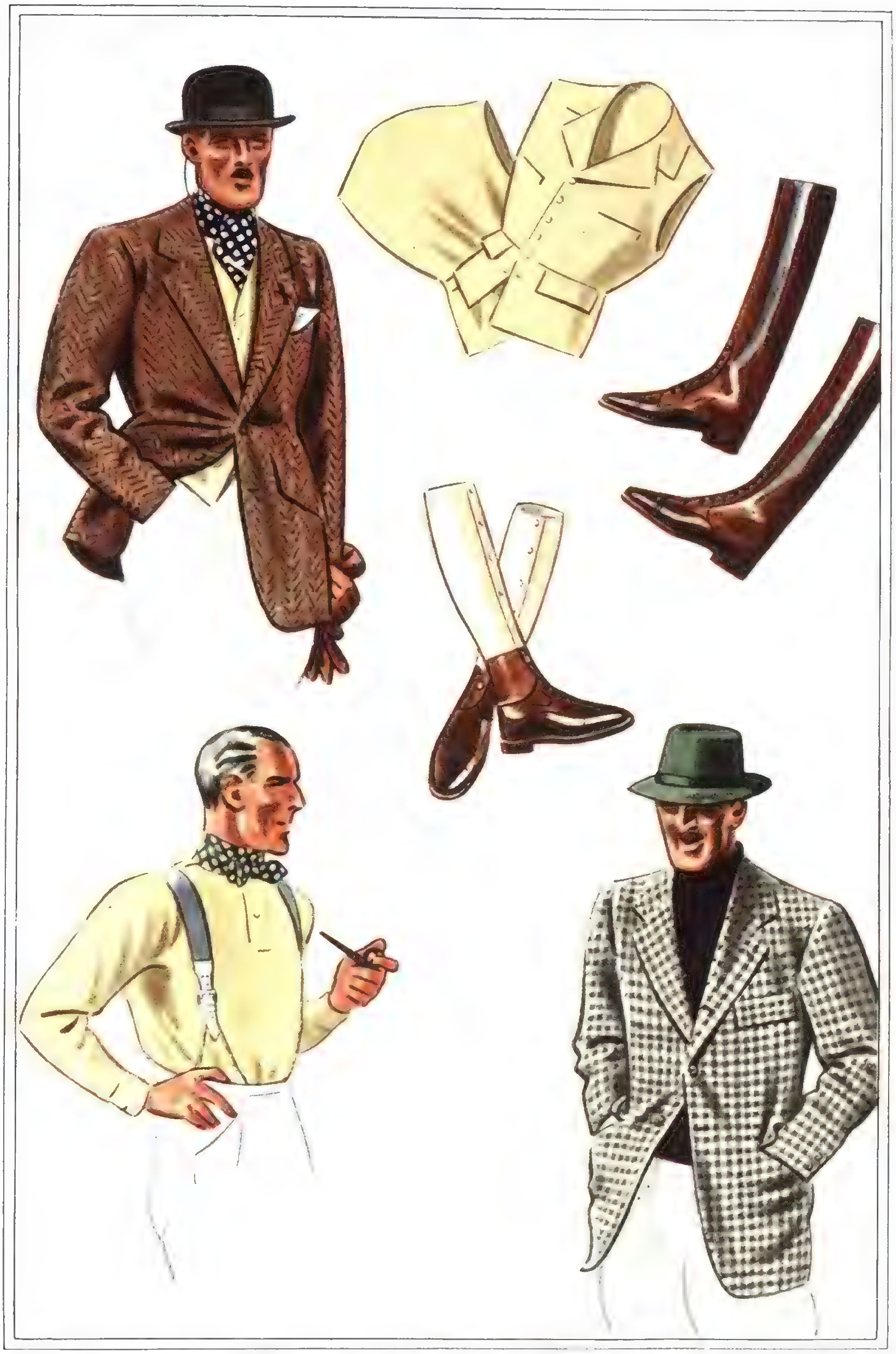
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



THE FALL TREND FOR THE OUTDOORS MAN

Upper left: for upland shooting; single breasted tweed jacket with a bold overplaid, blue Oxford shirt with medium pointed button down collar, plain knitted tie, Fair Isle sleeveless pullover and stitched tweed hat. *Upper right:* brown Shetland jacket in a diamond pattern with leather buttons and bellows pockets, cream colored waistcoat of wide wale corduroy, blue flannel shirt with round collar attached, red and yellow foulard tie, black and white herringbone tweed slacks and brown telescope hat. *Lower left:* blue and grey tweed jacket in the hound's-tooth check pattern, made with side vents, navy blue turtle neck sweater, grey flannel trousers, black and white checked cap made with one piece top. *Lower right:* a new version of the traditional Norfolk jacket in lovat color tweed, with tan cheviot shirt, club striped bow tie, white sleeveless sweater and green felt Tyrolean hat.

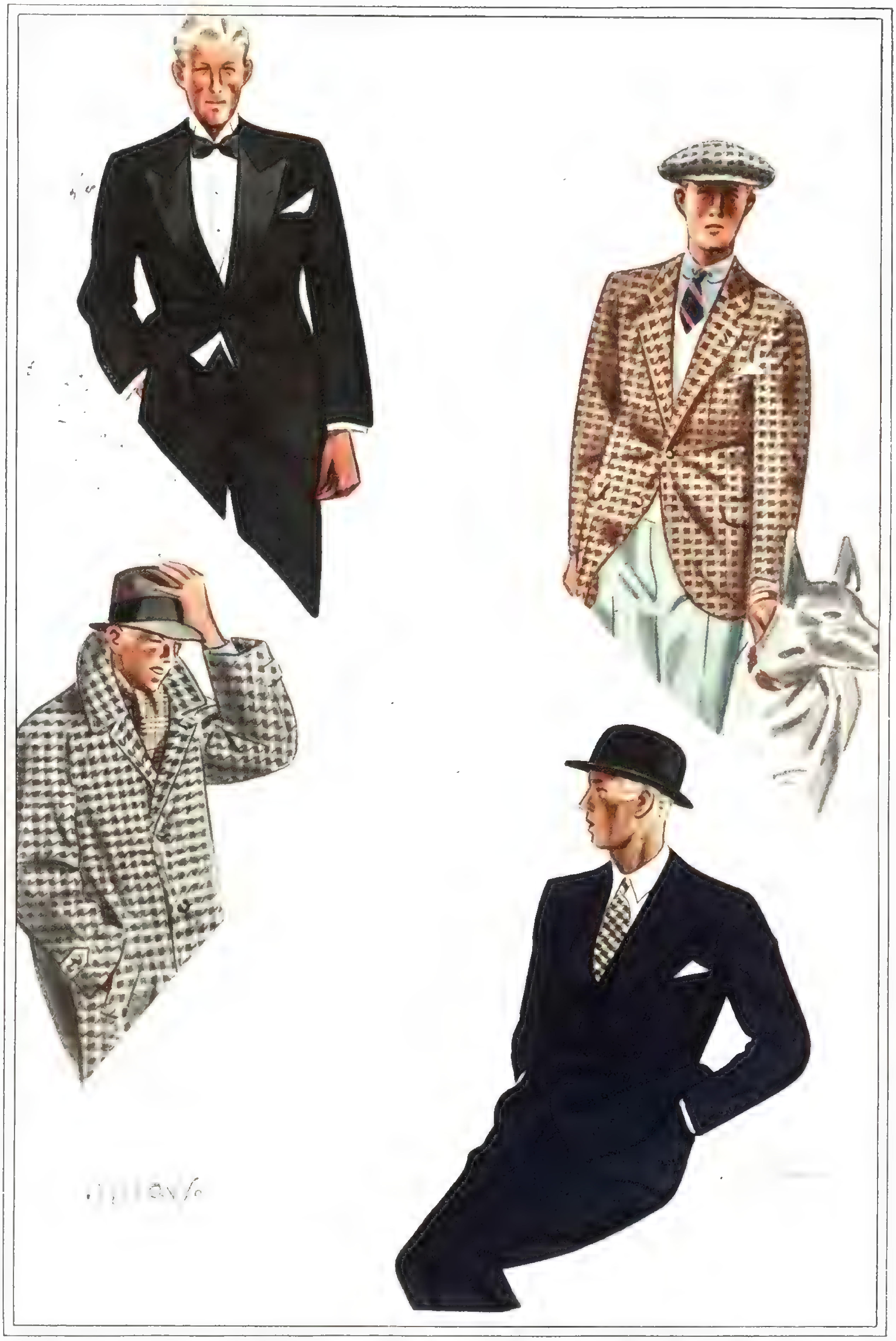
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



THE FALL TREND FOR THE MAN WHO RIDES

Upper left: for park riding, a brown herringbone Shetland sacque, yellow flannel waistcoat of conventional cut, blue foulard riding stock with white spots, worn with a bar pin, breeches of fine twill and a riding bowler which has more stiffening than that of the average derby. *Top center:* for colder weather the postboy waistcoat of heavy flannel with convertible collar is recommended. *Upper right:* for those who spend the better part of the day in riding kit, we recommend the field boot in preference to the regulation plain toecap dress boot. *Center:* for country riding; boxcloth button puttees with leather cuffs, worn with brown blucher model riding shoes. *Lower right:* for country riding and exercising, a black and white Shepherd check riding sacque cut on very informal lines, turtle neck sweater, heavier breeches and an old felt hat. *Lower left:* Silk and wool hunting shirt worn with a foulard ratcatcher stock.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



THE FALL TREND FOR THE UNDERGRADUATE

For dinner when it is necessary to dress: one-button single breasted peaked lapel dinner jacket with dull silk grosgrain facings, a narrow bosom starched plain linen dress shirt with two studs, a white winged collar of medium height with large tabs, a backless white single breasted pique waistcoat. For campus and general country wear: a three-button notch lapel Shetland jacket of brown hound's-tooth check pattern, cut on easy fitting lines and made with patch pockets, natural shoulders and center vent, grey flannel slacks, blue Oxford shirt with round collar attached, striped rep tie, white cashmere sleeveless pullover, one-piece top cap of black and white Shepherd check. For colder weather: Harris tweed balmacaan with wool muffler and covert color hat with black band. For the week-end: navy blue worsted suit with white broadcloth shirt and starched collar, Shepherd checked tie and bowler hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Gods of the Stick

Continued from page 102

the awe of existence.

Orchestra men admit that in the matter of pure talent as a conductor, in sheer ability with the baton—ability to convey shades of musical meaning by gesture and by glance and to handle men on the spur of the moment—Stokowski is unbeatable.

* * *

Serge Koussevitzky in Boston and Frederick Stock in Chicago are the rough and ready men who find it possible to work through the entire winter. Needless to say, they present less difficulty to their managements, who are thus not hard put to find substitutes capable of giving the public the same degree of satisfaction.

It is now nearly eleven years since the sartorially-perfect Koussevitzky came from Paris to Massachusetts. As chief of the Bostonians, the insatiable Russian infused life into the orchestra, gave his ranging taste a chance to disturb the dowagers, serenaded his wife on her birthdays, and emerged with both Back Bay and Beacon Hill in his pockets.

He never shows irritation, never lectures his audience. Nothing phases him, not even a pall of smoke descending over the orchestra in Carnegie Hall during a guest performance there. In the words of his manager, "He shows by his physical coordination the part a conductor can take in assisting an audience in the interpretation of a symphony. His face is a profound study."

Nothing has happened in Chicago during Frederick Stock's quarter of a century as conductor there to cause excitement. Rising from a place in the viola section, the substantial and kindly German has maintained his lead in the Windy City . . . a friend to all.

* * *

Another orchestral hero has existed for so long in America as to become an institution, a symbol that always was.

Walter Damrosch is popularly known as the "dean" of American conductors. His long years of service alone bring him the title. In his latter days he has literally talked his way into the homes and schools of America. Always a good mixer, Doctor Damrosch upon the demise of his unlamented New York Symphony, made good use of his social "connections" and became Musical Director for the National Broadcasting Company. In his easy berth on the newly launched ship of radio, he signed on his friends and former orchestra men. With officers capable of charting a course in heavy economic seas, but veritable gobs in the sea of melody, he remains trusted counsellor and Master of Ship's Music. Dawdling away the most valuable opportunity ever given a musician in this country, Doctor Damrosch contents himself with cheap medals and frustrated statistics about increased attendance.

Thus he will probably continue until his death as the "grand old man" of American music, perpetuating with his "Good morning, my dear children," the hoax of the Damrosch tradition until the end. A musical Billy Sunday, he has more followers, probably, than any other conductor in America, though he has never been noted for his inspired interpretations of profound music.

Musicians, least of all his orchestra men, never take Damrosch's conducting seriously. He is too busy looking over his shoulder at the audience to pay attention to their playing. In his early days, he was best described as "a sort of symphonic Buffalo Bill." His artistic conscience was not too hard to violate. He could speed up the tempi, if necessary, to have time to tell a yarn or two afterward. It has been said that he could talk almost anything out of existence. In Europe, especially England, his suave manner came to a bad end.

One of the most severe, as well as the most penetrating, critics writing about music in the English language, passed judgment on him with a story that has followed him, ever since.

The same critic, Mr. Ernest Newman, inquired last summer, "Is that fellow Damrosch still perpetrating his wares over there?"

I replied that although Mr. Damrosch had retired to the Children's Radio Concerts on a week-day morning, he enjoyed a large following and his magnetic voice and personality caused millions to listen to him.

"Isn't that queer?" Mr. Newman continued, in broadest English. "You know, he came over heah some years back and brought with him—I think he called it the New York Symphony. Of course, we'd heard about him, and we knew of his father, Leopold Damrosch. And when he told us fellows that he loved Elgar, that he would play something of Elgar's for us, we were rawthaw set up about it.

"It was extraordinary, you know, to have this fellow coming over from America with a large orchestra, offering to play Elgar. So we all looked forward to it. But it was jolly well bad . . . so bad, in fact, that it moved me to say in the paper afterwards that Mr. Damrosch reminded me somewhat of a young man, whose father very much loved animals, and who therefore had raised his son to be a butcher."

Doctor Damrosch has never been quite able to live that review down. He "stumbled along," as he says, as best he could to his present estate. He has helped other musicians at odd times, but most of all, Walter Damrosch.

He belongs to a pioneer era, when discipline, accuracy and imaginative conceptions were not so necessary. He founded German opera at the Metropolitan. It remained for others to bring it to a high estate.

He labored along with a second-rate orchestra until everyone tired of it. Greater conductors followed him. He remains as a ghost from the past, honored because he is of another generation.

* * *

Today, the orchestras are hard-pressed for conductors to alternate with Toscanini and Stokowski. It is probably too much to expect more than two or three great conductors at a time.

But everyone wonders where the new lions are to come from. Nearly every conductor in Europe has been here. Most of them have been unable to keep the pace and meet the competition.

Otto Klemperer, Jose Iturbi, Artur Rodzinski, Werner Janssen, and Eugene Ormandy are being introduced in the Big League next season. There's a good berth waiting for the right man.

And if you, like many symphony fans, fix your eye on the conductor and forget the orchestra and the music, you may remember that you have excellent authority for so doing. An eminent composer handed down the dictum: "There are no great orchestras; there are only great conductors."

But the eminent composer was probably a conductor himself.

Melancholy in the Comics

Continued from page 78

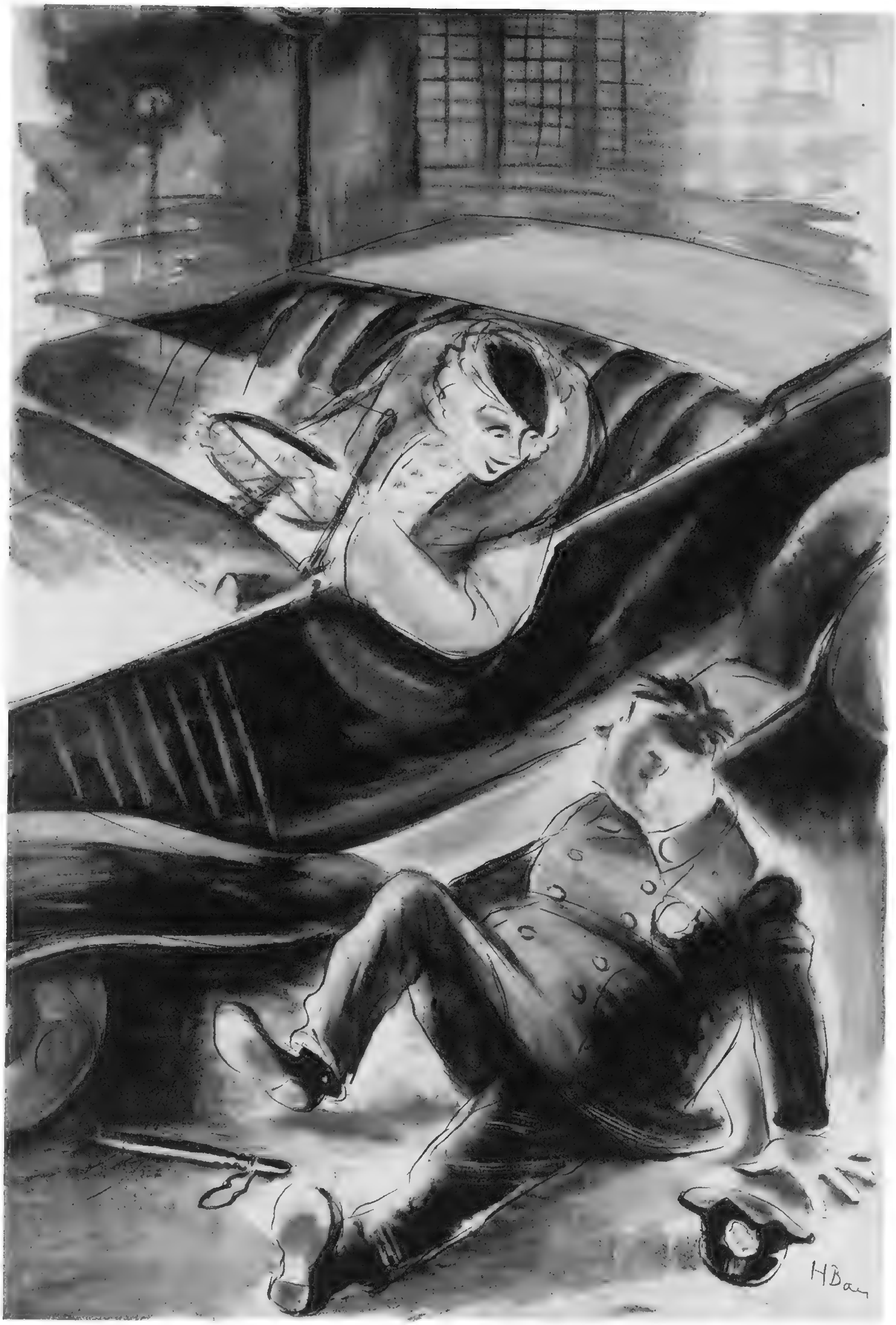
procedure. We want the old comic strip back again. Perhaps we had better form an organization, with a colored shirt, and beat up a few of our enemies.

To be sure we still have the best of the lot, Krazy Kat, who has never wavered. It is nearly twenty years since I began reading this strip and I shall celebrate the anniversary presently, if the editor will be so kind.

The point here is not that George Herriman has created an immortal character, but that he has never fallen from his true conception of what a strip ought to be. Krazy's bewilderment about umbrellas or ducks or whatever it is that worries his slightly addled mind may take several days to clear up; but each day's work progresses a full step forward. Each is a complete episode in the life of two or three major characters. And each one gives you the quality of the whole, in concentrated essence. It is not the quality of knockabout fun—it never was; but it has humor as a prime ingredient. Krazy remains the true model of a comic strip for form; for content, he is far too full of fantasy ever to be vastly popular.

As I suggested at the beginning, my pick of the newer strips is Popeye, both daily and in full page Saturdays or Sundays. Popeye in his daily endeavors can be shipwrecked or start running a newspaper or rescue a millionaire's daughter, but nine days out of ten, what happens to him is completely presented in five or six pictures, in one day. His creator, Segar, is inventive and genuinely funny, and Popeye, although one of nature's gentlemen, has escaped the gentility which has attacked most of the other comic strips in recent years. He still fights and curses and is a man's man.

Between them, he and Krazy may yet rescue the comic strips from the kiddies, God use his own judgment! as Mr. Lardner said about their mothers.



"Why officer, of all the people to run into!"

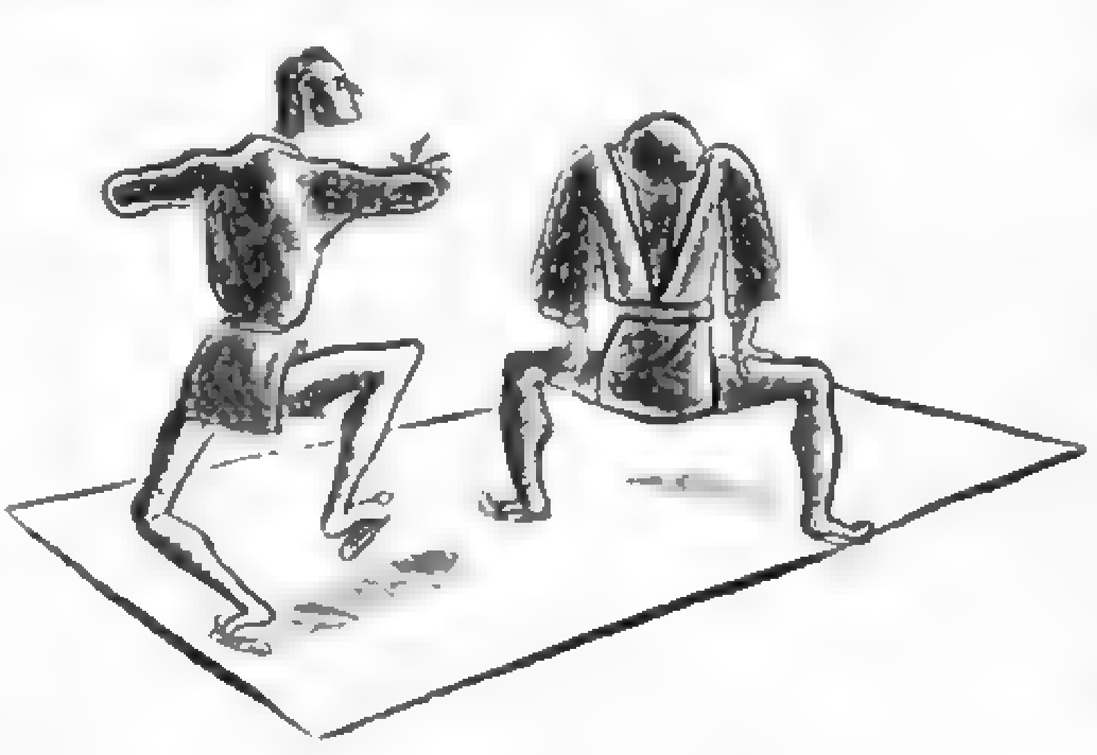
Jiu-Jitsu in Five Easy Lessons

An article which will not teach you, but may possibly cure you, of any latent notion to learn

by CARLTON BROWN

▪ SPORTS ▪

On a ship as small as the "Sayonara Maru," there was not much opportunity for exercise. You could pace the deck, or play shuffleboard, or, when the weather was mild, get yourself wet in the tiny canvas pool. Also, you could shinny up the ropes, but the captain wasn't in favor of that pastime. He said it didn't look right for a passenger to be shinnying up the ropes.



The Japanese, down aft, held jiu-jitsu matches every afternoon, weather permitting. The sport looked pretty simple and harmless. The purser seemed to be about the best at it, and I asked him if he would undertake to teach me its rudiments. A young man in Japan, I figured, should know how to defend himself in the Japanese manner. It would, the purser said, be a great honor to give me lessons in his nation's noblest sport. So one day, in a restless and reckless mood, I decided to go down and toss the purser around.

They laid down the padded straw mats, and gave me the traditional jiu-jitsu costume: padded cotton shorts and a long and roomy belted jacket. The lapels were wide and stout, for in several holds you gripped your opponent by these lapels before letting him fly through the air.

The purser first showed me how to land. Holding the forearms almost folded over your head, with one slightly in advance of the other and the two not quite touching, you let them hit the mat before your head, and if you are falling in the right direction—head first—your feet fly up and over and you land on your back with a rolling motion, your fall first broken by your forearms and then absorbed in the roll from back of neck to base of spine. Your head just grazes the mat, and it's not much more painful than a somersault. When your feet slap down on the mat you spring up, the impetus of the roll carrying you along. It gets easier and easier, and the idea is to practice falling in this way, until it becomes an instinctive action.

You get gradually to depend less and less on your hands and arms to cushion your fall, and finally you can just stand, aim your head down to where your knees just were, land on your shoulders and back, and spring up to your feet. Or, in certain landings, you can flatten your palms on the mat, as though you were going into a handstand, and let yourself down easily on your chest and stomach. I went through a good deal of landing, but at first always impelled by my own feet. That was pretty easy. I knew which way I was pushing and how I would land, more or less. All this preliminary falling, the purser said, was necessary because in the actual encounter your experience is frequently called upon. If you know how to land it minimizes breakage. I spent the first three daily one-hour sessions under his tutelage in falling, just falling.

On the fourth day the purser and I agreed that it was high time I learned a few holds and throws and tackles.

"Keep well in mind your training in falling," he said, "and pay attention to how I move." He indicated to me the proper stance to take before the engagement, and the signal—a slap on the thigh—which would start things going.

"Now," he said, "make as if to blow me." I took a deep breath and filled my cheeks like bellows. "No," he said, "not blow that way. As if to box me."

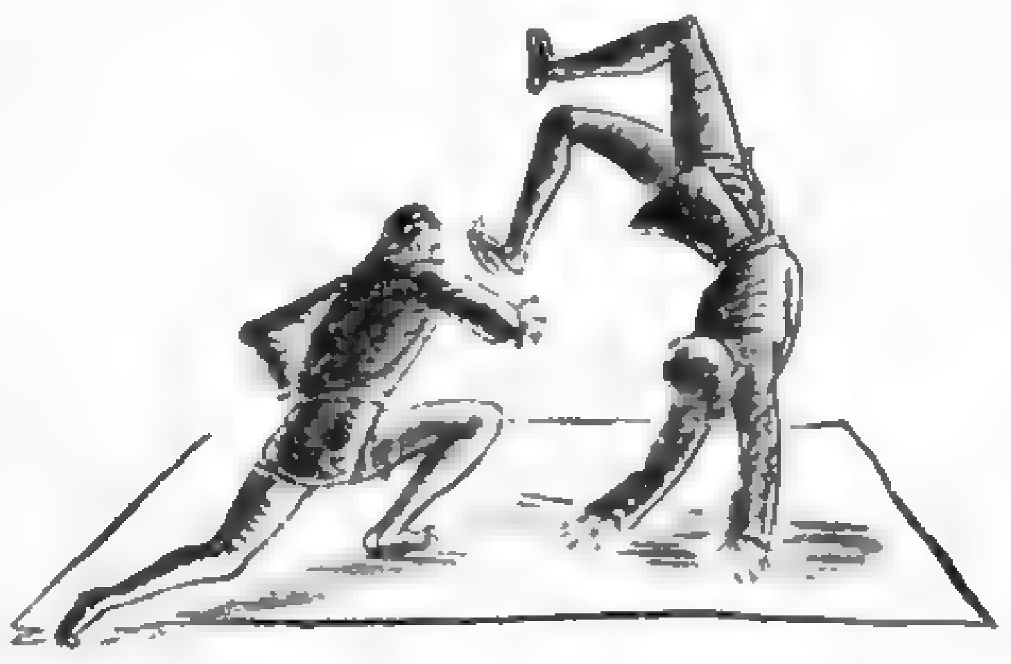
I aimed a right to his chin, but his deft and rapid hands gripped my wrist firmly. "Ha!" he said, and then, so quickly that his motions were no more than a blur before my eyes, he gave a corkscrew twist, turning his back to me and drawing my arm down over his shoulder, and let me fly through the air over his head. My skill in landing deserted me. My chin bumped the mat, and I skidded along on my chest for a few feet before coming to a stop. It was not a very dignified performance.

The Japanese steerage passengers who had gathered around the mat, and the first class passengers on the deck above, were laughing lustily, and when I finally turned over on my back and looked up, there was the purser, grinning down at me.

"Did you remark how I did it?" he asked. I couldn't summon up enough breath to answer him. When I finally pulled myself together and stood up, feeling kind of dizzy and tired of it all, the purser suggested that I try it on him. He showed me how to grab his wrist, balance myself to obtain the necessary leverage, and how to sling him off through space. I mastered the first steps readily. I got so I could nab one of his wrists, twist around and draw his arm down over my shoulder, and poise him on my back—but I could get no further.

He hung there like a sack of grain, and heave and grunt as I would I couldn't fling him on over. I tried several times, starting back at the wrist-clutching, working up through the twist and the drawing of his arm over my shoulder—but at that point something stuck. By the sixth time I tried it, the purser had evidently grown a little tired of the proceeding. Just as I got his right arm over my shoulder, he squirmed around and reached his left one down, crooked his elbow around my legs just below the knees, and dropped me on my face, sprawled out like a flattened frog.

"You see!" he cried gleefully, as I grovelled on the mat, "that is how one breaks the hold."



The next one was quite simple. We used to do it at school, but I must admit we never got so deadly accurate at it. Darting one foot out so that it rested at one side of mine, he gave me a sidewise swipe on the shoulder, simply but surely tripping me on his foot. I landed on my side, with quite a pronounced thud. I thought it would be simple to do this to him, but when I had my foot beside his, and was preparing to upset him, he suddenly dove between my knees, clutched me by the ankles, and sent me diving over his back. This time I used the landing tactics he had taught me.

"That is how the tripping is prevented," he said, and that concluded the lesson for the day.

The following day, come jiu-jitsu time, I wanted to hide somewhere in the bowels of the ship, or hurl myself into the sea, using the landing method in which I had been schooled. I ached all over, spots of weird hues danced before my eyes, and it was with great pain that I manipulated my jaw in eating and talking. But, I reckoned, if the purser could toss me about with such ease, how would I fare in the hands of a real Japanese desperado, intent on robbing me of my hat or shoes? When I got to Japan I wanted to see all sides of it, the good and the bad, and I would have to be prepared for any contingency. I must learn to meet the wily Oriental on his own footing; and so, when the time came for

Continued on page 136

The Disregarder

The explanation, at last, of the odd circumstances of the tragic and untimely death of a martyr

by GEOFFREY KERR

• HUMOR •

The recent death of Samuel A. Hinckley, of Jamaica, removed from our midst one justly esteemed and widely loved. Indeed, our city will never seem quite the same without him. On his honor and integrity in business—on his charity and charm at home—it is unnecessary to dwell. Their record is inscribed deep in the hearts of my fellow Jamaicans. I would like, however, in the brief space at my disposal, to describe a little known phase of this admirable character, knowledge of which can but endear him the more, perhaps even beyond the confines of the city he lived in and loved.

The first intimation that Samuel A. Hinckley had a hidden side was vouchsafed me one spring morning in 1932. The place was the subway station at Lexington Avenue and 53rd Street. I was half way up the lengthy escalator, when I noticed that the heads of all ascending were turned towards the bottom.

A man was sitting on the escalator!

This was surprising enough; but how much greater even my surprise to recognize the head and shoulders as those of my intimate but revered friend, Samuel A. Hinckley!

My first suspicion I will not divulge. Suffice it to say that I remained standing by the top of the escalator, in case the offer of a friendly arm might be both welcome and timely. To my relief, however, Samuel rose when nearing the top, stepped jauntily off the moving steps, and gave me a cheery greeting. As we walked south along Lexington Avenue together, I was hard put to it to keep back the questions that trembled on my tongue. At 42nd Street, however, curiosity got the better of politeness.

"Forgive an old friend's presumption," I said, "but do you usually sit on escalators?"

"Very often," he replied; "and always on that one."

"But why?"

"Because of those signs they have about sitting on it."

"But the signs tell you *not* to sit on it!"

"Exactly!" said Mr. Hinckley.

With this cryptic word, he murmured a goodbye and departed. But as I walked towards my office I heard running footsteps behind me; and there he was again.

"You mustn't think," he said rather breathlessly, "that I was *only* sitting on the escalator. Had you been nearer, you would have noticed that I was also resting my cane or rather my umbrella on the escalator steps. And also, of course, I was quite obviously failing to grasp the handrails."

He turned abruptly and was gone, leaving me in a state bordering closely on bewilderment.

It was not till the following Saturday that I gained the key to the enigma, when I returned to the subject over our weekly game of chess. In spite of the fact that his king was in deadly jeopardy, Samuel was nothing loathe to abandon the game and give me a full explanation.

"I've never told you about that side of myself, have I?" he began. "You probably think of me as being correct to the point of being conventional. And so I am over many things. But I am—and I pride myself on being—and I hope I shall continue to the last to be—a disregarder."

"A disregarder?" I said.

He nodded.

"Of what?"

"Of any printed injunction," he answered. "I always have been at heart. Show me a printed sign and simultaneously you give me the impulse to disobey it—an impulse I invariably put into action, whenever possible. I would like always to do so, but any principle has its limits; and to carry this one to its logical conclusion would sometimes involve trouble with the police. Also I except printed injunctions prefaced by the word 'please.' 'Please pay at the desk'—and I do so. 'Pay at the desk'—and I insist on paying the waiter. 'Please keep out'—and I stay away; but 'Keep off' takes me on. I take no credit for this course of action. Indeed, I know not whether it be wholly praiseworthy. I only know it springs from something deep in my nature—something I discovered when I was eight years old. But perhaps I am boring you?"

I reassured my friend and pressed him for further particulars.

"On my way to school," he continued, "I passed a great many advertisements for a certain brand of chocolate. The first one merely claimed it was the best. I happened vastly to prefer another brand and this advertisement only irritated me. 'It isn't!' I would murmur to myself and proceed, only to be confronted by a series of posters in which the chocolate manufacturer rapidly lost all self-control. The final one depicted a man of bestial countenance, shaking a threatening finger at the passer-by, and bore in huge letters the dogmatic command, 'Buy the ten cent packet!' 'I won't!' I would mutter through my clenched teeth. And I was still muttering this one day when I found myself the poorer by one dime and the possessor of a bar of this inferior commodity. My shame knew no bounds. Indeed, I doubt whether a lifetime dedicated to disregarding has really atoned for the humiliation of that moment."

It was nearly midnight when I left my old friend, fascinated by what I had heard. On succeeding Saturdays he returned freely to the subject and by the time of his lamented death I knew a lot about this special philosophy of his and how he put it into practice.

Public conveyances were his principal arena and he boasted of having broken nearly every command posted up by all the subways, the street car lines and the Fifth Avenue Bus Company. It was to the last that he owed his greatest triumph. 'Dogs, when carried by passengers, must be in small baskets' was an obvious challenge, even to one owning not a single dog. A borrowed Pomeranian enabled him brilliantly to accept the challenge.

The list of Mr. Hinckley's feats of disregarding is long and might grow wearisome. Nor is it necessary to go into the uttermost details, for—as Samuel himself used to say—it is the principle that counts. He himself never, to my knowledge, claimed that the origin of his idiosyncrasy lay in any heroic direction. I, however, know better. I am sure that these habits, which seemed merely harmless eccentricities, sprang from that innate sense of adventure that lies buried deep in all of us—but rarely sprouting into action, as it did with poor Samuel.

I have now paid my tribute to my brave friend's memory and I lay down my pen in the hope that these few words of mine may serve to hearten some of the old and stimulate some of the young. They will also provide the first true explanation of why Samuel Alistair Hinckley, on the occasion of his untimely and tragic death, was attempting to walk along the third rail of the B. M. T.

The Beauty Pageant

Continued from page 33

But New York didn't cop the prize. That night the crowd, at a dollar a head, sweated around the big hall. Two bands banged away. Kleig lights blazed at the platform. An important Director General strutted and sputtered and bellowed. On a table rested a plaster of paris golden apple. Its slot was choked with the judges' ballots. The press agent had conceived the idea of the golden apple. "Remember the story of the golden apple?" he had urged. "About Paris and the first beauty pageant?" And the Director General had snorted, "Hell, we're promoting Atlantic City, not Paris. Let the frogs run their own pageant."

It took several lusty blows of the hammer for the Director General to crash open the golden apple. Miss Atlantic City drew out the ballots. The Director General hoped the slips of paper, precious judgments of the merits of the two finalists, would add up to Miss Kaloosa. He had a thirteen-week contract on Loew time for the winner. The Director General thought he could stretch it a few weeks if Kaloosa won. Miss Atlantic City shrieked, "One vote for Miss Bridgetown!" The crowd jeered. The crowd cheered. Bridgetown gleamed. Kaloosa paled. Haskell Coffin smiled. He painted Miss America every year. He hoped it would be Bridgetown.

It was a runaway for Kaloosa. She forgave the razzes from the crowd and blushingly salaamed to the thousands roaring a turmoil of applause.

Reporters nudged her to shreds. Photographers pulled her apart. A mike flung in front of her face. "Tell'm what made you so beautiful," the man with the mike pleaded with Miss America. The press agent sprang to her ear.

"Tell them how thrilled you are to be Miss America," he coached her.

"My friends and ladies and gentlemen and papa," she babbled excitedly, "I'm so thrilled and excited and thrilled! I'm just simply thrilled to death."

"Tell them you don't deserve it but—" the press agent whispered.

Miss America glared indignantly.

"Go on," he implored, "it's just a gag. Tell them you know you don't deserve it but you'll try to be a worthy successor to the former Miss America. Go on, tell them."

Miss America dove into the mike. "I know I don't deserve to win, but I am happy I won and I hope I'll be as beautiful as the old Miss America." The "old" Miss America bit her lips. The press agent tore his hair.

"Tell them you don't use cosmetics and you drink lots of milk and you go to church and love mama and papa, go on, hurry up 'nd tell them."

"The secret of my beauty is that I go to church every Sunday and I drink lots of milk, never use cosmetics and obey my dear mother and never stay out late at night."

Out in Kaloosa, Miss America's old man, sitting before the radio, shouted back at the machine, "Nuts!"

Miss America ended: "Good night, papa."

Jim Higgins, from the cosmetic company, stormed up to the press agent.

"Good Lord!" he wailed. "Me here to get her testimonial and you promise I'll get it and then let her pull that lousy line!"

"Keep your shirt on," retorted the press agent. "That speech was for the record. Gimme that paper. I'll get her John Hancock."

That fall and winter the magazine ads carried Miss America's lavish cosmetic testimonial.

A cordon of cops surrounded Miss America on her triumphal march to the hotel. The crowd on the Boardwalk cheered and Miss America bowed to right and left. Sometimes she wafted kisses. They guarded her suite. Nobody got in unless he had a signed pass from the King of England, the Masonic grip and a sawed-off shotgun in each fist.

Word came out to the reporters that "Miss America is very, very tired and must not be disturbed until tomorrow afternoon, when she will grant an interview."

"Nuts to Miss America," commented the man from the New York World-Telegram.

Next day, they bundled Miss America off into a private car and put her up in a swell hotel in New York. She was awed by her first colored-tile bathroom and the French phone. And she was mortified when ma, unable to get at the bottom of those French things on the menu, meekly asked the waiter to bring some ham and eggs.

Miss America was a bust on the stage. But they let her run out the thirteen weeks. She made a lot of money, though, charging for articles on beauty and for appearances at banquets. She used the money to open up a beauty parlor. But she made the mistake of opening it in Kaloosa. They knew her in Kaloosa, you see. They wouldn't go to her beauty parlor. Jealousy, catty stuff, of course. So Miss America's beauty parlor, ironically, was a bust. Last heard of her, she was in Dayton. Wife of a middle-aged grocer.

I Am a Masculine Mother

Continued from page 53

my wife is no quitter. She said she would go, if ordered, and go she did.

"You can look after things, darling," she would say. "You've always been so capable about the home. The Monkey would rather confide in you than in me right now, and she can take over some of my responsibilities. It'll do her good. It won't hurt the boy any. He's got to fight his way through life and he's in college and old enough. If I didn't have all the confidence in the world in you, I wouldn't think of going . . ."

That was the specious argument. I knew she didn't want to go; not really. I rightly imagined that she wanted to prove her own abilities and training. I couldn't reasonably object to that and so I tried to understand, and take it.

Now, my loveable, winsome, vibrant daughter isn't assuming responsibilities. Girls don't do that suddenly, of course. Possibly such a climacteric occurrence as death would accomplish such a miracle, but when the outward conditions appear but slightly changed, duty is easily avoided.

There is the colored house-boy and cook. He continues as formerly. He dusts, tidies rooms, empties numerous and well filled ash trays, and sees that the laundry goes out and comes back, makes the beds and answers the telephone and is generally as efficient, if not more so, then when he was carefully watched by my wife.

Giving the little devil her due, there was a time when my daughter attempted to take her mother's place by observing tiny squares of dust that had been missed on polished radio and end-table. And much to the annoyance of the house-boy she ordered him to promptly and forthrightly re-dust.

But that flair of interest didn't last long; no longer than other similar duties assumed in a spirit of aiding me. There have been too many dates, dances, parties and good times, not to mention a bit of studying now and then, for her to worry about the dusting, the laundry and such mundane things. It was probably just as well.

So, as a masculine mother it became necessary for me to assume more and more household functions. Yes, I *should* have had the Monkey do it, but the pressure and worry from my own work, the inability to instruct her in the fine art of managing, the minutia, caused me to postpone such an educational process, even had I felt myself fitted. I knew I wasn't. I like a clean and tidy house. We have always had such. The servant has been well trained, thanks to my wife. He occasionally grows lax but a word or two will remind him. Yes, I suppose a woman would now find many things undone—dusty floors, dusty mouldings, condition of refrigerator and the gas stove, unwaxed stairs, unaired blankets. But I haven't the time and the spasmodic attempts made by my daughter are quite useless.

Yet, this is not the chief problem to me. Monkey can sometime learn how to care for her own home, even after her marriage. It'll be tough on her husband, but not necessarily fatal. It doesn't require such a tremendous amount of education to master home mechanics. I soon learned that fact when my wife caused hardly a ripple in the smooth running machinery while she took enough courses in the university to obtain her Ph. D. I can recall too, that when I married her she wasn't at the first a very efficient housekeeper. My own mother used to grow irritated about it, making veiled hints. Housekeeping for my mother was a profession. It is merely a successful sideline to my wife.

It's the matter of the social life for my children and my own relationship to life that worries me.

There is the matter of clothes. The Monkey is far harder on her clothes now that her mother is gone. Evening dresses don't last as long, nor shoes. Underwear is purchased more frequently. Stockings scarcely last a week. Just why this is true I don't know, I'll admit. As economy was the basic reason for this purgatory of separation, I'm not gaining anything in this.

There are the boys—the boys, damn them! Most of them make me nauseated with their restless desires to go here and

Continued on page 112

I Am a Masculine Mother

Continued from page 111

go there. Good boys, I presume, for they come from "good" families. They can't spend a quiet evening. It's always meeting here and meeting there; long runs into the country where there are clubs and friends, and getting back late. My daughter has grown up in a family where there are books—good books—good conversation and ideals. She can talk as intelligently as many a school teacher on current events, and enjoys it. But what chance has she for any intelligent society with the present day "gang" that dive into evening clothes or white flannels after work and start for a dance at ten, which closes at one o'clock? Will I have to get hard-boiled to save the girl's health? Not that she is tired. Oh, no, she appears to thrive on it!

Then there is the matter of intimacy. Being a man and a fairly social one, with a wide list of feminine friends (when younger) I know that the young fellows of today want and expect a bit of emotional satisfaction after a dance. Nothing wrong, of course. A kiss, perhaps. A hug or two; an embrace. How can I know just how far my daughter goes? She's young and has what the psychologists call "drives." She thinks she knows a lot about life. Yet she really doesn't. Her circle of boy friends are all older than she is which has its advantages and its decided disadvantages, as far as this thing called worldly wisdom is concerned. I can't help but fear that her apparent and surface sophistication will not protect her at some crucial and emotional moment.

There are health problems. Certain normal, natural, periodic functions sometimes encounter slight complications. How can I adequately guard and advise? I'm not a prude. There is no false modesty in this family. A free use of ordinary medical terms has made certain sex facts unmysterious. But, nevertheless I have suspicions at times that a proper question at the proper time with a bit of counsel is needed for the sake of good health. Can I ask my winsome "it" girl pointed questions when they occur to me without becoming either ludicrous or lugubrious?

I have much confidence in the Monkey. She likes to visit and talk over with me her various boy friends and her dates. I am not fool enough to believe that the things I am told may be far less important than what I am not told. I am frequently bored with the conversation about Bob and Tom and Henry and Morris and the rest. But I try not to show it. My thoughts wander to plans and notes and banks and finances, and more particularly do they leave town altogether to entwine around that memory of my absent wife. I try not to reveal it. I wonder if I do succeed?

Even with confidence in my daughter I am not entirely minus certain emotions. I know the pressure—know it too well for my own peace of mind. I can see the romance in her eyes when she talks about a certain "Al" who has the capacity of writing most romantic letters when away—of "the star-studded skies," and "picture moon," and "softly kissing winds of the tropics." Of course, there are other and endearing terms that are not read to me. I will wonder about this "Al" when he returns in a few weeks with the halo of romance and masculine virility with which he now seems enhanced.

It is in such experiences that a masculine mother is very inadequate; a bit helpless. A father may notice the flushed face of his daughter when walking into the living room from his study, but how can he discover what it indicates, if anything? A father is familiar with feminine psychology and physiology, but how can he do more than try to encourage confidences that only a mother knows how to utilize for future aid in times of emotional experiences?

A father can love his daughter but it must be parental love. The aroma la femme, from a clear, healthy skin, healthy body, emotional needs and outlets, must not affect him—even when a beloved wife is away and he has problems of his own relative to living normally.

• my son •

As for the boy: A medical course superinduces a state of cynicism. It also induces a candid view of life and love. However, as a masculine mother my boy needs a softening understanding and the tenderness of a mother rather than the more physically experienced punch of a father. There are times that my son, I know, would like to have the satisfaction of seeing the curves and beauty of his mater when discussing social matters rather than the angular attenuateness of his pater.

There are many times when I wonder just how far he is going with his knowledge of sex? There is a particularly attractive (to my son) girl who is willing to come to the house frankly and candidly to see him. She comes often and stays long. Since I cannot be home and my daughter is running about here and there, certain situations arise—or may arise. I know that this lithesome girl, trickily interested in the boy, would not be around the house thus were my wife here. She would respect the feminine insight as to motives. But a father—well, I'm a man and she knows she's lusciously attractive! And what am I to do? Send her home? Her parents are "fine people"; she is the only child. She knows what she wants and apparently she thinks I don't know. I wonder if I do? Well, still another year in the old medical course may come soon enough—but maybe not!

As for me, perhaps I should sublimate my emotions? Perhaps I should try a little alcohol. I'm not a drinker; chiefly because I wish to preserve the home standards and make precepts logical. I used to be, but growing youth is too keen-eyed and I stopped. Possibly I should open my bookcase and read my Casanova for relaxation? Possibly I'm getting too sentimental at this job of being a masculine mother?

There are songs that slip in by way of the radio that nearly tear my heart out in longings and desires. There are fragrances that drift to me that bring in vivid flashes the freshness of a woman's beauty, and the satisfactions of her charms. . . . Go out and celebrate? Make a night of it? Theoretically all right perhaps. There are enough attractive women—friendly ones too—friendly enough. I'm no saint. I have my ideals and I've had my days—and nights. Yet I can't bring myself to live them over again in quite the same way. *In the first place* they wouldn't fill the void or remove the face of the one who is away. There are too, a couple of pairs of youthful eyes and I'm in the dual role of father and mother and a slip might prove too good an excuse.

And what of her? What of this wife of mine with whom I am more in love than when I married her? I wonder. I'm not jealous. I shouldn't care to go out and shoot any lover of hers if I could conceive of such a one. I have perfect confidence in her. But there are many interesting professional men with whom she is daily associated. She is attractive, physically and mentally. The chief safeguard is that she doesn't herself know the extent of her own physical allurements. She has almost worshipped brains and ability and has never wished to win her laurels otherwise. She despises such subterfuges.

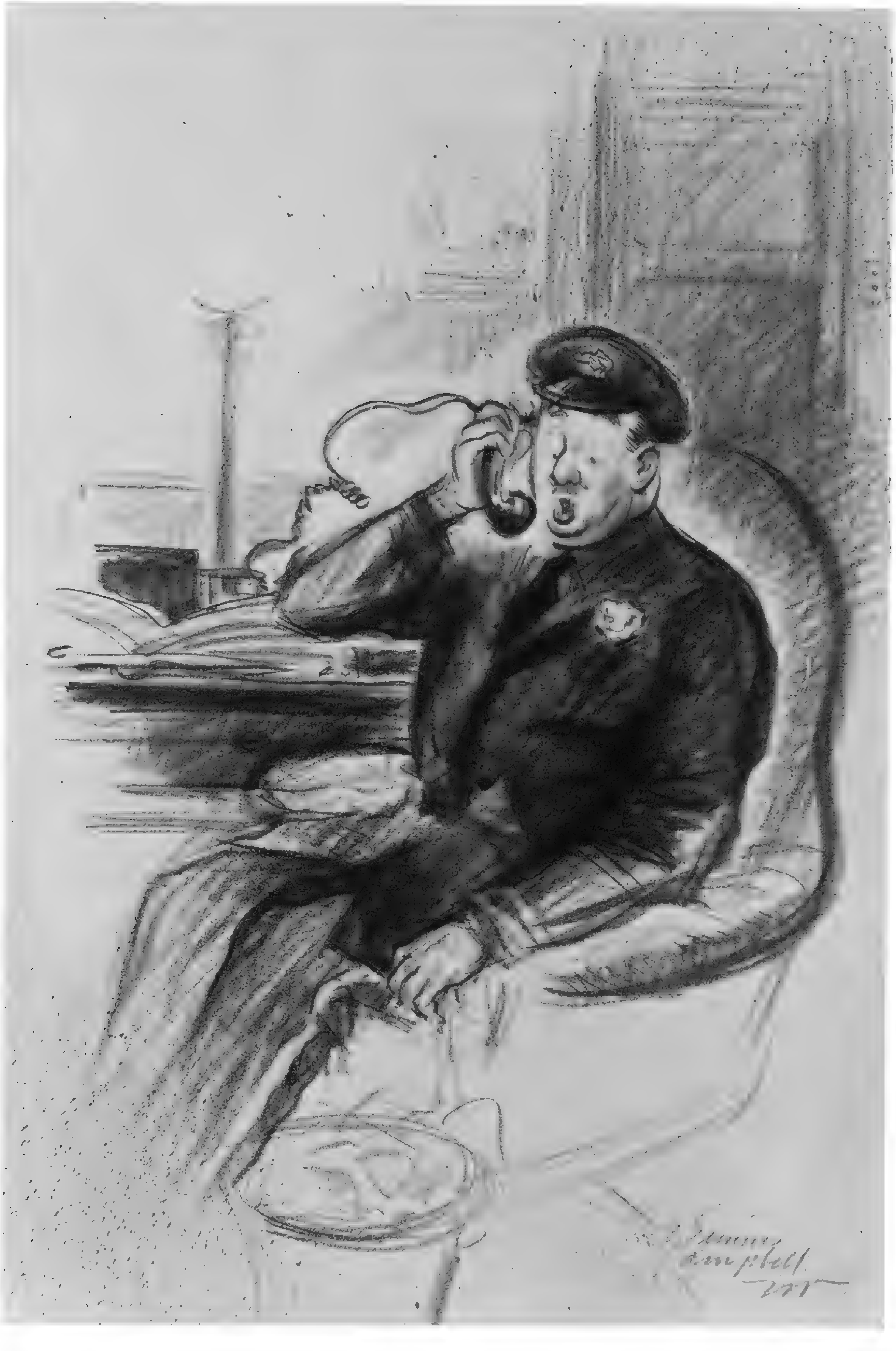
But she is human. We have ever been a loving couple. How long will we both last and keep on an even keel?

I sit here wondering and conjuring up memories and recalling her white skin, her blue-black hair, her playfully designing wink of her gray-brown eyes, her soft red lips, and provoking kiss. . . .

The masculine mother role has its problems chargeable to the economic disturbances. The die appears to be cast in my case. I live but once. I grow older. She grows older. . . .

Have this wife of my heart and I chosen wisely in our desire to maintain social standards of another day?

Solomon had a phrase for it: Do thus and so, said the man of some thousand lady friends, before "desire shall fail." Remembering pride and the social whirl, economic revolutions and deflations, I want to answer that I'd rather have the shack in the woods! "Vanity of vanities . . . all is vanity." Being a masculine mother is vanity gone to seed.



"What! A burglar in th' Old Maids' Home? Oh—you're the burglar!"

What the Cave Men Began

Continued from page 56

not, and this annoyed him. So he commanded all his vassals to shave, and since it was most unhealthy to be conspicuous and not to acknowledge fealty to Alexander in those days, shaving immediately became popular.

The Romans carried the cult of smooth shaving to extremes, and continued it well into the middle ages. They plucked the hair from arms and chest with tweezers, and smoothed down their faces with pumice stone and oil.

This mixture may have been the precursor of shaving soap, although the use of a special soap as part of the paraphernalia of shaving is comparatively modern. Throughout the Middle Ages plain water only was used, as it was in Japan up to the present generation.

In the Orient however, the beard held its own, but extremely stylized. Upper lips were smooth shaven often, and the well-dressed man in Egypt packed his beard in an ornate little case attached to his jaw, giving him that strange appearance of wearing a cow bell on his chin that is so noticeable in early Egyptian art. As the habit of close shaving spread eastward, the Egyptians shaved fully and then attached little artificial beards by means of chin straps. Why this impulse in the sunrise of history to ape the fractious billygoat? Research falters over this one, contenting itself with recalling the ancient Anglo Saxon idiom—Keep a stiff upper lip! Evidently these people saw virtues in the goatee that have escaped us heirs of all the ages.

This brings us to the wielder of the razor—the barber, whose colorful history can only be paused over when it affects the glory and dignity of the razor's use. This touched high peaks in medieval times. One reason was that for centuries the barber and the physician were the only ones permitted to enquire into the mysteries of the human body. Medical practice was a matter of alchemy and magic largely, and for bleeding and such minor surgical practices as the church permitted, the barber was called in. He became known as the barber-surgeon and he occupied a social position in which the humility of the body-servant and the dignity of the scientist were curiously combined. Probably this was due to the razor itself, which was the one instrument adapted to minor surgery that civilization possessed, and only the barber could be trusted to handle it. At any rate, modern surgery traces its generation as directly to the medieval barber as to the physician, and the razor is the precursor of the scalpel, the amputating knife and the other unpleasant tools that abound in hospitals. Recently the circle has been completed by adapting the latest of the modern safety razor blades into a highly specialized surgical knife.

Another reason is the barber's strange rise to political power. During the Middle Ages the court barbers frequently rose to positions not unlike those of the political bosses of today. They were despised socially, and feared on all fours politically, by the lesser nobility and the court hangers-on. Oliver-le-Dain, barber to Louis the Eleventh of France, was said to possess greater influence with the king than any of his ministers, and the latter used to bribe the barber as a necessary step in carrying through the unholy strategems and plots with which the factional life of that court abounded. Why? Because Oliver possessed the undivided attention of his royal master for twenty minutes every morning. He was one of the most astute men of his time, and the King, under the hypnotic influence of a super-shave masterly administered, would absorb his advice.

Like all other trades the medieval barbers were strongly organized into guilds. With such off-the-record court connections, and with the prestige of their left-handed connection with the medical fraternity, these organizations waxed powerful. At the time of the English Revolution the Barber-Surgeons Guild-hall in London became a center of medical professional life even more than of the barbers. In France at about the same period, the court barber of Louis 14th became head of the Barber's Guild of Paris, thus bringing a sort of indirect royal patronage to the whole fraternity.

In the last days of the decadent Bourbon dynasty, Leonard, the King's barber, was in the thick of the plots to rescue Louis 16th from the Revolutionists. For a mere commoner to be so admitted to the royal secrets at that time was scaling the social ladder with a vengeance. But the position had its unpleasant aspects. The Paris mobs had a habit of catching such courtiers of Louis as did not please their fancy, hoisting their heads on poles and parading them through the streets. Such a Devil's Jack-o-Lantern pageant overtook Leonard in the streets one day and gave him his choice of "frizzing" the decapitated heads of two of his former clients, or of joining the procession with his own head on a pole. What would you have done? So did Leonard.

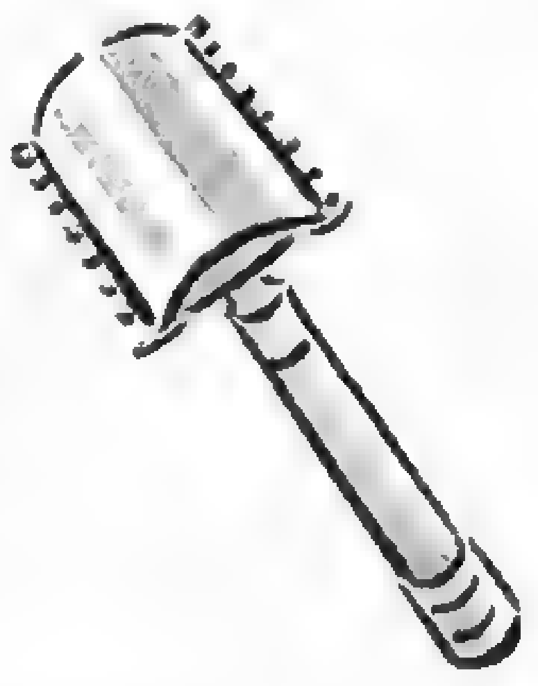
Barbers have never climbed so high since. During the sober-minded Nineteenth Century the science of surgery came into its own, potentates dealt more or less directly with their ministers, barbering was divested of its quasi-professional dignity and settled into a trade, with unions and master's associations taking the place of the once powerful guilds. In Europe the apprentice system of training barbers still obtains, though in this country the apprentice has often as not become a student in a barber's college.

Throughout all these events the razor maintained its pristine shape with only two changes, both unimportant. Some time in the 18th Century men learned to fold their razors into the handle instead of making blade and handle all of a piece. In the middle of the 19th Century "hollow grinding" came into vogue. These are the only innovations. Edges always varied in shape from the flatly horizontal to different degrees of the "rocker edge" just as today, and users the world over always had a wide choice of tips, from the right angle to the semi-circle. Improvements in steel led to the device of the razor strop in the 17th Century. Before that, the honing stone was an indispensable part of shaving.

In composition, razors tell the whole evolution of metallurgy. Successively they have been made from shells, flint, natural glass, bronze, iron, forged steel, cast steel, and rolled steel. Each era had its center for razor production, and where this center was, invariably craftsmanship in metals had its highest perfection. The best razors came from Damascus when Rome ruled the world. In the Middle Ages, they came from Toledo, in Spain, and later from the Dutch and Flemish cities in the North Sea areas. With the rise of the cutlery industry in England two centuries ago, Sheffield became the focal point of razor manufacture for all Christendom, and has been so ever since. Early in the 19th Century a Connecticut cutler imported a group of Sheffield artisans for the manufacture of American razors, and the New England cutlers since have competed vigorously with the English for the American razor trade. But Sheffield nevertheless has continued to set the pace for both hemispheres.

It was there that the practice of hollow-grinding originated. As steels improved in hardness and pliancy, the Sheffield craftsmen found a way to grind the straight sides of the razor's traditional wedge-shape into a graceful concavity which made it lighter to hold and easier to sharpen. This treatment has become almost universal in recent years, though the old wedge shape still persists for the usual handful of die-hard connoisseurs, who swear that as it was in the beginning, the razor is and always shall be, and that hollow grinding is merely another sign of the degeneracy of our times. These people will shudder with nausea and blackball you at their clubs if you mention safety razors.

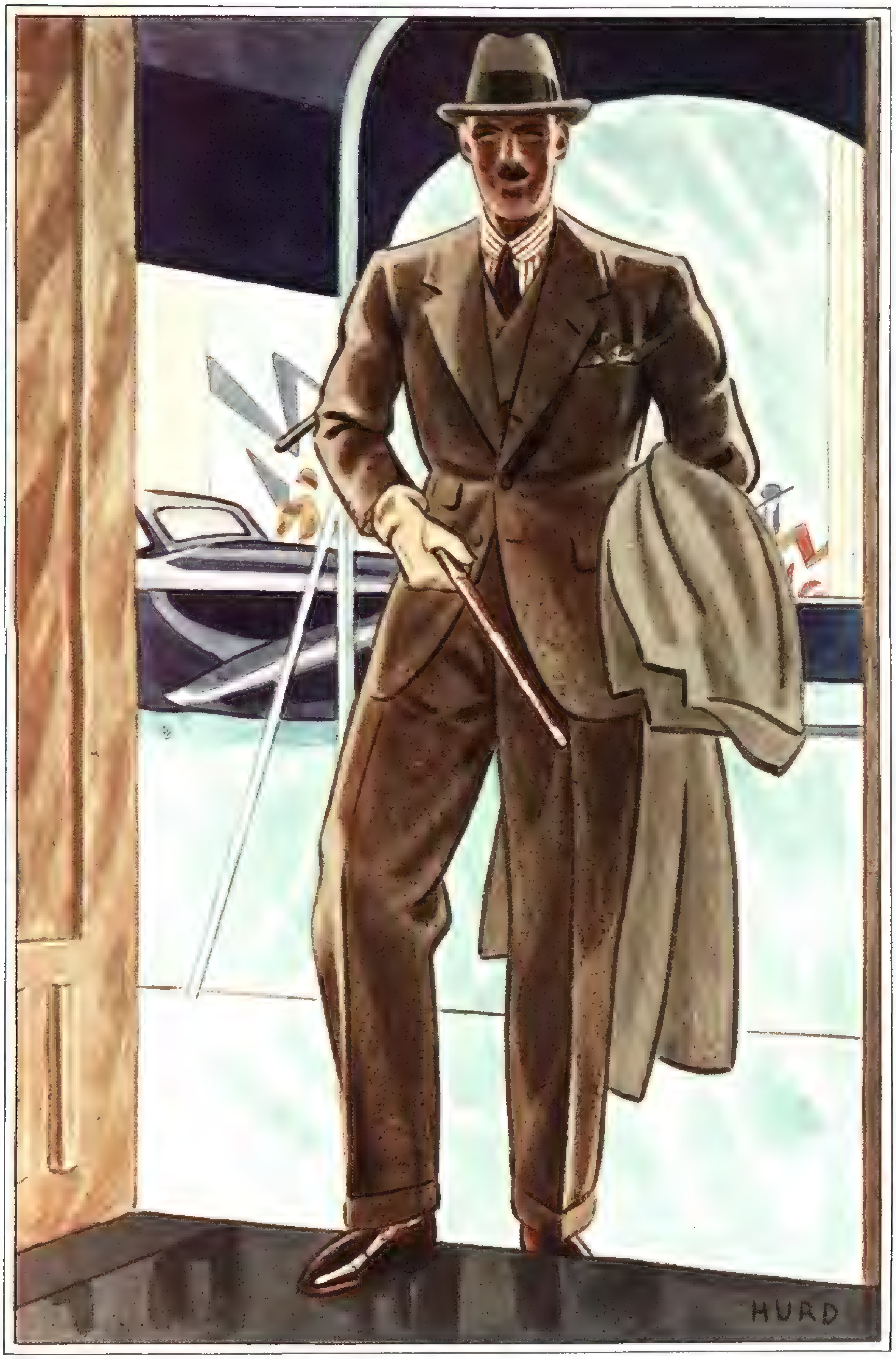
Razor makers will tell you, however, that the scarcely observable differences in razors are of much more practical moment than mere beauty or faddism. The points that involve perfection are lightness, balance, durability, and the capacity to take and maintain a fine edge. A good razor should ring like a bell when it is struck. Beards vary so in texture that no rule is possible as to the duration of its edge, but a well-made razor of good steel should last its owner a lifetime.



There are many razors that have served for two generations. Still, the better a razor is, the more carefully it should be used. Old steel has a curious habit of "tiring" itself, and then renewing its temper if left to rest. This is why for centuries razors have been made in sets. The best sets for the last century or so have consisted of as many as seven razors, so that a different one could be used for every day in the week. These sets are mostly collector's curiosities now, since modern steel composition permits razors to be used more continuously.

The great change came with the turn of the century. The safety razor announced itself to the world in perfected form, but like all great inventions it is really an evolution in which craftsmen in different countries played a part for many years. The first safety razors were made by fastening guards on the traditional implement and they were invented and reinvented for several decades before practical ones finally developed.

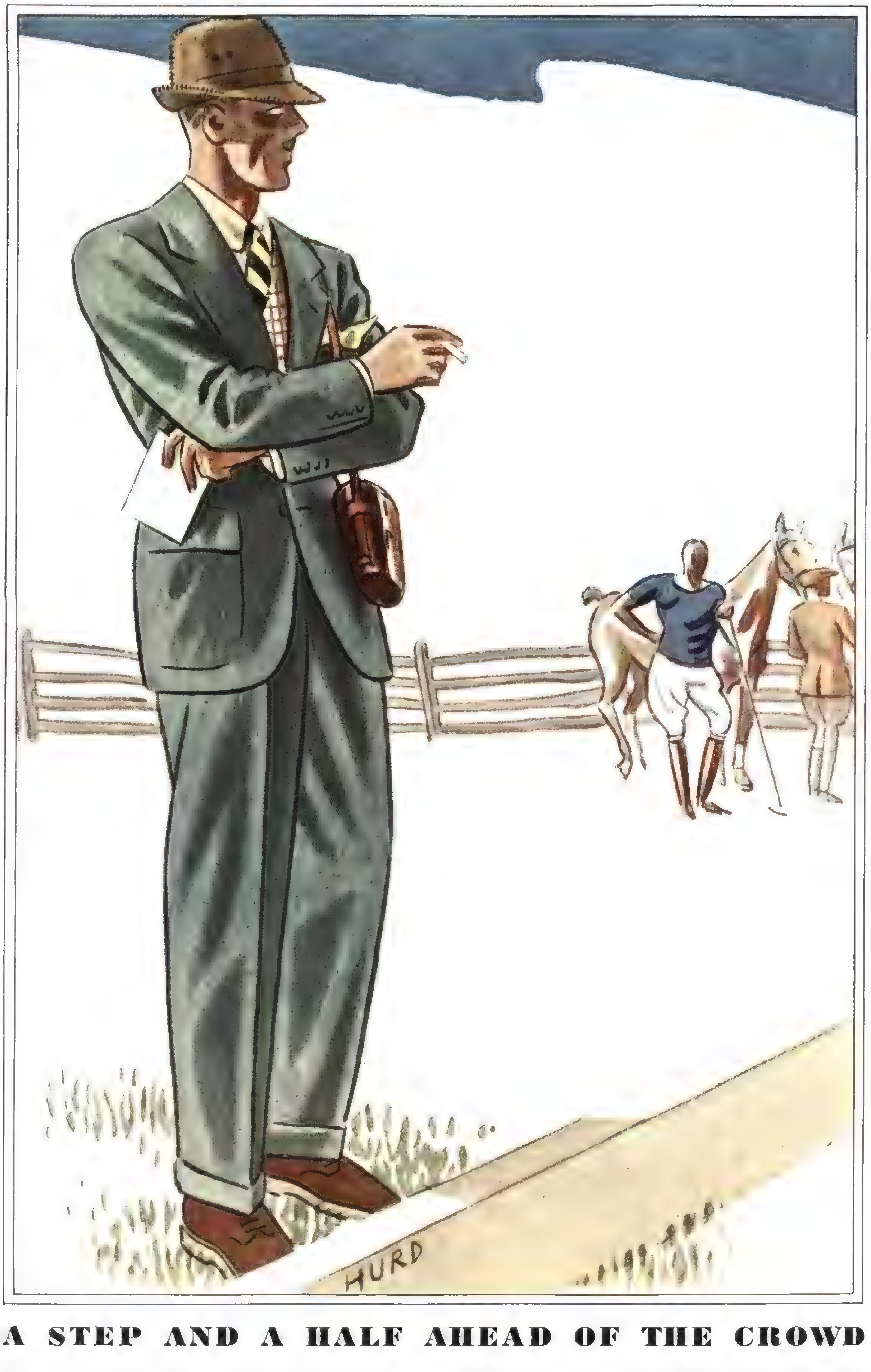
Continued on page 117



BROKE WITH YOUR FACE AS YOUR FORTUNE

It is a well known fact that the smartest men are not the handsomest. Fashion artists drew pretty pictures in utter ignorance of this for many years until we fixed up the situation in earnest conference with Mr. Hurd and Mr. Fellows and some applejack. (We seem to remember settling something about canes at the same time, but artists can't remember everything.) The point is that you don't have to look like something for the movies to make a distinguished appearance—in fact, your chances are better if you don't. The cut of your waistcoat, which you can control, is more important than the cut of your jib, which you can't. For instance, this double breasted waistcoat with a single breasted suit of black and brown cheviot, worn with an even striped, soft madras shirt and matching stiff collar, a solid color silk tie and a green felt Homburg, buff pigskin gauntlets and a natural tan covert cloth topcoat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



A STEP AND A HALF AHEAD OF THE CROWD

If you are that type of timid creature who is reassured, rather than ruffled, by seeing the double of his own outfit on every other man he meets, you'd better leave this page alone. This is a spectator sports outfit that is typical of those front runners of fashion whom you see at the horsey gatherings on Long Island. These fellows stick with a fashion only until the mob catches up, and then they drop it cold. This outfit has not yet travelled far west of Westchester. It's a three-button single breasted, notch lapel tweed suit of lovat green, of which the jacket is cut rather long, carrying patch pockets and a center vent. The shirt is of cream colored Oxford cloth with a round collar attached which is worn pinned snugly beneath the knot of the green and gold club striped rep tie. The tattersal waistcoat is of cream flannel with a brown overcheck. The shoes are buck and the hat is of rough scratch felt.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

What the Cave Men Began

Continued from page 114

Various experiments were made to get away from the original shape but for many years the old traditions were too strong. Razors with guarded blades that could be removed from their handles for resharpening similarly were experimented with for years before they began to assume a standard shape. To an American, however, King C. Gillette, is credited the most radical change from the old tradition. As the story of his patent shows, the "safety" feature was at the outset only secondary in Gillette's scheme, as was also the complete change he wrought in the razor's shape with the handle joining the blade in the middle and at right angles to it. His innovation was even more drastic; a razor blade so thin and inexpensive that it could be thrown away after a single using, thus doing away with the age-old nuisance of stropping and honing. He combined this idea with that of protecting the edge and reducing to a minimum the possibility of slips. Other inventors since have joined in elaborating these features, and thus the barber's ancient hold on humanity has passed away forever.

Safety razors fall into three general types —scrapers, hoes, and clippers. The scrapers, with one or two exceptions are descendants of the old-fashioned razor and are used like them, except that they have toothed guards which may be removed for stropping purposes.

The hoes however, are the real revolutionists. Nothing short of a census can enumerate their present varieties—this investigator counted fourteen different kinds in one display window and was able to name to the proprietor several different species he did not have. They run to type in only two particulars. The handles of most of them are set at right angles to the blade and in the middle of it, and the blades can be removed from the handles for sharpening, or for substitution of new blades. With those two points any resemblance ceases. Some are simplicity itself, some are intricate mechanical contrivances; item, one razor that conceals a longitudinal flywheel in its handle, which imparts a vibratory effect to the blade when it is twirled; another which conceals extra blades up the handle where the first one keeps its flywheel, and makes a magic change of blades by a simple twist of the wrist; another that strops itself—theoretically, that is, for the elbow-motif in its power plant seems to be just as conspicuous as with the razors of our ancestors. Many of them vibrate their blades with electric power, a feature that with some exceptions, dealers claim has yet to justify itself in practical use. This, it must be emphasized, is retailer's testimony, not manufacturer's

There are only two types of blades for these hoe-razors, though the variations of each type are many. The maker's problem seems to lie in insuring that the edges of the blade will always be at a slightly acute angle to the skin when shaving. Too sharp an angle tends to cut, a blade at right angles will tear the skin, and at an obtuse angle will not shave at all. The difficulty is met with the heavier bladed razors by clamping them rigidly within a holder that itself is set at the proper angle, and with the flexible "wafer" type by curving the blade ever so little when it is clamped within the holder.

Shaving with this kind of razor has a simple but definite technique of its own. Many a man is still glumly shaving with his old razor because he failed to realize this in his experimental attempts. Experts say that the razor should be slid across the skin with a diagonal sweep, not pulled vertically back and forth with a motion like raking hay, as instinct is apt to suggest. A little adeptness in this diagonal motion is said to make the wiriest facial stubble accept its fate with philosophy. Quick, steady strokes are held to be the most efficacious, but it is wise to avoid "chopping," for the razor may chop back. Though many of the newest blades are alleged to keep their edges for several shaves, it still is best to restrop the blade thoroughly after each use, or only use it once or twice. As the whole world knows, a dull razor is one of the bloodthirstiest of man-made implements.

Nothing better illustrates the speed of the modern world than the fact that while the ancestral type of razor held its monopoly for all these thousands of years, the reign of the hoe-type razor even now is threatened, after less than forty years use. A third type is tentatively appearing, whose revolutionary features make the change from the scraper to the hoe seem merely an incident. This razor not only abandons the old naked blade, but it abolishes the cutting edge itself, and with it standing before a mirror, stropping, lathering and even the act of shaving, since it lets electricity do all the work. For want of a better term it was referred to above as a "clipper" though it is not exactly that. In fact its action is so new that it has no place in the human vocabulary. You cannot even say it shaves. But it certainly nullifies the whiskers.

Since this narrative is plain history, not advertising, it is no place to go into its merits or defects, or even to admit that it has either. But the fact that the thing is here, that it works, and does this in opposition to any previous principle of shaving, gives it an inherent right to be the final evolutionary cap to this story of the razor. At present there is nothing beyond.

What will the next step be? The gadget just described leaves it hard to imagine a further simplification unless psychology takes a hand and enables us to wish our whiskers off or on at discretion. Whatever betides, one prediction is safe, for the massed masculinity of two hemispheres, five continents and the seven seas will rise if necessary and make it so.

The lady biologist's solution is OUT.

Certified Relief Case

Continued from page 60

"Oh, Mrs. Addison, we have, an' what do you think happened last week? A hen came out from under my mother's bed, an' when we looked under it, there was a nest with eleven eggs in it!"

The remarkable discovery of the hen's nest failed to interest Helen Addison. She looked in disgust at the house. There were no sheets on the one bed the Bennetts owned; mattresses, much soiled and stained from constant wetting, covered the floor. That could not be blamed on the depression; sheets didn't wear out for several years. The Bennetts had never owned anything; they never would. Nails were driven at all possible levels and angles in the rough board wall, and on them hung the winter as well as the summer clothes of the family.

They had used the Red Cross blankets to patch and line coats: next winter they would expect more blankets. Two rooms for eleven people to live in! Yet they made no effort to find a better place, with more ground to cultivate.

A cane broom lay on the floor in the corner, near the hole where the Bennetts swept their trash through the floor.

The clothes that hung on the wall were all dirty. Sweaters and overalls and torn dresses: not a single garment was mended or clean.

"The boys ought to be able to work a garden, Mrs. Bennett," the relief worker told her. "You have three boys old enough to be doing something!"

"Why, Mrs. Addison, you know my boys are all under workin' age! They'd be willin' to help hoe, if the garden would grow enough to need hoein', but surely you are against this child labor! You wouldn't think it was right for one of those boys to go workin' on someone else's place!"

"An' another thing, Mrs. Addison," Gloria interrupted quickly. "Everybody but us aroun' here has got their sanitary toilets already, an' ours ain't come. That ole Mrs. Cutrer was over this mornin', just as snooty as could be.

"'Our outdoor toilet has come, an' is all put up!' she told Mama. 'You must come over an' see me sometime!'"

"You'll get yours in due time," Helen Addison told them wearily. "Everyone on relief rolls who needs one is to have it furnished, but it takes time to have them cut, set up and delivered."

And they'll be using them for woodsheds within a year, she told herself. It seemed sacrilegious, but every time she passed the houses where the pine privies stood waiting to be put up she thought, "By these signs ye shall know them."

"You must work out some plan so you can manage your own food budget later," she told them. "Right now you are receiving $7.20 a week, but this can not be continued indefinitely. You must be thinking and planning for the future, for as soon as possible you will be removed from relief rolls."

Helen Addison moved her feet out of the way of the largest roach she had ever seen. Roaches crawled up the rough wall; they ran

Continued on page 118

Certified Relief Case

Continued from page 117

around the loose bricks of the hearth. There was no food in the Bennett larder, but if there were scraps the roaches were welcome to them.

"Git along without relief?" Mrs. Bennett was horrified. "What would we do? We just git enough now to git food for all this family, what with nine children and another comin'."

"Another!"—The relief worker was really distressed at this new turn. "Oh, Mrs. Bennett! After all I've told you!"

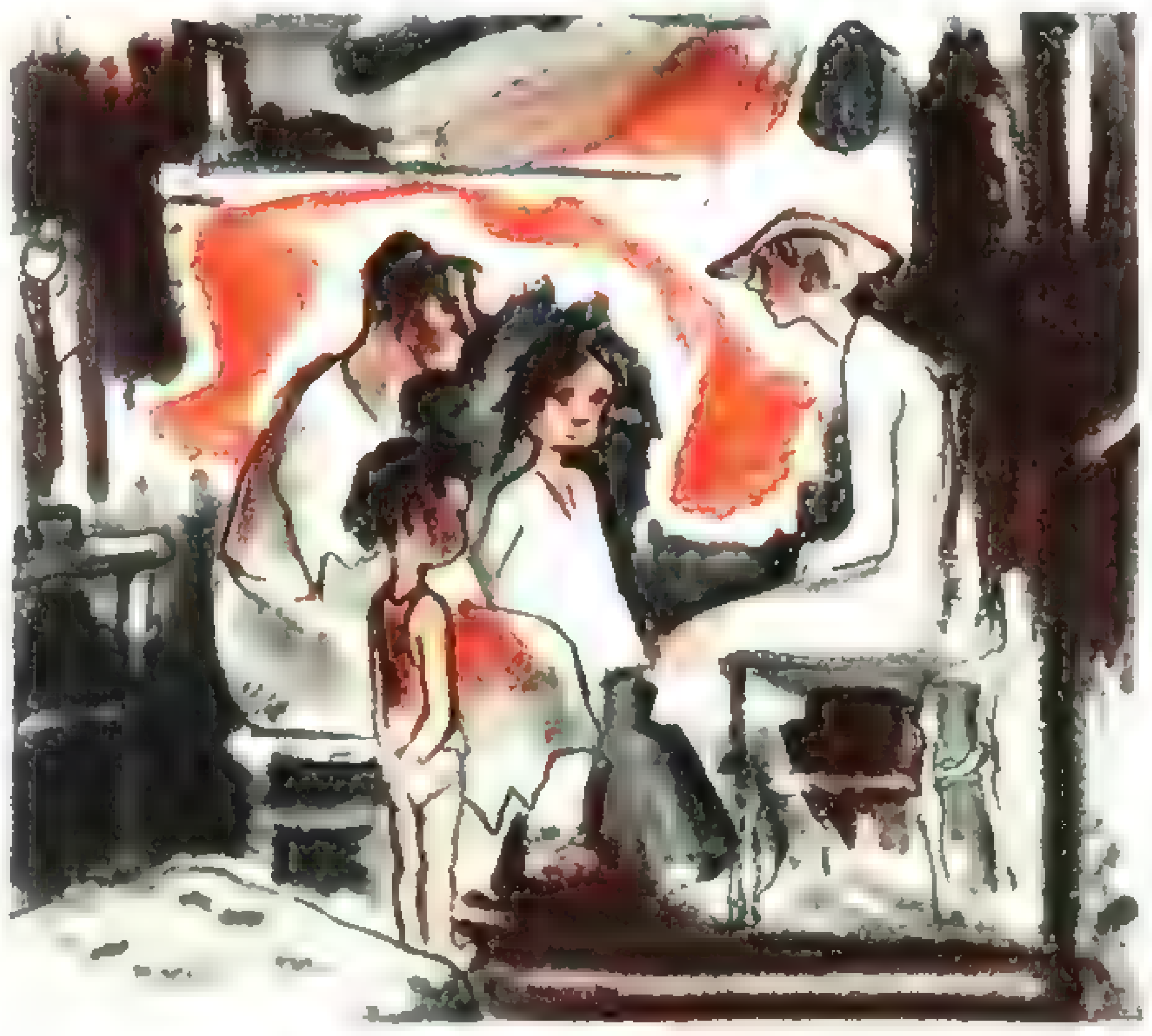
"Yes'm. But what kin I do about it? The Lord must have intinded me to have a big family or He wouldn't keep sindin' them. Besides, you know yo'self we can't afford to keep from havin' children, on what the Relief gives us! I've figured just as close as I kin, like you tole me to, an' it won't keep us from havin' children—just buys sweet potatoes an' corn meal an' salt pork."

"We might name this one Helen for you, Mrs. Addison," Gloria offered shyly. "It's a plain name, an' Mama mostly tries to pick pretty ones, but she said she'd name a boy Franklin or a girl Helen."

There was no response from the field worker.

"We might call a girl Era, after the letters on the card, E.R.A. Bendora thought of that: it would be complimintin' the Emergency Relief Administration, an' make a right cute name too."

The burning rubber was sickening: Helen Addison had never discovered why so many of the homes she visited had old tires burning in the back yard. The whole of Tangipahoa Parish seemed permeated with the odor. In the Bennett house there were all the known disagreeable smells: Vergil and Horace were drying 'possum skins on one side of the house, and there were the stenches of filth and poor white.



But what could she do about it? The Bennetts had to eat, clean or dirty, and $7.20 a week was what the food experts figured was essential for a family of eleven. True, the Bennetts had never in their lives spent $7.20 a week for food, but now that they were wards of the Government they must be guarded against pellagra and malnutrition. Yet she knew that as long as there was Government relief the Bennetts would stay just as they were.

Clark Gable was spitting sour banana on his mother's dress. She wiped his mouth with the hem of her skirt.

It was the last straw for Helen Addison. Bennetts had been as they were for generations; they would be so for prolific other generations. They were the poor-we-have-always-with-us, settled permanently in the Lower South, where it is easiest to be poor. You had to accept them as Mrs. Bennett accepted her many babies. All you could do for them was to feed them.

Just how they got along in the past or how they would get along in the future was not her problem. She was merely to see that all needy families received the amount of their necessary food budget, and without doubt the Bennetts were needy.

All Uncle Sam's children must be fed.

Ruefully she watched the long runner creep down her stocking leg.

Good Representation

Continued from page 35

tinuing our little game of patience. On Thursday he said that he would call me at noon tomorrow for an appointment to appear before the governmental board of directors. On Friday he failed to call, so I returned to his office and was informed that I would positively hear from him tomorrow at noon.

The next day I felt as though the world had come to an end. He called at noon and asked me to come over immediately, as the board of directors wanted to see me in action. I stuffed myself full of knives and rushed over to his office. As I shook hands with the first director a knife fell from my sleeve. The director seemed a bit startled, but no one smiled. I dropped another knife, and another, and another. There was a regular avalanche of knives. Not a laugh, not a grimace from the directors. I looked at them desperately. They couldn't *all* be stooges. In an eloquent silence broken only by the clatter of three hundred descending knives, I finished the act. There was a moment of awful calm. Then the head of the board spoke. "He says that anyone can drop knives," explained my interpreter.

Depressed by my comedy, the board never cheered up until they heard I also played the harp. Even so they were puzzled. Did I drop the knives, *while* playing the harp?

It occurred to me that perhaps my brothers would have the laugh on me. Even in our wildest scenarios we hadn't traveled ten thousand miles to appear in a performance that was never given. The directors had told me I would receive a definite answer tomorrow at noon. When that message failed to materialize I returned to the office, only to be informed that the head man was out of town and they would call me tomorrow at noon. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . .

"Why don't you make a phonograph record of 'tomorrow at noon,'" I suggested, "and save yourselves the trouble of repeating it?"

The secretary looked at me gravely for a moment. Then she shook her head, "But sometimes it is 'tomorrow afternoon,'" she said.

On my eleventh day in Moscow I delivered an ultimatum that was scarcely less revolutionary than the manifesto of an earlier Marx (no relation) in whose reflected glory I was enjoying an unearned prestige. I was tired of the farce. Was I, or was I not, going to perform in Russia? Unless I received a final answer within twenty-four hours I would leave for America immediately.

"All right," they replied, "we shall call you tomorrow at noon."

That evening I was invited to dinner at the Litvinoffs'. Mr. Litvinoff himself would not arrive from the United States until the following morning, but his wife and children made up in hospitality and friendliness for the absence of the host. They all spoke excellent English—Mrs. Litvinoff herself is an Englishwoman and quite a diplomat in her own right. She expressed her gratification that my comedy might serve as a visible token of the friendly relationship between the nations. When I told her of my running string of postponements she exclaimed with horror that her country would be the laughing stock of the world if after hurdling the hemisphere for a performance I were unable to appear. I admitted that there might be some disagreeable laughter but I was afraid the joke wouldn't be on Russia. Then her nine-year-old daughter said, "You mustn't undo what Papa has done."

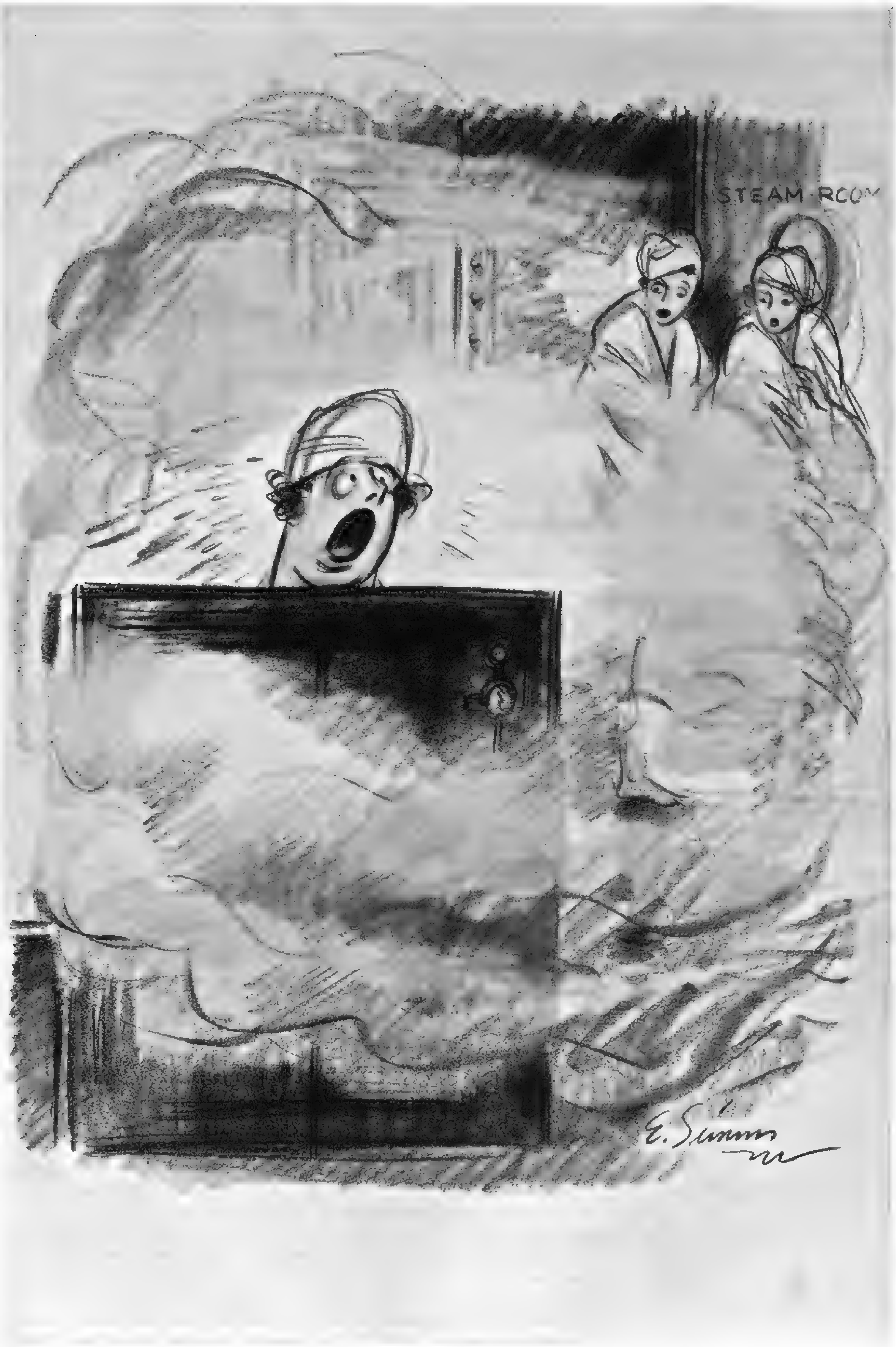
Even so, I got up early the following morning, determined, after a little final sightseeing, to sneak ingloriously away. I had just finished packing my wardrobe, including the three hundred knives that I would have to produce at the border, when my preparations for departure were interrupted by a violent rapping at the door. "Entrez," I shouted, and in walked more Russians than the room was ever built to hold. Actors, directors, sopranos, authors, stenographers, and kibitzers—there must have been fifty of them of all ages, sizes and varieties of beard. In the midst of the general babble I gathered that they had just learned of the arrival in Moscow of the distinguished Comrade Marx and they wished to honor him in a manner befitting his august position in the American theatre. In a few moments we were swimming in shop talk, comradeship, and vodka. I never quite knew what it was all about, but I suspected the fine diplomatic hand of Comrade Litvinoff.

I suspect he merely hurried them up. And perhaps I ought to explain that their leisurely manner had nothing to do with Communism. It was just Russian. You see, Russians don't see why there is any hurry and maybe they're right at that.

Presently I got the idea that they had come to help me prepare my sketch. "A couple of extras and a day of rehearsal will fix me up fine," I told them.

"No, Comrade," they protested, aghast at the thought. "You must be well represented. You shall have the assistance of the finest artists in the Moscow Art Theatre for your recital."

Continued on page 120


STEAM ROOM
E. Simms

"Oh, Helena Rubenstein!"

Good Representation

Continued from page 118

"Thanks, but that won't be necessary," I replied. "All I need is a tall man and a girl who can sing."

"Ah, but Comrade Marx, we must be careful whom we select. We shall see that you are well represented."

In a short while they had nine of the leading actors and as many of the best sopranos of the Moscow Art Company in the hotel room. Protests that anyone at all would do were no avail. I must try them out myself. I must be well represented.

It was easy enough to choose the tallest man, but I had to hold an audition for the girls. I listened to them all sing "O Sole Mio," and proceeded to pick the prettiest of the lot. Then I left for the afternoon while three of the local O'Neills began pounding out a script from the outline of the sketch I had given them.

I thought we should be ready to open the following day, but they made us rehearse for five days and nights before leaving for the première in Leningrad. Whenever I complained about all this unnecessary pother they exclaimed, "But, comrade, you must be well represented." We gave our final rehearsal in Moscow before an audience composed of Trianovsky, Bullitt, Litvinoff, and their children. Their laughter reassured me as no amount of flattery by my professional friends could have done.

We rehearsed in the Leningrad theatre for five days more, until an American company would have gone stale in their lines. I learned later that this was the customary Russian theatrical technique. The Moscow Art Theatre rehearses for nine months before it is ready to play before an audience, while Eisenstein frequently spends as much as a year in preparation for his pictures before he starts shooting a scene. I was beginning to understand the misgivings of the board of directors. They weren't accustomed to the American tempo.

We had been informed that our act would close the intermission. I didn't learn until opening night that there are five intermissions in the average Russian variety show. The performance started at 7:30 o'clock and we went on at 10:30, after the last intermission. It was really quite a gala event. All over town I had seen posters emblazoned with the legend, XATT NO MAPKC, without realizing that they were billboards advertising my appearance. It is hard to convey an impression of the effect of the name of Marx on the Russian imagination. Statues of Karl are as numerous as likenesses of Mussolini in Italy or of Garbo in America. Consequently the crowd that gathered in the Music Hall on the auspicious occasion of my Leningrad début was only partly influenced by such strands of my reputation as had floated over from New York and London. The name Marx did the rest.

The two players in my act could not have been more excited if they were to appear in a Chekhov première. Their names were Helen Ketat and Iona Brotsky, and they played Chico and Groucho, respectively, in a sketch taken vaguely from several of our shows. Brotsky made up in height for what he lacked of Groucho's loquacity, and it was my rare pleasure to cut his part down to nearly nothing.

Apparently the audience had no difficulty in understanding my pantomime. I knew from the first laugh that everything would be all right. Although everyone was unusually attentive during my harp recital I was terrified to hear what sounded like hissing mixed with the ensuing applause. Brotsky told me afterwards that they were shouting "Bis, bis, bis," which is the French for "encore."

After the performance we banqueted on the stage. A Russian banquet differs from a Russian dinner chiefly in the quantity of caviar and vodka consumed. After the second performance my company appealed to me not to ad lib during the show. Those extemporaneous gestures, they were very fine indeed, but they tended to spoil the artistic integrity of the performance. I promised to abide by the script thereafter, because I knew that with their invaluable assistance I truly was well represented in Russia.

We played for seven nights to packed houses in Leningrad, and then left on December 24th for Moscow. It snowed all night, and we awakened on the whitest Christmas morning I shall ever see to watch the peasants on their little sleds in parties of twenty or thirty skimming along the crest of the snow, which rose five and six feet above the level of the tracks.

My second and last Moscow appearance was at the Music Hall, and Sid Grauman couldn't have staged it better. All Moscow society was there—in the somber clothing that is not only evening dress, but morning and afternoon as well. Except for the absence of white shirt fronts from the men and except for the fact that Russian women think of clothing as something to *cover* the person, it might well have been a Hollywood opening. Movie stars, statesmen, artists, writers and curiosity seekers crowded the lobby and stormed the gallery. When Litvinoff shook hands with me after the performance knives began dropping from his sleeves. The knives made such a hit that they took news reels of me at Pushkin's statue with knives falling from every conceivable fold in the statue's costume.

During my stay in Russia I was surprised by the absence of any outward signs of poverty. Is it possible that Alexander Woollcott could have been judging peasants by his own figure when he called them painfully thin? I have no complaint to make either of food, accommodations, or prices, but perhaps the proletariat would tell another story. My total expenses for the average day's sightseeing, including theatres and concerts, were seldom more than fifteen dollars a day.

I have a notion that "Melachrino" had something to do with the Moscow interview that I brought back to America. It concerns "Harpo Marx, one of the four brothers of the Marx, most popular ensemble in America of the famous Paramount lot," whose quoted remarks run somewhat as follows:

"I came to the U. S. S. R. as a tourist, not even expecting to appear as the first American actor in Soviet Russia. The rapidity with which the Moscow public has turned me from a tourist into an artist again shows me how fast you have picked up the American tempo. The people I have met in Moscow have shown a real American efficiency in their activities."

The Runaway

Continued from page 27

"You've got to," she said.

"My lip's all cut. It's bleeding. I can't do it," he said.

Late afternoon sunshine coming through the kitchen window shone on his stepmother's greying hair, on her soft smooth skin and on the gentle, patient expression that was on her face. At that moment Michael thought that she was desperately uneasy and terribly alone, and he felt sorry for her even while he was rushing out the back door.

He saw his father walking toward the woodshed, walking slow and upright with his hands held straight at his side and with the same afternoon sunlight shining so brightly on the high dome of his forehead. He went right into the woodshed without looking back. Michael sat down on the steps and waited. He was afraid to follow. Maybe it was because of the way his father was walking with his head held up and his hands straight at his sides. Michael began to make a small desperate prayer that his father should suddenly appear at the woodshed door.

Time dragged so slowly. A few doors away Mrs. McCutcheon was feeding her hens who were clucking as she called them. "I can't sit here till it gets dark," Michael was thinking, but he was afraid to go into the woodshed and afraid to think of what he feared.

So he waited till he could not keep a picture of the interior of the shed out of his thoughts, a picture that included his father walking in with his hands as though strapped at his sides and his head stiff, like a man they were going to hang.

"What's he doing in there, what's he doing?" Michael said out loud, and he jumped up and rushed to the shed and flung the door wide.

His father was sitting on a pile of wood with his head on his hands and a kind of beaten look on his face. Still scared, Michael called out, "Dad, dad," and then he felt such relief he sank down on the pile of wood beside his father and looked up at him.

"What's the matter with you, son?"

"Nothing. I guess I just wondered where you were."

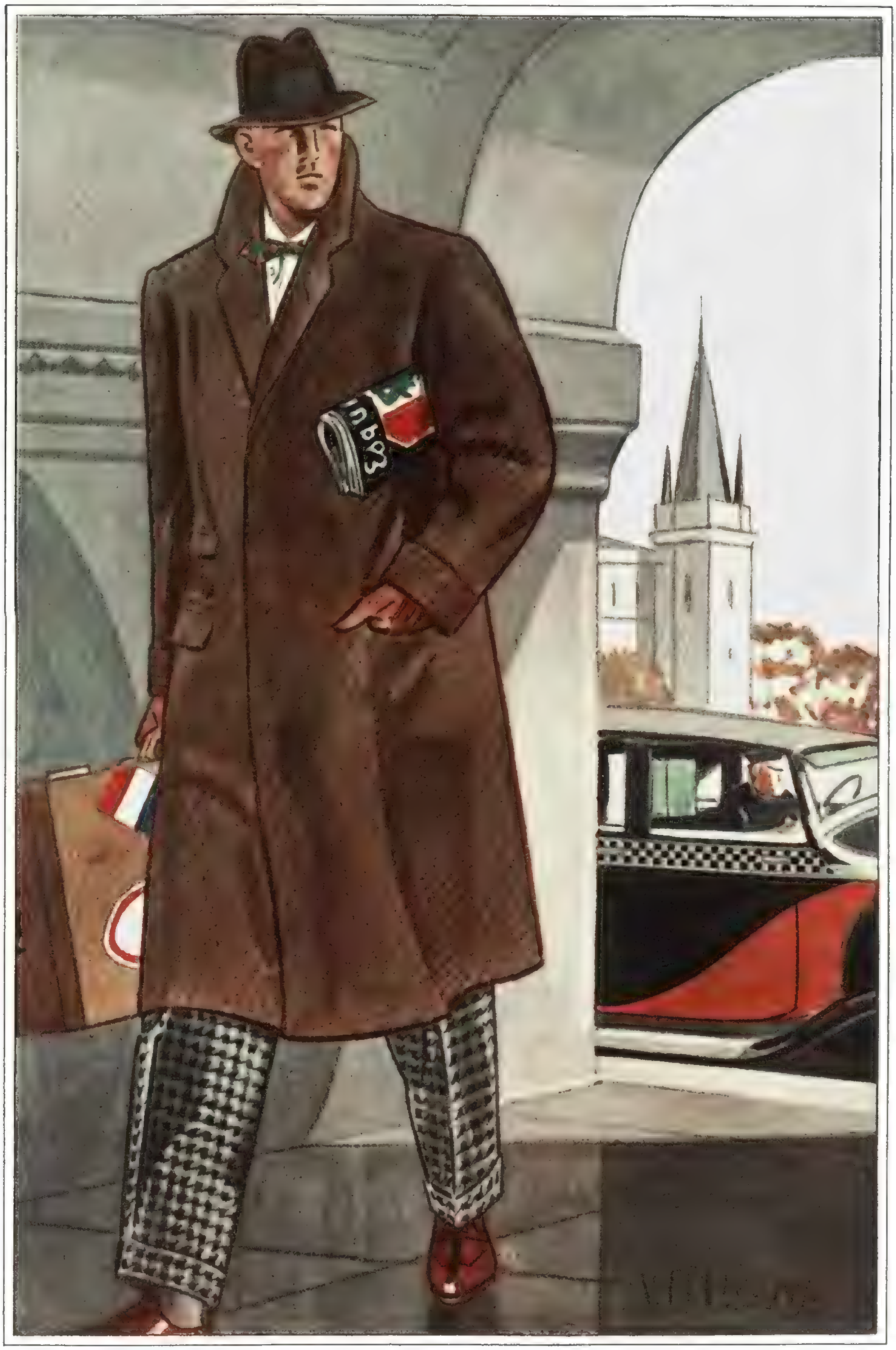
"What are you upset about?"

"I've been running. I feel all right."

So they sat there quietly till it seemed time to go into the house. No one said anything. No one noticed Michael's black eye or his cut lip.

Even after they had eaten Michael could

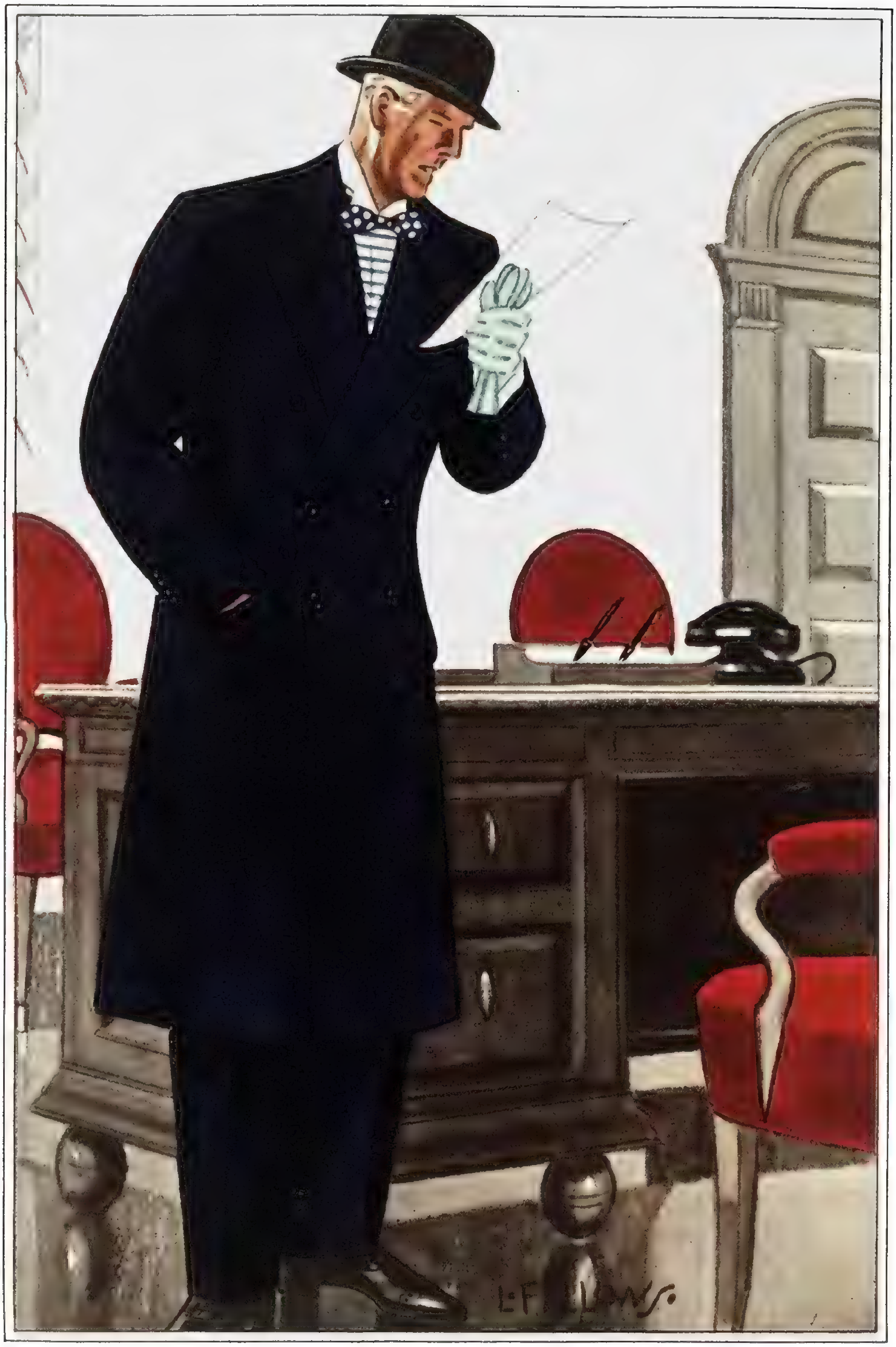
Continued on page 123



MATCH YOUR PANTS WITH A CHECKER CAB

We ought to get a thousand dollars from Checker for that headline and probably all we'll get is a nasty note from Yellow. But that's the way we are, always getting in trouble because we let the artists run the business. Well, anyway, meet J. Joseph College III just come back to school, wearing a single breasted notched lapel topcoat of brown Harris tweed of which the details that reward study are the cuffs with their four rows of stitching, the fly front and the outside cash or ticket pocket. (Probably tickets, in the case of the college man.) The suit is black and white checked cheviot, worn with brown wing tipped shoes, white button-down collar attached shirt, a green foulard bow tie, dark pigskin gloves, a brown snap brim hat with a black band and silk bound edge. Under his arm he carries his only really indispensable text book (advt.—and awfully unethical, too, don't you think?).

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



REMINDER THAT NEW YORK IS NOT AMERICA

Forestalling the irate outbursts of our friends at the old Bar-Z, we cheerfully admit, at the outset, that this is strictly an eastern outfit. The west may stand the east on its ears in football, or even polo, but fashions still travel from east to west in the order named. The topcoat is a blue cashmere, with wide but not exaggerated shoulders and it has a definite suggestion of a waistline. The pockets are slanting and the coat comes just about an inch below the knees, with a pronounced kick in the skirt. The trousers of the blue unfinished worsted suit are cuffless. The shirt has a starched demi-bosom, with blue and white horizontal stripes, plain white starched cuffs and a starched wing collar (that's just to be different, now that the turnover collar is commonly worn with a dinner jacket). The bow tie is of blue foulard, with pointed ends and a generous knot. The gloves are of grey mocha and the hat, obviously, is a derby.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Runaway

Continued from page 120

not get rid of the fear within him, a fear of something impending. In a way he felt that he ought to do something at once, but he seemed unable to move; it was like sitting on the edge of the roof yesterday, afraid to make the jump. So he went back of the house and sat on the stoop and for a long time looked at the shed till he grew even more uneasy. He heard the angry drilling of a woodpecker and the quiet rippling of the little water flowing under the street bridge and flowing on down over the rocks into the glen. Heavy dark clouds were sweeping up from the horizon.

He knew now that he wanted to run away, that he could not stay there any longer, only he couldn't make up his mind to go. Within him was that same breathless feeling he had had when he sat on the roof staring down, trying to move. Now he walked around to the front of the house and kept going along the path as far as Helen Murray's house. After going around to the back door, he stood for a long time staring at the lighted window, hoping to see Helen's shadow or her body moving against the light. He was breathing deeply and smelling the rich heavy odors from the flower garden. With his head thrust forward he whistled softly.

"Is that you, Michael?" Helen called from the door.

"Come on out, Helen."

"What do you want?"

"Come on for a walk will you?"

For a moment she hesitated at the door, then she came toward him, floating in her white organdy party dress over the grass toward him. She was saying, "I'm dressed to go out. I can't go with you. I'm going down to the dance hall."

"Who with?"

"Charlie Delahey."

"Oh, all right," he said. "I just thought you might be doing nothing." As he walked away he called back to her, "So long, Helen."

It was then, on the way back to the house, that he felt he had to go away at once. "I've got to go. I'll die here. I'll write to dad from the city."

No one paid any attention to him when he returned to the house. His father and stepmother were sitting quietly in the living room reading the paper. In his own room he took a little wooden box from the bottom drawer of his dresser and emptied it of twenty dollars and seventy cents, all that he had saved. He listened solemnly for sounds in the house, then he stuffed a clean shirt into his pocket, a comb and a toothbrush.

Outside he hurried along with his great swinging strides, going past the corner house, on past the long fence and the bridge and the church and the shipyard, and past the last of the town lights to the highway. He was walking stubbornly with his face looking solemn and dogged. Then he saw the moonlight shining on the hay stacked in the fields, and when he smelled the oats and the richer smell of sweet clover he suddenly felt alive and free. Headlights from cars kept sweeping by and already he was imagining he could see the haze of bright light hanging over the city. His heart began to thump with eagerness. He put out his hand for a lift feeling full of hope. He looked across the fields at the dark humps, cows standing motionless in the night. Soon someone would stop and pick him up. They would take him among a million new faces, rumbling sounds and strange smells. He got more excited. His Uncle Joe might get him a job on the boats for the rest of the summer; maybe, too, he might be able to move around in the winter. Over and over he kept thinking of places with beautiful names, places like Tia Juana, Woodbine, Saratoga and Blue Bonnets.

How to Win a Medal

Continued from 75

brass nozzles burn second-degree blisters into the hand at the most fleeting touch and even rubber coat collars sear the neck and helmets are too hot to handle. If the fire is under you, you're getting not only mushroomed heat off the ceiling but radiated heat through a floor hot enough to soften rubber boots into putty—and you won't stay there long before your coat melts apart at the seams and falls off your back.

That's heat, brother. But no matter what term you give it, that's what you buck when some distracted parent starts to shriek: "Tommy! Tommy! Oh, my God; Tommy's upstairs in the bedroom." And with the flesh cracking off your cheek bones, up you go to stumble around a strange, dark house in the impenetrable smoke while all the fiery hooks of hell scrape at the inside of your lungs. If you've got the stamina to take it and the sixth sense to guide you to the bedroom, the first thing you'll do as a smart fireman will be grope *under* the bed for Tommy. Eight times out of ten you will locate him there, for that's where kids hide when they're scared.

And while you're fumbling around for him through those month-like minutes, you can console yourself with the thought that if you do find him, you'll get a medal—and when they give it to you it will be cool—oh, so cool!

With rescues of this simple, rudimentary type occurring at least once a month in every good-sized city, it is natural that the remote public doesn't rise to a giddy frenzy every time one is performed. It takes something spectacular to get as much as a stickfull of copy in the news accounts and even those produce little more than a faint ripple of applause from readers who'd much rather get their heroics out of some blood-curdling radio fiction sponsored by the Odorless Cheese Company, "makers of Swiss cheese with the octagonal hole."

Personally I get a bigger kick out of the everyday exploits of the humble "blaze beaters" who work for $3,000 a year—with a medal for a bonus.

And, believe me, they earn the bonus. There was that hook and ladder truckman, scampering up an aerial to the fifth floor while a young man poised on the window sill, silhouetted against the glow of the snarling flames behind him.

"Don't jump!" they shouted from the street. But he wavered.

"Hold on!" bellowed the ladder man, "I'm coming."

With a frightened yell for reply, the lad ignored the ladder and flung himself toward the sidewalk. Paralyzed, the clambering fireman paused and looked. He had a split second to make up his mind, but that was enough—hooking one leg around a rung, he leaned far back from the ladder with his arms outstretched and, as every heart below stopped beating, he caught that hurtling body like a forward pass. The impact nearly tore him loose and the tip of the ladder chattered against the building as the poles bowed and sprang back again under the sudden load. The chances of his holding himself and that smack of the falling man were about fifty to one, but he took the gamble—and he won.

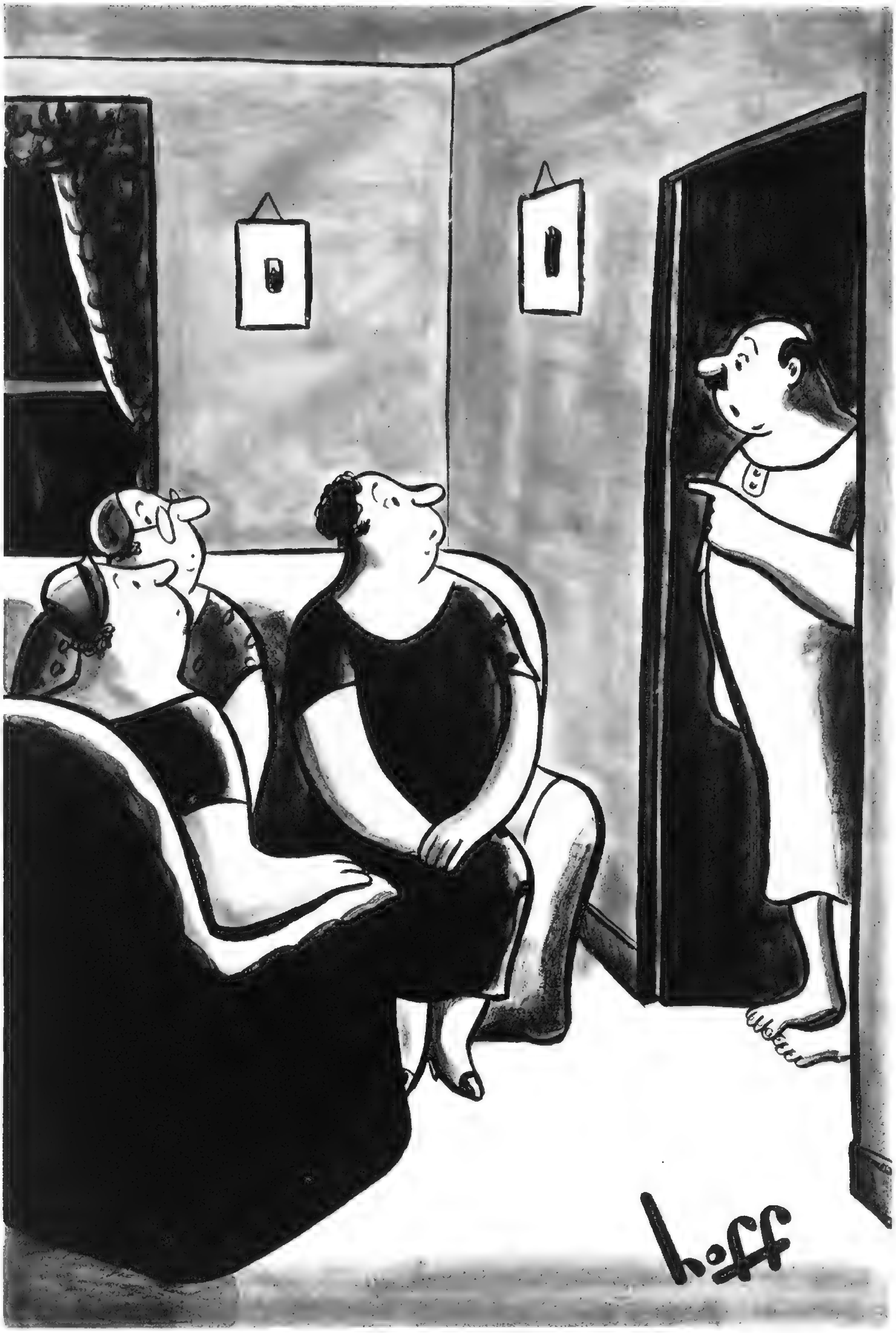
Why? Who can say! By rights he should have crowded against the rails and let the fool kill himself without attempting to stop him—and if he had, nobody could have criticized him for it, inside the department or out. But somehow firemen are queer coots—in a tight spot they don't stop to figure technicalities; they plunge right in and pull off something which not only can't be done but shouldn't be tried. And don't for a minute think that they are always cases where a man hasn't time enough to give plenty of thought to the situation at hand.

There was that cellar fire, for instance, that had gotten a pretty hefty start before the alarm came in. In fact, when the first due companies arrived it had burned through in spots and had so completely weakened the flooring that portions of it had collapsed soon after they went to work. Considerable water was thrown into the involved area and it wasn't long, at the rate of 250 gallons per minute per nozzle, before the basement was neck-deep.

Smoke and gas were severe, the confined quarters making conditions more punishing, and it wasn't long before the situation began to grow unbearable. A subordinate officer, accompanied by his superior, stood at the edge of a gaping hole watching the progress of the fire and the effect of the operations, and the younger man, feeling the advance symptoms of distress, looked at his chief to see how he was taking it. In a glance he saw that his superior was swaying back and forth, virtually unconscious on his feet, and at that moment he began to pitch toward the pit of fire and bubbling water below them. The young officer grabbed him and pulled him back in the nick of time. But he hadn't moved a full step from that yawning chasm when he felt his own senses leaving him.

Right there he had a decision to make: he could either leave his chief and with what little strength remained, make for the exit;

Continued on page 126



"May I pass through?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Mostly about a private fight that deserves to be made public; praise for the Browns; rave for Mr. Binns

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

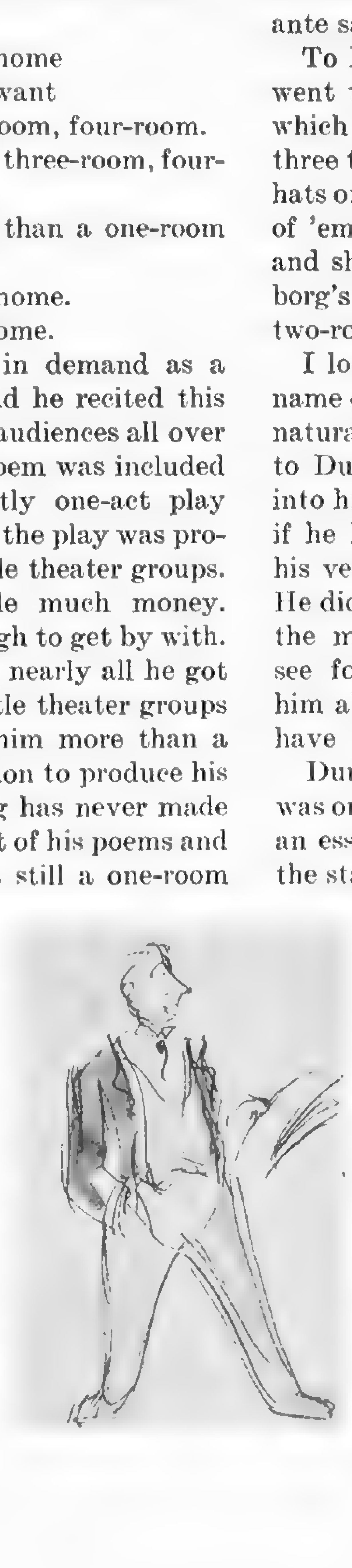
BACK in 1918 and 1919 quite a number of us in Chicago were happy to pay over the required admission fee at the Dill Pickle and at a recital hall in the Fine Arts building to hear Alfred Kreymborg recite his delicate, wistful, amusing and delightful poems in free verse to his own accompaniment on the mandolute, a musical instrument which is a cross between a mandolin and a lute. Kreymborg's recitals ranked with Carl Sandburg's and Vachel Lindsay's in the new, refreshing pleasure they gave the audience.

Among the poems was one which began:

> We have a one-room home.
> You have a two-room, three-room, four-room.
> We have a one-room home
>   because a one-room home holds all we have.
> We have a one-room home
>   because we do not want
>   a two-room, three-room, four-room.
> If we had a two-room, three-room, four-room
> We would need more than a one-room home.
> We have a one-room home.
> We *like* a one-room home.

Kreymborg was much in demand as a recitalist in those days and he recited this poem and many others to audiences all over the country. Later this poem was included in a fanciful and sprightly one-act play called "Jack's House" and the play was produced by innumerable little theater groups.

Kreymborg never made much money. Not much more than enough to get by with. Traveling expenses ate up nearly all he got out of his recitals. The little theater groups could not afford to pay him more than a nominal token for permission to produce his one-act plays. Kreymborg has never made more than a bare living out of his poems and plays and recitals. His is still a one-room home. Please bear the point in mind while I calm down. Right now I am burning up over something I have just read in a syndicated newspaper column by a professional humorist and very lousy actor (I saw him in a movie short and in a minor part, and, as an actor, did he stink?) y-clept Robert Benchley. Benchley used to be a recitalist himself. A skit by him called "The Treasurer's Report" was quite amusing. But, like Kreymborg, Benchley made very little out of his recitals except traveling expenses. He settled down to being a very exacting drama critic, specializing in nasty cracks and developing the line of humor he had derived from Stephen Leacock. In this double capacity he has finally got into the big money (or at least into the pretty big money). The thinner his humor has worn the bigger his income has got. And he is as crazy about Jimmie Durante as Alexander Woollcott is about Minnie Maddern Fiske. He has hysterics every time he hears Durante say, "Ha-cha-cha-cha!"



To lead up gradually: a few years ago I went to the opening of a Ziegfeld show in which Durante wowed his audience with three things, namely, throwing a vast pile of hats on the stage, saying "I've got a meelion of 'em" every time he pulled a gag, and shouting in its entirety Kreymborg's verses about the one-room, two-room, three-room home.

I looked in vain for Kreymborg's name on the program but I assumed, naturally, that he had sold the verses to Durante. A few days later I ran into him on the street and asked him if he knew that Durante was using his verses in the new Ziegfeld show. He didn't. Moreover, he didn't have the money to pay for a ticket to see for himself. Other people told him about it; but Kreymborg didn't have the money to approach a lawyer.

Durante's recital of Kreymborg's verses was one of the hits of the show and it became an essential part of Durante's repertory on the stage, in the night-clubs, and on the air.

Kreymborg tried to get some sort of payment out of Durante for the use of this material, but Durante's star was in the ascendant then under the vociferous ballyhoo of Benchley and others. He told Kreymborg, in effect, to go chase himself, that he or one of his partners had written the verses, he didn't remember (Ha-cha-cha-cha!) and what of it?

Kreymborg then brought suit. In a most astounding decision, a decision that rules out the rights of poets, novelists, short-story writers and all writers except a specific list, Judge Patterson of the U. S. District Court dismissed the suit, on the ground that copyrighted work by poets, novelists and short-story writers is not protected from public performance or delivery. "Under the copyright act," the decision runs, "protection against public performance or delivery of copyrighted works is afforded only in the case of a lecture, sermon, address or similar production, a drama or a musical composition; other copyrighted works may be recited in public for profit without infringement."

The case, of course, is being appealed. The Author's League has taken up the matter and a great number of creative writers are anxiously awaiting the outcome. As the decision stands, it means that if you write a short story, or an essay, or a work of biography, or a novel, or a text-book on a foreign language, or a poem or prose work of any kind that does not come under the classification listed in the decision, any thief who has a commercial contract with a radio broadcasting company or with a lecture bureau, can read or recite your entire work, not only without paying any fee to you but even without mentioning your name, leaving the inference that the work is the plagiarist's own.

In a widely syndicated newspaper column, Benchley is jubilant over this decision and tries to be cute at Kreymborg's expense. He begins, "At last a use has been found for our more modernistic poets. They can write stuff for Jimmie Durante. Alfred Kreymborg, one of the leading write-and-run versifiers, claims that somebody did think of it before, and that that was Mr. Durante," et cetera, et cetera, to the full length of a column. Cute as the very get-out—so cute you want to whale the living stuffing out of the author, Durante and Judge Patterson.

As for Kreymborg's being a "more modernistic" poet (if you are a professional funny man, all you have to do to arouse the imbecile's chuckle is sneer at somebody by calling him a "modernistic poet"), I know, for a fact, that fifteen years ago I paid and enjoyed paying admission several times to hear Kreymborg recite the very self-same copyrighted poem that helped Durante to draw down the big money he now draws down. And if they (i.e., the "modernistic poets" like Kreymborg) can write stuff for Jimmie Durante, as Benchley says they can, should they give Durante their stuff free and

Continued on page 168

How to Win a Medal

Continued from page 123

or he could stay there and drown or suffocate with him. If he went he might make it—at least he could put a safe distance between himself and that awful gap in the floor. But he didn't go.

Without enough strength to move himself and his burden, too, he stood there, fighting like the devil to at least hold on when, out of the smoke appeared a fireman who, with reeling brain, was himself making for the open air.

He saw the two officers and he, likewise, was confronted with the same choice. Over there through the murk he could see a bright spot where the foot of the iron ladder was and up those few steps were fresh air and relief from this torture. He could have gone on and nobody would have been the wiser. But he didn't go.

He jumped to the edge of the sagging floor and tried to help the half-conscious officer with his unconscious chief. He got one arm around each of them, but before he had moved them much farther than a yard his own strength failed him. Lugging some 350 pounds of dead weight while your lungs are crammed with hot smoke is more than a man-sized job—so unable to drag them any farther from the hole in the floor, he did the next best thing: he stood his ground and hung on to them with the tenacity of a bulldog.

Some minutes later a crew of fresh men came providentially from the street to find him down on his knees, gagging for breath, his chin on his chest and his eyes bulging—slipping closer and closer to that fatal gap but still clinging to his burden with a grip that death itself could not have loosened.

Up above on the cold, bare pavement that has seemed like Heaven itself to many a gasping fireman, the three of them were revived.

And that, if you're interested in knowing how, is another way to win a medal!

Maker of Champions

Continued from page 71

was therefore inevitable. While abroad Beasley was the delight of the natives by his naive and invincible confidence in the ultimate triumph of our forces. In fact his literature before the catastrophe made him the Prof. Irving Fisher of the lawn tennis world.

The day before the Interzone Final he stated categorically that the United States would win the Cup; actually we did not even reach the Challenge Round. On the last day with Vines and Allison both dead on their feet, he was brave enough to appear with the statement that "Vines will beat Perry and Allison will conquer Austin." Neither of the two came near victory and Vines actually collapsed on the court.

The first day of the matches he sat in the stands while Austin played Vines and Allison met Perry, taking notes which he intended to present to the Americans at the intermission following the third set. Unfortunately each match was won by the Britisher in straight sets and there was no intermission. The late W. O. McGeehan suggested that the notes would be presented to the U.S.L.T.A. by Beasley in lieu of the Davis Cup. And a mug named Tilden afterward pointed out that it might be a good idea for the American tennis forces to be placed in the hands of a former player who knew what it was all about. Beasley, however, never pays attention to destructive criticism of this sort.

The European tennis writers were unanimous in saying that Beasley has ruined the game of the Americans, notably of Allison. True or not, it is a fact that since adopting the Beasley System, whatever that may be, Allison has done badly at Wimbledon, in two years of Davis Cup matches, and at Forest Hills, having been beaten by Cochet, Borotra, Perry, Austin, Vines, Shields, Quist and others. But does this really matter? Why should any coach or any "System" be expected to produce champions? Too much enters into the making of a champion that is uncontrollable; temperament, opportunity for practice, diet and health, natural aptitude, and other things for which no system can be held responsible. When Beasley coaches youngsters and interests them in tennis as he does, he is on firm ground, and while much of his System of numbered plays, zones, fever charts, traffic signals and all the rest of it means just nothing at all, his tennis fundamentals, which are the important thing, are correct.

Thus he rightly believes that accuracy is more important than speed, and that speed without accuracy is worthless. He tries to impress this on his pupils in various ways; sometimes he lays out a ball box on the court and asks them to hit it. Another excellent method—a gentleman named Charles Lenglen tried it on his little girl at Compeigne near Paris before the war—is to divide the court into squares and have the player put the ball into the different squares. He counsels his pupils to place their service and not attempt aces outright all the time. While most of the tennis fundamentals he teaches are sound and constructive, a little of it is grotesque, as for instance the famous overhead drive which soon became a joke with those who know the game.

This shot was explained in his book, "How To Play Tennis," (133 pages plus 33 pages of rules on the game, reading time 52 minutes), which appeared last summer. Therein he states, or it is stated for him, for the book is one of those collaborations, that his System "takes the hard work out of tennis . . . it makes a high brand of tennis possible for the beginner in an incredibly short time."

This may be true at some future time, but no System as yet can make you or anyone else a good player without long hours and years of patient drudgery of the most painstaking kind, and neither Beasley nor anyone else can show you a short cut to athletic proficiency any more than a Horowitz or a Hofmann can be made overnight for the concert hall. Such a statement may be justifiable from the viewpoint of the publisher; certainly it is not from the viewpoint of the follower of sports.

Unquestionably Beasley is a picturesque figure and has added to the amusement of tennis players in recent years. His success, however, seems to depend not on whether he interests thousands of youngsters in the game, of course an excellent thing, but on whether he can make a boy like Parker a world champion. There was a wealth of revelation of the man's character and his whole attitude toward sport in a remark he is said to have made to Parker after returning from abroad last summer:

"What's the matter, you haven't grown a bit!"

Incidentally it may be worth noting that Parker, the present junior champion, now 8th in the national ranking at the age of 17, is at present enrolled in Lawrenceville and contemplates entering Princeton. Beasley is coach at the latter school and has helped at Lawrenceville. The authorities at Tigertown were no little astonished last spring after he had been signed but before he had actually done any coaching there, to see him advertised as the "Princeton Tennis Coach." Beas may have his faults but he doesn't let any grass grow under his feet.

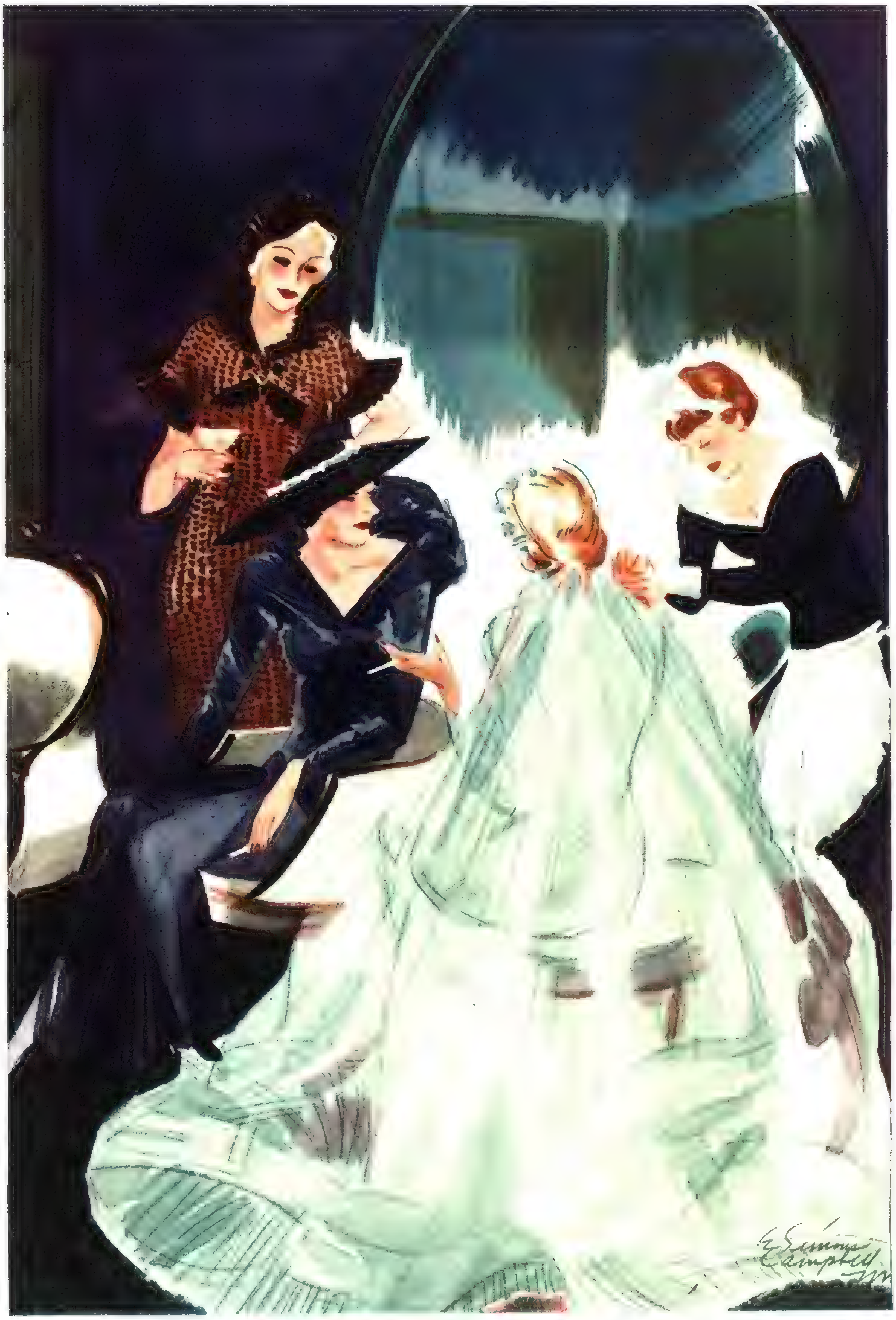
He plays no tennis himself and seldom hits a ball over the net, doing most of his teaching by word of mouth, although he has been known to chuck a ball at his pupils occasionally. That he cannot play tennis may or may not be against him as a teacher; it is a little difficult to see wherein it is an advantage. A friend of mine with a boy coming along, asked Beasley to see whether anything could be done with the lad's service. Beas watched the boy and immediately reported to my friend:

"Ten minutes, Mr. X. Ten minutes. Just give me *ten* minutes with the boy."

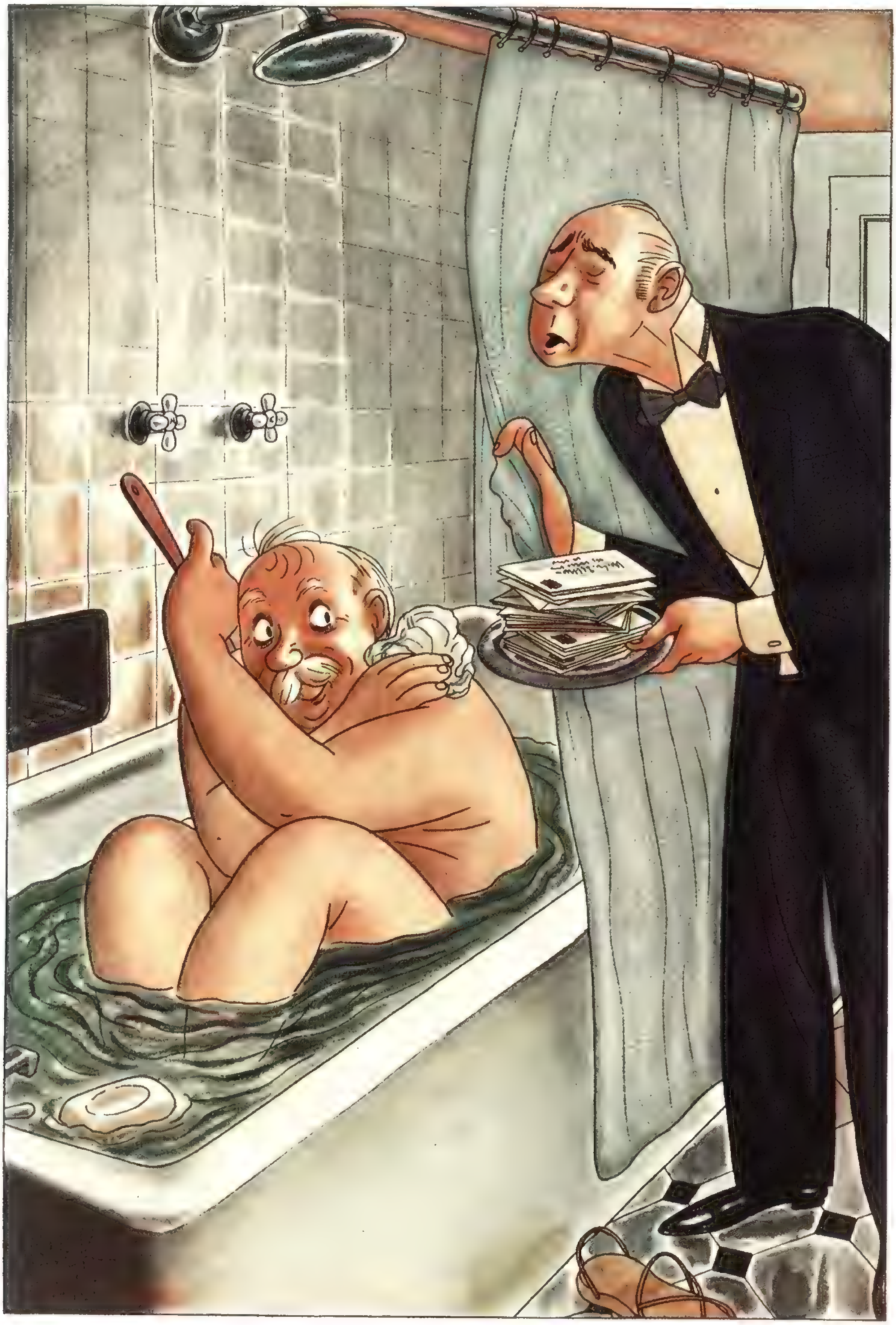
The price being reasonable, he was told to go ahead. The next day he went to the father, assuring him that he had coached the boy and that the trouble had been remedied. The man was delighted and moved over to another court to watch his son's improvement. The service was functioning exactly as it had before Mr. Beasley's attentions.

Well, we must not ask too much of our heroes. The sight of this thick-set man with the gold-rimmed spectacles stalking up and down the marquee at Forest Hills taking copious notes while his pupils on the center court are making tennis history, adds gaiety to the sporting scene. And despite his showmanship and his harmless dramatics, Beasley profits by his mistakes. "I learned a lot more than the players in the Roland Garros Stadium," he said on his return from Europe last year. From the collapse of Vines, he probably learned something which he will use to advantage with young Parker, and it was noticeable last winter that he did not let the boy play every tournament open to him.

What will his next move be? No one can guess; whatever it is, it will be an amusing and picturesque one. Beas for the time being, is down but not out. Because as he himself put it: "Mercer Beasley *can take it.*"


E. Simms Campbell

"What kind of a husband did you and Ethel find him?"



"Some fan mail, sir, from neighbors who have heard you singing"

The Listening Post

On what's the matter with opera even when it's all right, and why crooners are bad even when they're very good

by SIGMUND SPAETH

• MUSIC •

OPERA is still the stepchild of America's musical family; and much of the stepping, incidentally, has been done by so-called impresarios, who might make a real success with a flea circus or selling dirty post-cards on Sixth Avenue.

The familiar phrase, "grand opera at popular prices," is in itself a paradox. For there can be no truly grand opera at really popular prices. The two things are mutually exclusive, as recent experiments at the New York Hippodrome have proved once more.

Certainly the prices in that big bankers' pain in the neck were sufficiently popular, with 99 cents for a marked-down top, and 25 cents a possibility. But to give opera successfully, even in a theatre seating about six thousand customers, it is necessary, to have an orchestra of fifty or more pieces, a chorus and ballet of adequate size, well routined, and principals of ability and preferably reputation and experience as well. It would be helpful also to have some good direction backstage, with occasional novelties of lighting and production, a competent conductor in the pit, and enough rehearsals to create a reasonably smooth performance.

All these things cost money, and even a big sale of seats at less than a dollar apiece won't produce enough to pay the bills and still leave a margin for rent, publicity, scenery, costumes, technical details, management and a profit to the backers. Those who insist on giving opera to the American public must therefore choose between higher prices and lower standards. So far the Hippodrome seems to have favored the latter.

At that there were some surprisingly good performances given in the circus auditorium, particularly while Pasquale Amato was acting as director and even singing occasionally. Mr. Amato belongs to that little group, now almost extinct, which dates back to the golden age of the Metropolitan Opera House, the days when Caruso, Scotti, Farrar and others were preserving the standards that had been fixed by Sembrich, Eames, the De Reszkes and Plancon just before them. Amato was the heroic baritone of that day, and he still possesses that reverence for his art which went with the grand manner and the fanatical quest of perfection.

He came to the Hippodrome first to sing a few roles in memory of the good old days, and then to give artistic direction to performances that were sadly in need of it. He staged some of the best operatic shows the Hippodrome produced, and finally resigned with the public statement that naked girls and elephants could not take the place of singers and orchestral players according to his operatic lights. When he asked for a stage trumpeter in "Aida," they gave him a broken-down camel. He walked a mile to his studio at the Ansonia, and he has not gone back.

It is natural enough that the Hippodrome should go in for circus effects in opera, although "Aida" is about the only one that allows free play to the Barnumesque imagination. Obviously the old horse-hideaway is better adapted to animals than to opera. The smell of them still lingers in the basement, and it would seem strange not to see at least a few trained dogs driving the carriage of a Carmen.

The impresario who started the Hippodrome on its operatic career was Maestro Alfredo Salmaggi, well known to all the singers and players who are constantly being asked to make sacrifices in the cause of art. He has been mixed up in many operatic productions, indoors and out, but seems not yet to have discovered just what a discriminating public might consider a first class performance.

Yet in the technique of a high-powered impresario Salmaggi is an unquestioned master, partly through native talent and partly by experience. He knows how to get people to sing for very little, or nothing, or even to pay for the privilege, an art which has reached a high point in his native Italy. He even knows how to get the better of the musicians' union, which everyone in show business will admit is a real achievement. If his artistic standards were only equal to his knowledge of all these details, he might today be doing an important service to opera and winning a world-wide reputation at the same time.

It is said that the spectacular success which attended the first few weeks of the Hippodrome's opera was largely an accident. So many free passes were given away for the opening night that a crowd far beyond the capacity of the theatre milled around the entrance. The police had to be called out, and the story made the front pages of the New York newspapers. This publicity brought a bona fide run on the box-office, and for a long time the Hippodrome was actually filled with paying customers. The critics were indulgent, welcoming any sign of an honest interest in music on the part of the democratic population, and until the Metropolitan Opera House opened a few blocks away everything was merry and bright.

Gradually, however, the lack of real standards made itself felt. There were changes in management, and for a time Mr. Humbert Fugazy, former promoter of prize-fights, was interested. He soon decided that wrestling matches had more drawing power than opera, and is now out of the picture entirely,

There was a brief period of direct competition between the Hippodrome and the Broadway Theatre in which Mr. Salmaggi set up a new company, including some of his original singers. When the Hippodrome continued to draw the larger audiences, the second company went on the road, with varying success.

Meanwhile that past master of traveling opera, Fortune Gallo, had taken his troupe out to the Pacific Coast and done very well, particularly in San Francisco. Cleveland had given three performances of "Tristan and Isolde," where only one had been intended; and the summer operas in New York and Philadelphia, with Alexander Smallens commuting as conductor for both, have at least come up to expectations. So it would be unfair to say that America is completely cold to operatic art.

The economic difficulty seems to be that the elements of population most sincerely interested in opera are as a rule unable to afford even average theatre prices; and while

Continued on page 142

The Blonde Eskimo

Continued from page 29

next message didn't come I had begun to think. In forty-eight hours I was wondering. In a week my powers of imagination for both good and evil were at work. In two weeks I had, one does, discarded good and concentrated on the worst. I reviewed all possible most dire happenings, dragged in a few impossible horrors, played with the thought of them awhile; and exalted them all to the plane of the highly probable. November found me frantic. To get a message through to Godhavn: life seemed to hang on it. But how? How, to begin with, cross the fifty miles of sea to Umanak? For no one would. The best kayaker on the island overhauled his gear, borrowed a water-tight jacket—he was a poor man and hadn't one of his own—scanned the weather and the sea for two days from the harbor hill: reported no. Money? Men take small interest in their widow's affluence.

Meanwhile each day the cold grew more intense; it struggled with the wind to freeze the sea. You *watch* the ocean freeze, *see* it congeal. It gets to have a sluggish, glassy look as though before the freezing moment its fluid had become appreciably thicker. Then suddenly it's ice, strange ice like pancakes on a griddle, run together. Given a calm cold day it quickly forms a sheet. That for a start, you pray for calm's continuance. One, two, three days, a week: still calm. November ice: what luck!

Hunters are furbishing their dog harness, working the stiff rawhide to soften it, tightening their sledge lashings. Hourly lookouts on the harbor hill report clear ice as far as eye can reach. Ice: that means release, the breaching of a prison wall, the bridging of a moat; the freedom of the world to island prisoners. Freedom to travel, hunt, to work.

Release means food again for everyone, and a message to America for me. The ice will stay, say the young hunters; the ice shall stay, say I. And old men shake their heads and mutter their accustomed "*imaqa*" —Perhaps.

"Tomorrow?" David, my man, has just come from the hilltop. "*Imaqa*" he answers; "The day after—imaqa." Oh God, when can we start!

And what a day tomorrow was!—clear, calm and bitter cold. Only the crabbed very old now shook their heads—old fools!

The gradual overcasting of the sky that happened in the afternoon would have been more noticeable if we had not already, on November the fourteenth, entered the two months period of sunless days; and it would have been regarded as more of a portent but for the exuberant optimism that prevailed in the settlement. Cloudy but calm: it might mean only snow. It meant a gale. Throughout the pitch black hours of the night it howled; it howled next day. And when in the twilight of noon we gathered on the hill to see its work we looked out over an expanse of storm swept water.

On the second of January there was ice, firm ice—but not toward Umanak; and it was a question whether or not that direct fifty mile route would be available at all: its freezing was a yearly question. Even the detour via the fiords was still interrupted by impassable stretches of new ice. But with each day of January prospects brightened; and at last, on the twenty-first, David, on whose word I hung, announced, "Tomorrow we start." We should be, and we meant to be, the first.

That was a most lovely early morning, moonless, but faintly lighted by the stars and by the immaculate whiteness of the land and the frozen sea. One rather felt than saw the veil of snow mist that hung low over the earth.

Sledge packed, dogs caught and harnessed: ready? good! With a wild rush down hill we're off—down hill, across a level stretch, across the beach, crash bang across the heaped up shore ice; there! The sledge glides smoothly on the level plain. A human form looms up out of the darkness.

It is old Thomas looking after his shark lines. "Inuvdluarna, Thomas!" "Ivdlutdlo!" —Goodbye; The same to you.

The darkness swallows him and we're alone. High overhead, behind us in the south, the aurora waves a glowing veil above the snow peaks of our island.

Thirteen hours the first day, twelve the next, eleven on the third, we sledged: the first day's work was most disheartening. It is disheartening to have the going *look* so smooth and fair—and have your sledge grind over it like sand paper. If you rode on the sledge the dogs could hardly pull it; and when you got off they trotted. Dog trot: I know *that* pace. We camped the first night near the shore at the head of the fiord.

Next morning overland; up along the glare surface of a frozen stream, breaking through where the stream had fallen, wading where it overflowed its ice; up through gulleys deep with drifted snow, up over the nose of an inland glacier, across it for a way; then down. Down to the next fiord. Nine hours later found us in pitch darkness cautiously negotiating the new ice at its mouth. Those negotiations were carried on by David alone, with me more than content to stay behind with the sledge and dogs waiting for his periodic signals to call me up to him. Delicate work, the treading of thin ice! and with the most delicate judgment David would drive his pike through it, reading with a nicety upon which our lives depended whether or not the resistance the pike met allowed our coming on. That night we reached a settlement.

The next leg of our hundred and fifty mile journey brought us to its end at Umanak, to bed. Come blessed sleep!

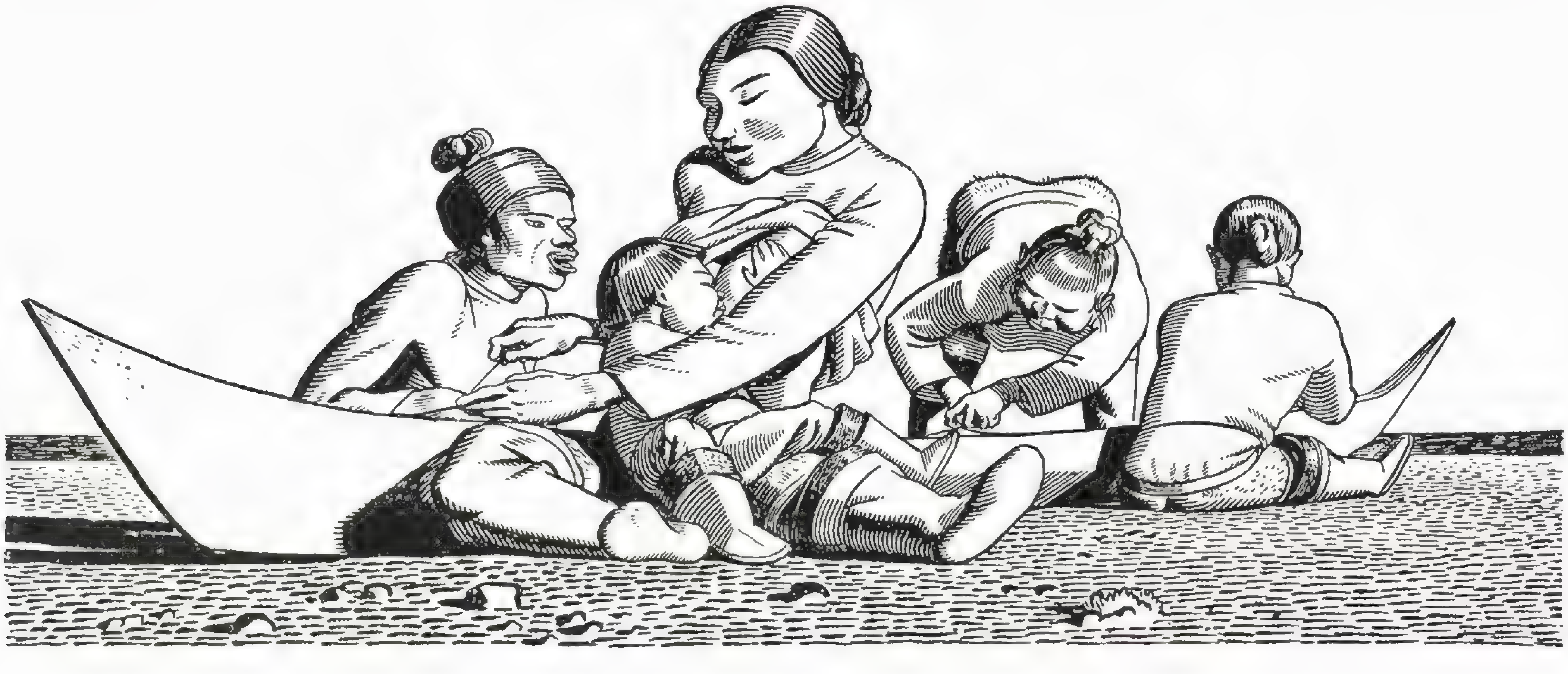
"When are you sending a post to Godhavn?" I asked the Colony manager next morning.

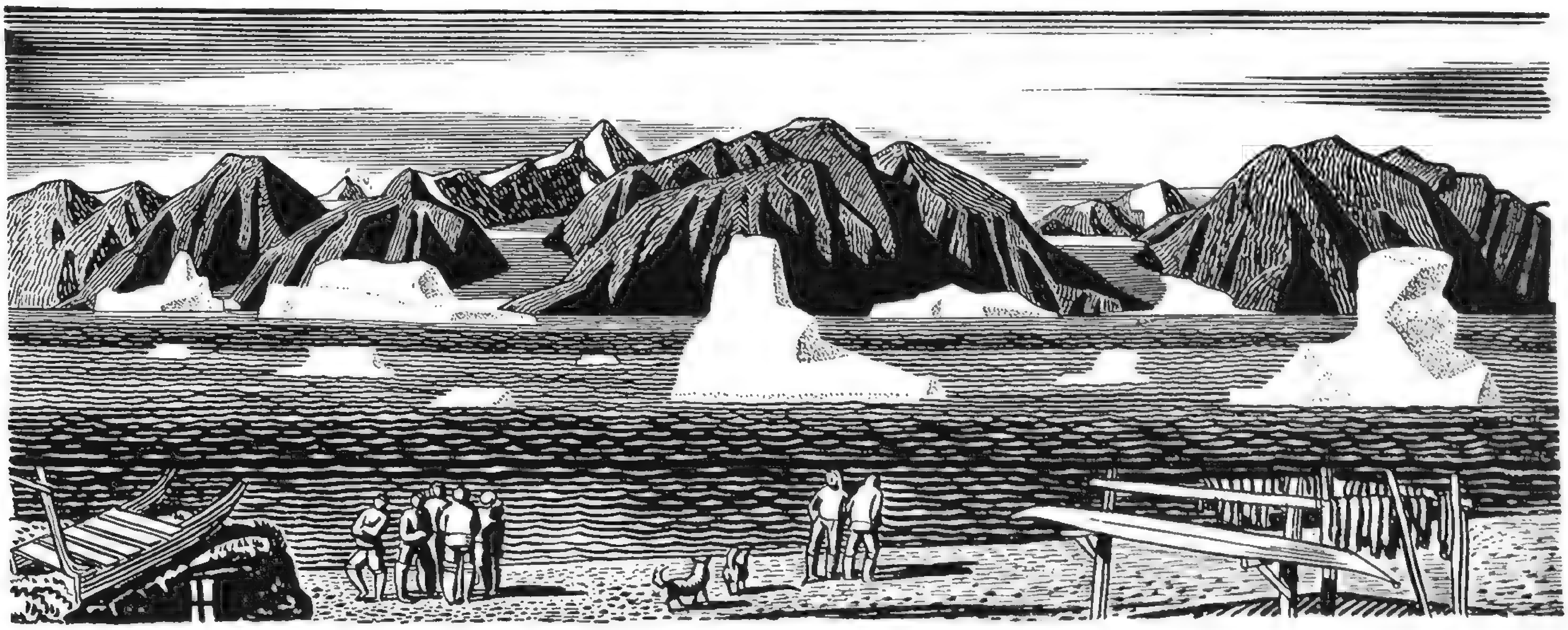
"Not sure—but soon," said he.

"Then please have this letter delivered to the radio operator there."

And here ends the telling of how one sends a January S. O. S. from Greenland.

One might—I some day will—continue with an epilogue, tell how that message lay for fortnights weather bound in Umanak. Tell what the message said, its urgent plea to Her to catch somehow the April boat—the season's first—to Greenland: "Come!" Tell how, returned home to Igdlorssuit to there await—a week perhaps—the answer "Yes," I waited out a week of weeks in Dostoevskian torturings of soul. Of how the sun returned to light my misery, how like a counterbalance to the sun my misery increased with its ascension. How February passed—God knows!—and March came in





and went—to the eleventh! Tell then—if one can tell—the wild fantastic idiotic joy, the maudlin ecstasy with which I heard that answer on the air. "I'm coming!"

Then tell of her intrepid small boat voyage north in winter on the Greenland coast; of my own journey south for sixteen days—on sea ice, over open water, over mountains—south to the margin of the ice, our rendezvous. Of how at last her boat was sighted, how it neared. How like the Samothracian Victory she stood there at the prow: wings?—maybe; aura?—yes. Of how at last my own blonde Eskimo did come.

And now, even as I write this, I'm packing to return to Greenland. To again be tortured there? Undoubtedly. To work myself up into a frenzy? To rave and weep and toy—we love to kid ourselves—with thought of easy death from the high cliffs of the Igdlorssuit harbor hill? Of course, what of it! For I *will*, next winter, be the first to Umanak. I'll send my S. O. S. She'll answer it—and come. Gee, life is swell.

The Witch à la Mode

Continued from page 43

"I wonder, among your rectory acquaintances, you haven't learned better manners," she answered in cold contempt. He closed his eyes, lying back in his chair, his legs sprawled towards her.

"I suppose we're civilized savages," he said sadly. All was silent.

At last, opening his eyes again, he said: "I shall have to be going directly, Winifred; it is past eleven . . ." Then the appeal in his voice changed to laughter. "Though I know I shall be winding through all the *Adios* in 'Traviata' before you can set me traveling." He smiled gently at her, then closed his eyes once more, conscious of deep, but vague, suffering.

She lay in her chair, her face averted, rosily, towards the fire. Without glancing at her he was aware of the white approach of her throat towards her breast. He seemed to perceive her with another, unknown sense that acted all over his body. She lay perfectly still and warm in the fireglow. He was dimly aware that he suffered.

"Yes," she said at length; "if we were linked together we should only destroy each other."

He started, hearing her admit, for the first time, this point of which he was so sure.

"You should never *marry* anyone," he said.

"And you," she asked in irony, "must offer your head to harness and be bridled and driven?"

"There's the makings of quite a good, respectable trotter in me," he laughed. "Don't you see it's what I *want* to be?"

"I'm not sure," she laughed in return.

"I think so."

"Ah! well, if you think so."

They were silent for a time. The white lamp burned steadily as moonlight, the red fire like sunset; there was no stir or flicker.

"And what of you?" he asked.

She crooned a faint, tired laugh.

"If you are jetsam, as you say you are," she answered, "I am flotsam. I shall lie stranded."

"Nay," he pleaded. "When were you wrecked?"

She laughed quickly, with a sound like a tinkle of tears.

"Oh, dear, Winifred!" he cried despairingly.

She lifted her arms towards him, hiding her face between them, looking up through the white closure with dark, uncanny eyes, like an invocation. His breast lifted towards her uptilted arms. He shuddered, shut his eyes, held himself rigid. He heard her drop her arms heavily.

"I must go," he said in a dull voice.

The rapidly-chasing quivers that ran in tremors down the front of his body and limbs made him stretch himself, stretch hard.

"Yes," she assented gravely; "you must go."

He turned to her. Again looking up darkly, from under her lowered brows, she lifted her hands like small white orchids towards him. Without knowing, he gripped her wrists with a grasp that circled his blood-red nails with white rims.

"Goodbye," he said, looking down at her. She made a small, moaning noise in her throat, lifting her face so that it came open and near to him like a suddenly-risen flower, borne on a strong white stalk. She seemed to extend, to fill the world, to become atmosphere and all. He did not know what he was doing. He was bending forward, his mouth on hers, her arms round his neck, and his own hands, still fastened onto her wrists, almost bursting the blood under his nails with the intensity of their grip. They remained for a few moments thus, rigid. Then, weary of the strain, she relaxed. She turned her face, offered him her throat, white, hard, and rich, below the ear. Stooping still lower, so that he quivered in every fibre at the strain, he laid his mouth to the kiss. In the intense silence, he heard the deep, dull pulsing of her blood, and a minute click of a spark within the lamp.

Then he drew her from the chair up to him. She came, arms always round his neck, till at last she lay along his breast as he stood, feet planted wide, clasping her tight, his mouth on her neck. She turned suddenly to meet his full, red mouth in a kiss. He felt his moustache prick back into his lips. It was the first kiss she had genuinely given. Dazed, he was conscious of the throb of one great pulse, as if his whole body were a heart that contracted in throbs. He felt, with an intolerable ache, as if he, the heart, were setting the pulse in her, in the very night, so that everything beat from the throb of his overstrained, bursting body.

The hurt became so great it brought him out of the reeling stage to distinct consciousness. She clipped her lips, drew them away, leaving him her throat. Already she had had enough. He opened his eyes as he bent with his mouth on her neck, and was startled: there stood the objects of the room, stark: there, close below his eyes, were the half-sunk lashes of the woman, swooning on her unnatural ebb of passion. He saw her thus, knew that she wanted no more of him

Continued on page 132

The Witch à la Mode

Continued from page 131

than that kiss. And the heavy form of this woman hung upon him; his mouth was grown to her throat in a kiss; and, even so, as she lay in his arms, she was gradually dismissing him. His whole body ached like a swollen vein, with heavy intensity, while his heart grew dead with misery and despair. This woman gave him anguish and a cutting-short like death: to the other woman he was false. As he shivered with suffering, he opened his eyes again, and caught sight of the pure ivory of the lamp. His heart flashed with rage.

A sudden involuntary blow of his foot, and he sent the lamp-stand spinning. The lamp leaped off, fell with a smash on the fair, polished floor.

Instantly a bluish hedge of flame quivered, leaped up before them. She had lightened her hold round his neck, and buried her face against his throat.

The flame veered at her, blue, with a yellow tongue that licked her dress and her arm. Convulsive, she clutched him, almost strangled him, though she made no sound.

He gathered her up and bore her heavily out of the room. Slipping from her clasp, he brought his arms down her form, crushing the starting blaze of her dress. His face was singed. Staring at her, he could scarcely see her.

"I am not hurt," she cried. "But you?"

The housekeeper was coming; the flames were sinking and waving-up in the drawing room. He broke away from Winifred, threw one of the great woolen rugs onto the flame, then stood a moment looking at the darkness. Winifred caught at him as he passed her.

"No, no," he answered, as he fumbled for the latch. "I'm not hurt. Clumsy fool I am —clumsy fool!"

In another instant he was gone, running with burning-red hands held out blindly, down the street.

The Little Red Hat

Continued from page 50

Well Mr. Beasley was so pleased with the magic hat that he forgot that he was invisible and he collided with several people and was almost run down by a taxi before he remembered that they couldn't see him. And he was still hungry. So he appeared and had some lunch and then he disappeared and walked up and down Fifth Avenue. He ran sort of wild for a while tipping people's hats over their eyes and walking beside couples and making unsuitable remarks that each thought the other had made. But pretty soon his feet got tired and after all he said to himself you can't go around playing practical jokes all day if you are in the advertising business so he put the hat away and went back to the office.

When he got home about six he heard loud voices and a cocktail shaker going inside so he knew Mrs. Beasley must have asked some friends in for tea. So he put on the magic hat and went in. The radio was going and Mr. Wallace Benson was asleep on the davenport and Mrs. Benson was having an argument behind the piano with Mr. Graham Jones and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Beasley were watching Mrs. Jones' brother Henry Barringer shake up another. Mrs. Beasley had on the pirate costume she was going to wear at the party the next evening and it was just earrings and a silk shirt and ragged pants cut off above the knee and slippers. And just as Mr. Beasley came in Mrs. Beasley said Well I wanted you all to see the costume because Fred doesn't approve of it and if you say you like it he can't say anything. It's too bad about Fred said Mrs. Jones I notice he isn't always so finicky. And Mr. Barringer said Poor old Fred and then he and Mrs. Beasley smiled at each other.

Well that made Mr. Beasley kind of mad and he grabbed the cocktail Mrs. Beasley was holding and poured it over Mr. Barringer's head. Hey Jess yelled Mr. Barringer That is no way to act. What way said Mrs. Beasley I didn't do it. And Mr. Beasley grabbed Mrs. Jones' glass and poured that over Mr. Barringer too. O said Mrs. Jones something took it right out of my hand Henry. Yes I bet it did said Mr. Barringer This is awful funny this is you better leave the room that gin of Jess' will eat all my clothes off in about two minutes. O said Mrs. Beasley suddenly I know who did it it was Fred. Yeah said Mr. Barringer bitterly wiping his eyes Sure blame it on Fred I begin to be sorry for Fred.

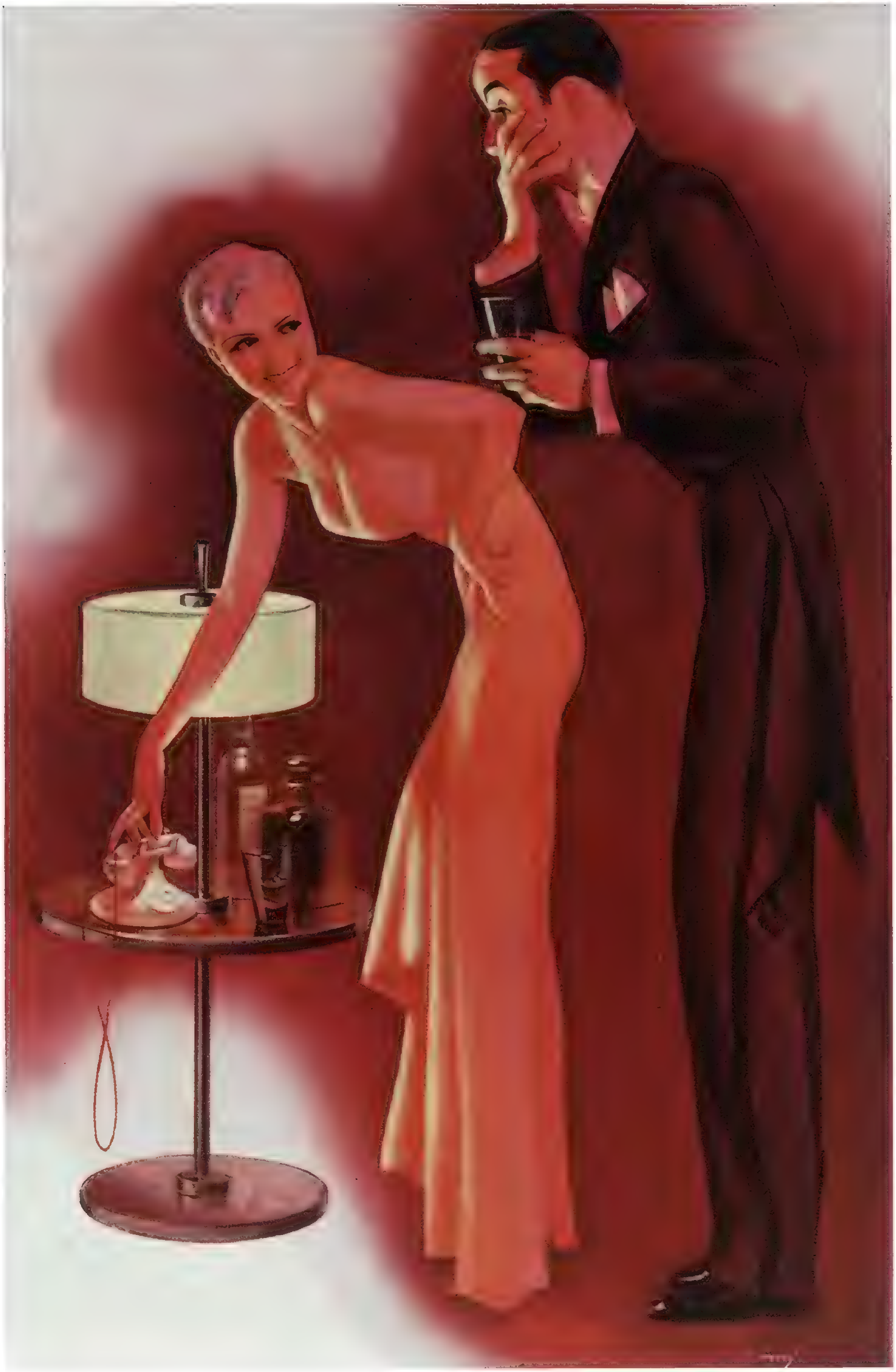
So Mr. Beasley went up close behind Mrs. Beasley and whispered You better not try to explain they'll think you're crazy. Get out of here said Mrs. Beasley between her teeth but Mr. Barringer heard her and he said Sure I'll get out and he did. Then the others all gathered around Mrs. Beasley and said Jess you ought not to act that way to Henry and Mrs. Beasley got angry because they wouldn't believe she hadn't done it and while they were talking Mr. Beasley went out and took off part of his clothes and then came back and appeared suddenly in the doorway in just his B.V.D.'s and his shoes. Welcome friends said Mr. Beasley I want you to see the costume *I* am going to wear to the party. Fred said Mrs. Beasley Where are your pants this is unheard of. Isn't it said Mr. Beasley I thought it was pretty original myself. Ha ha said Mr. Benson waking up What do you go as Fred a suppressed desire? No said Mr. Beasley Jessie's a pirate and I am the pirate's captive because you see when they boarded the galleon I was alseep in my cabin and didn't have time to dress so I am in this disarray. You look swell in dat array said Mr. Benson but Mrs. Benson who was no fool got him by the arm and led him away and the Joneses went and Mr. and Mrs. Beasley were left alone.

Well Fred of all the low vulgar performances said Mrs. Beasley and she turned to give him a dirty look but right in the middle of it Mr. Beasley vanished and she found herself looking angry at the wallpaper and she said Fred will you please appear how can I talk to you when you're invisible? Pretend you're telephoning said Mr. Beasley I am not going to appear until you calm down. But Mrs. Beasley didn't want to calm down so she went on talking. But it was not satisfactory because she would be talking at the corner of the room where she had last heard him speak and his answer would come from behind her and he kept moving around until at last she fell back on the davenport and said All right you win. So Mr. Beasley appeared and sat down in his B.V.D.'s beside her and said Now Jess I am tired of your bad temper and so whenever you have a tantrum I am going to disappear. Oh you are are you said Mrs. Beasley crossly. Yes said Mr. Beasley and did. Oh come *back* here said Mrs. Beasley. And Mr. Beasley said Not until you smile. I *won't* smile said Mrs. Beasley and she looked crosser than ever. But Mr. Beasley didn't say anything and pretty soon she began to get fidgety and then the corners of her mouth went down and she began to cry and said O Fred how can you be so cruel? So Mr. Beasley appeared and put his arm around her and told her how nice she really looked in her pirate suit and everything was all right.

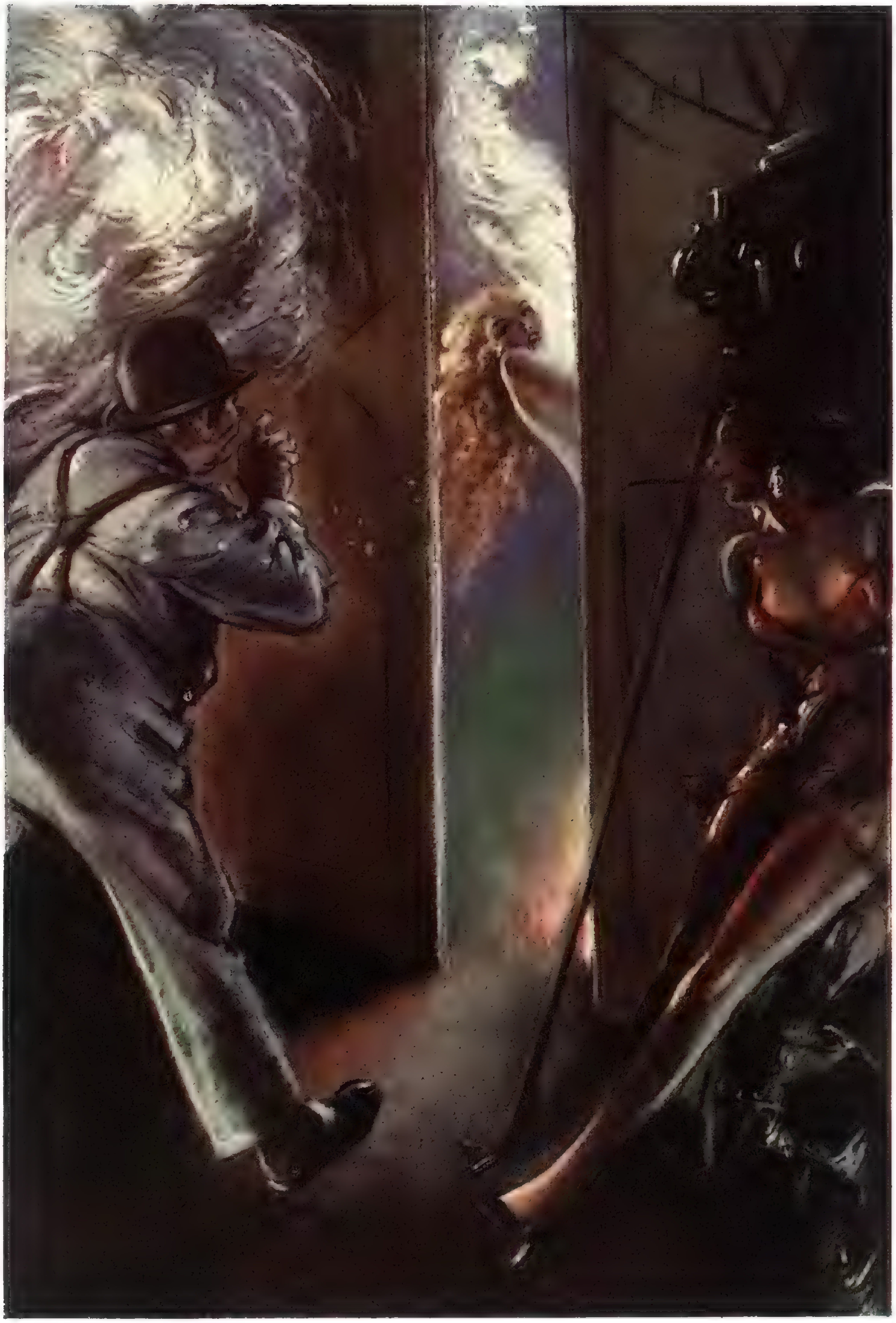
Well Mrs. Beasley had a tantrum that evening and two the next day but Mr. Beasley vanished each time and she had to give in and at last she promised she wouldn't have any more. But Mr. Beasley kept the magic hat handy just in case. They went to the party and Mr. Beasley wore the red gown and slippers and had a good time. But Mrs. Beasley didn't have such a good time as Mr. Beasley did because unless she could see him she never knew just where he was and he might be standing right beside her and she wouldn't know it.

So Mrs. Beasley didn't have any more tantrums. She started several times but Mr. Beasley would just put his hand in the pocket where he kept the magic hat and she would stop. It was a good thing for Mr. Beasley that that was all he had to do to stop her because about a week after the party he lost the magic hat. He was stopped by a traffic cop one day in Central Park and he put it on and tried to sneak out the other door of his car but the wind blew the hat off and landed it in the woods. The cop wouldn't let him go look for it and it wouldn't have done any good anyway because it had landed in a bush and of course the bush was invisible and he couldn't have found it. But he didn't tell Mrs. Beasley that it was lost though she wondered a good many times after she had got up in the middle of the night and hunted through all his pockets where he could possibly hide it.

But she never found out and they lived happily ever after.



"Let's have some excitement—let's call up my husband"



"Hey, you forgot one of your fans"

The Hobo and the Fighter

Continued from page 101

his coat, assumed a fighting pose and said: "You're not talking to George Luks now. You're talking to Chicago Whitey, you're talking to Luks the quarterback. Don't make any mistake about that. I've lived and am still living. You and the rest of these hypocrites are only waiting to die."

As a boy he had earned an extra dollar by painting safes. He painted bandwagons, posters, houses. He could paint the town red too. He drew for newspapers and ran a comic strip called The Yellow Kid.

Before the Spanish American War, the Philadelphia Bulletin sent him to Cuba to draw pictures of the guerrilla fighting; the Spaniards arrested him four times because he wouldn't stay within bounds, and then deported him. He arrived in New York at the height of winter in a cotton suit and straw hat and his pockets so empty that he had to spend the night on a snow-covered park bench. He therefore had little patience with those young artists who demanded such and such living and working conditions for their "art."

One of his characteristic expressions was: "He wants a north light, the nance! Why I could paint in a mud hole." He could paint, he said, with a shoestring dipped in pitch and lard. He had no patience with the fellows whose style was ruined or whose art was prostituted if they had to draw for papers, or run a comic strip, or illustrate advertisements.

He preached—yes, he sometimes preached—that there was beauty, glory and tragedy in a grog shop, hovel, slum, or the sinks under the piers as well as in mansions and palaces.

After his series of notable paintings of old women and children come his New York barroom canvases. Incidentally he was known also as the Dickens of the East Side. He believed in broad generous strokes and he would paint out in three strokes a student's four-day job and then make him begin all over again.

He believed in himself, no man more, but if he didn't like one of his own pictures, he would paint over it or refuse to sign in. "Let's have a big brush," was his favorite line to students.

Once he hired three men to bring up a pushcart to his studio because he liked the colors of the fruits and painted in the vendor too, but not liking the result painted over it a speakeasy scene called The Noble Experiment. He enjoyed Prohibition but didn't live long enough to enjoy its repeal. But he didn't need to. Few men have had so good a time in this generation as did George Benjamin Luks, Lusty Luks to the last.

A War Without a Truce

Continued from page 97

hook on a corner of the trap door and then began to climb. But he had miscalculated. Halfway up the pole broke and Osborne fell to the roof of the top tier with a reverberating crash which awakened every prisoner in the place.

Three months later he actually did escape, going through the window grille with a contrivance known among prisoners as a bar spreader, which incidentally is often used in effecting escapes. And, once again there was the same climax. Osborne was arrested and brought back a few months later, finally going out "through the front door," as the prisoners say when referring to an expiration of sentence.

Getting over prison walls, many of them twenty-five and thirty feet high, is another obstacle which prisoners overcome with ingenious devices. The most common of these is a three-pronged hook which snags on anything. This is whirled around the head in increasingly widening circles and then hurled over the wall. When it snags, as it usually does, the prisoner climbs up and drops over.

But getting hold of some kind of firearm is usually the great desideratum when prisoners want to escape. With one firearm it is possible for prisoners, acting unexpectedly and in unison, to effect an escape in large numbers. When they once obtain possession of a gun they can seize the officers and, using them as hostages, compel the men in charge of the gates to open them on threat of killing the officers they have taken prisoners. The reason a gun gives them such an advantage is that it is a cardinal rule of prison administration that no guard who comes into contact with prisoners is to carry a gun. Only the wall and tower men have them. This is necessary because in every penitentiary the officers are outnumbered anywhere from ten to twelve to thirty or forty to one, and in some institutions even more. Having a gun would be more dangerous than not having it, because the prisoners, being numerically superior, could seize the guard, take his gun and then use him as a hostage in the manner described.

But having the armed guards thirty or forty feet away from the prisoners does not always protect them. Not very long ago it was the practice in some prisons to have an armed guard on what is known as a "gun gallery" in the cell house at night, a gun gallery being a high walk up near the roof of the cell house in a position commanding the entire house. In one institution this gun gallery guard was at least fifty feet away from the nearest point where a prisoner could possibly get.

Nevertheless it was necessary to build a steel lattice work around the gallery, because the officers learned that some of the prisoners, who had been cowboys, were plotting to lasso this guard, pull him off the gallery, get his gun, and then endeavor to effect an escape.

The reckless daring of prisoners passes belief. There was one who, while being transported to the penitentiary, jumped off a train into a river while crossing over a bridge over a hundred feet high, notwithstanding the fact that he was manacled at the time.

And another, named Bender, who escaped from the Maryland prison by running to the wall in full view of the gun guards, climbing over with a ladder which he had managed to secrete in some building material, dropping twenty-five feet down to the street and leaping aboard a passing truck, while the officers, too surprised to shoot, stood motionless "like painted soldiers against a painted sky."

Inspired by this situation one of the prisoner "poets" (there are many of them behind the bars; perhaps not as many as should be, some may think) wrote the following:

Speak kindly to the little "screw" (slang for guard)
  Who totes the little gun,
He doesn't know just what to do,
  He thinks it's all in fun.

To shoot a "con" would spoil his day,
  He doesn't think he "oughter,"
The gun with which he likes to play
  Is one that's filled with water.

He doesn't want to be thought rough
  By "gaycat," "stiff," or "faker,"
His gun, it seems, is just a bluff,
  Hence "Bender" is a "breaker."

Innumerable weapons are smuggled into and made inside of prisons, many of them designed to kill or injure an officer in order to effect an escape. Anyone who is at all sentimental about prisoners can be easily cured by being shown some of these. These weapons are manufactured out of the most unlikely material. In the curio cabinet of every deputy warden one can find an elaborate collection of guns, saws and files; knives made from door hinges filed down to a razor edge, stilettos from broomsticks, blackjacks from stones tied in old socks or from lumps of tinfoil saved over a period of months from tobacco wrappers, clubs from pieces of wood and steel stolen from the shops, ladders for use in climbing walls from rope, pieces of leather and cuttings from old carpets, and miscellaneous weapons from parts of sharpening stones, window sash weights, bent pieces of zinc and other soft metal, and sharp "killers" of every shape and variety made from every conceivable material.

The regrettable part of it all, however, is that the escape of one prisoner like Dillinger gets such a vast amount of publicity, while the extraordinary courage of prison guards, shown day in and day out in prisons everywhere, is entirely unknown to the general public. A successful escape, undoubtedly, is news.

Unfortunately it is not news that for each escape which is successful hundreds are thwarted every day through the intelligence, persistence and extraordinary courage of prison officers. Every day in the year guards are injured or killed by prisoners whose contemplated escape they oppose. The public rarely hears of these, while the guard simply accepts them as part of the day's work.

Japan Plays at War

Continued from page 77

the subject of much uncharitable comment.

IV—The American forces under Major General Graves were composed mainly of the Thirty-First and Twenty-Seventh Infantry regiments, the former located in and around Vladivostok with small units along the railway from Vladivostok to Nikolsk at the junction of the Trans-Siberian and Ussuri Railway. The Twenty-Seventh, known as the Siberian Wolf Hounds, were located at Habarovsk for a time, but in the later days of occupation were strewn out over a thousand miles of the Trans-Siberian Railway as guards.

V—The Japanese were located everywhere. At no time did any of the allied nations have definite figures as to the exact number of little brown men in the Trans-Baikal. The Nipponese troop formation followed roughly the shape of a triangle with a base at Vladivostok, thence a line extending north to Nikolaievsk at the mouth of the Amur River, thence in another line down the Amur River to Blagoveschenks, and thence to Chita, where it joined another line of troops extending from Vladivostok westward to Irkutsk at the foot of Lake Baikal. Over this entire area they played a stern game of war, kept intact their lines of communication, and exercised the right of supreme domain. Not even a General Foch could find fault on the score of efficiency.

At times there would appear reports of "incidents" involving the Japanese and guerrilla bands at points where the Japanese were not supposed to have garrisons.

These soldiers from Nippon were just as numerous, just as active in Manchuria, where a check on them was out of the question. This was due to the fact that Chang Tso-lin, Mukden warlord and master of Manchuria, was an ally of the Japanese and there was no one to challenge the manoeuvering Japanese army.

VI—The Russians were called the White Army. After December 25, 1918, Kolchak was supposed to be the commander-in-chief. He could claim a certain allegiance from the cadets trained by the British at Vladivostok, but other Russian leaders in Siberia were as independent of him as was Deniken in the Ukraine. Rosinov at Vladivostok was for Rosinov and what he could get out of it. Ataman Katmikoff at Habarovsk did his own grafting in his own way until a bullet suddenly terminated his career. Seminov at Chita was another Cossack chieftain who grew rich on the plunder he exacted while the Japanese played his guardian angel in exchange for a policy of harassing and annoying the Americans, whether they were army, Red Cross or Y.M.C.A.

The soldiers of the White Army had no genuine morale; they had no heart in the fight. The White Army was to them merely assurance of a place to sleep with reasonable certainty of something to eat and clothing to wear.

Here I drop "numerals" and turn to sketchier highlights of my observations in Siberia.

Certainly the Americans were the most vilified troops in Siberia. The Japanese, with equal certainty, were the most thoroughly hated. Much of the vilification of the Americans, in Oriental and Russian print, had its origin in the high-powered Japanese publicity bureau on Svetlanskaya, Vladivostok. Of course Semionov did some on his own at Chita.

There was a just reason for the universal hatred of the Japanese. The little brown men approached their occupancy of Siberia not in the role of friends and allies, but in the spirit of conquerors. Daily there poured into the headquarters of the various allied commands stories of Japanese harshness, downright cruelty in some instances, from the territory beyond Vladivostok.

Even in that city itself there was an intense feeling against the Japanese, not only among the Russians but among the allied troops. Nippon seemed to need a great many buildings in the port city and carrying on its business of playing at war. Each of these buildings was under armed guard. The sentries used the busy sidewalks in front of the buildings for their beats. They did not pace the walk close to the building, but on the outside close to the curb; and no pedestrian, civilian or soldier, friend or foe, was permitted to pass between the sentry and the building. It was the roadway for any individual not in the uniform of Japan.

Other nations had similar, though fewer, buildings; had sentries posted. But in many instances these sentries stood in the doorway of the building; if assigned to a beat, they were instructed to walk close to the wall of the building and not to interfere with the pedestrians unless they looked suspicious.

The climax to the sentry situation came when an American naval lieutenant from the ship "Albany" was shot down by an officious Japanese sentry one night when returning to his ship. The officer reached the deck of his vessel, told his story, then died in the arms of comrades. After that episode men of the other allied forces carried their side-arms when on the streets of Vladivostok.

All the allied nations suffered casualties in Siberia. They accepted the losses as the fortunes of war—all, that is, but Japan. The position of the latter country was not discovered until the hour came when it was agreed that foreign troops should be evacuated from Siberia. Before the matter could be ironed out, the Gaida revolt intervened.

General Gaida, the brilliant leader of the Czechs, had become ambitious. With the choice men of his command he had entrained for Vladivostok, there to plan the overthrow of the Russian General Rosinov, recruit new strength, get fresh supplies, and start a new campaign to conquer Siberia. His plans went haywire. Rosinov allowed the conspirators to assemble in the railway station at Vladivostok. Then, with the British trained cadets, the Russian leader surrounded the station, made shambles of the rebels. Going to the railway station after the slaughter, observers noted that the Russian cadets were flanked by Japanese troops facing the other way and prepared to repulse any rear attack on the Russian forces.

After the Gaida debacle, pressure was again brought for evacuation of all foreign troops. The Japanese balked, citing as their reason the large number of "incidents" which must be satisfied before the soldiers of Nippon embarked for the voyage to the homeland. The "star" incident was the massacre of the Japanese garrison at Nikolaievsk by allegedly Bolshevik bands.

We of the intelligence service were puzzled. Japan had had ample opportunity to work out her war problems; her troops had been in Siberia during the fall, the winter, the spring and the summer. It was then that some of us raised the question: Did Japan come into the Trans-Baikal with the firm intention of making the occupancy a permanent one?

Jiu-Jitsu in Five Easy Lessons

Continued from page 109

my lesson, I appeared on the lower deck in the costume which I had been loaned.

We rehearsed the throws he had used on me the day before. I learned to land with less abandon, but I wasn't any more successful at using the catches on the purser.

"Now I will show you a new one," he said, after he had bounced me around a bit.

With the backs of his hands together, his long fingers dug into the strong lapels on my jacket. By twisting his wrists he could draw in the collar like a noose. This was very disconcerting. I knew my face was turning deep purple; I could tell by the way the Japanese audience laughed and pointed fingers, and by the way it felt as though something was burning inside. But he soon let go his hold and allowed me to do it to him. It was quite simple and effective, and I managed to bring a slight tinge of mauve to his face, too.

"Ah!" he said, "But that is only the beginning. Now, look!" He took the same grip, and placing his uplifted foot square in my stomach, dropped to his back, bringing me along.

For a split second I was poised on his foot, with his hands tightening the cloth around my neck, and then his grip loosened, his foot shot up, and I was catapulted through the air like a clay pigeon.

It must have been quite a while before I came to, but the Japanese were still laughing.

"Did you observe how it was done?" the purser asked. "Now you will try it on me, if you please."

"Now I will try reclining on my berth, if you please," I said, and I got up and reeled down the deck and up the steps.

The next day I stayed in bed and had my meals brought to me. While lying there, I came to a couple of conclusions. When I got to Japan, I decided, I would prepare myself for any encounters with wily Orientals with a wily little automatic.

For exercise during the rest of the trip, I would pace the deck, play shuffleboard, get myself wet in the pool, and shinny up the ropes—no matter what the captain might think about it.

Stage-Door Johnny, Pro Tem.

Being mostly about Mr. Rose, a young man who doesn't see why you shouldn't have fun

by GILBERT SELDES

• THEATRE •

IT IS a fact which never fails to surprise me that Billy Rose is listed in the New York Telephone Directory as William Rose; it is also true that his offices, on 42nd street, at the very top of a big building, are sedate almost to the point of reticence, and in good taste. These things must have some reference to his private life—they have no connection with his professional activities in which he is given to wildness, extravagance, a cheerful, inoffensive vulgarity, and everything slapdash, noisy, rough, and comic. He is a trim little figure in a double-breasted suit, with a low voice and a friendly manner and his shows are always gargantuan, sprawling all over big stages, lasting for hours, anything for a laugh—and very successful.

His latest activity is in the production simultaneously of two entertainments for which no exact name has yet been found, as they are mixtures of night clubs, restaurants, vaudeville shows, with several touches of the circus and the atmosphere of the cabaret and the sideshow thrown in. The Casino de Paree is a little the more formal of the two, but if you are there on a Sunday night you see composers, vocalists, and celebrities marching up to the microphone to do their stuff and Jimmie Savo is as likely as not to dash from the stage and make off with whatever is left of your champagne. At the more knockabout Music Hall you can never tell when the mustached and red-nosed waiter will stop serving you and break into a chorus with his hundred fellow-workers. I am afraid that the strict Aristotelian, Guild Theatre rules of the drama do not apply to Mr. Rose's entertainments.

He must have seen about four years ago that the best buy on Broadway after eleven at night was not the speakeasy or the expensive night club, but the big "no-cover" popular place. At that time most of these houses served no drinks, but you could "send a waiter out" and the waiter always brought a half pint of detestable and expensive rye. The food was ordinary and fairly cheap and the floor shows were immense. They got together good looking girls and stripped them; the vaudeville acts were all spectacular—I was once kidnapped from my table and spun around by some Swedish masters of roller-skating to the intense pleasure of the multitude; toward the end (if it was the end) orchestras like Vallee's and Whiteman's were thrown in, and lots of filler—radio stuff.

Nils Grantlund was the best of the impresarios, a man who always put on a good show and nearly always spoiled it with a repulsive synthetic enthusiasm as master of ceremonies.

These places were always crowded and had an added advantage—you didn't see the crowd from Tony's or 21 there every night.

But they remained fixed in the public mind as restaurants and something had to be done to step them up. Mr. Rose did it. He took a theatre which was a barn in size and splattered for years with the red ink of failure and converted the auditorium into a nest of small tables, reserving the stage for a show and for dancing. I think his first venture came between 3.2-beer and repeal; the atmosphere, in any case, was liquorish if not boozy.

His opening chorus on one occasion was the opening chorus of the Ziegfeld Follies which was playing around the corner—I suppose he wrote the number; sometimes the costumes were so bad that it was a relief to see the girls without clothes, a spectacle Mr. Rose did not fail to provide. He had vaudeville sketches and singers, but gradually he found what he needed most, a kind of informal presentation of specialties. He took it into his head that although Joe Frisco hadn't had a steady job in years, Joe Frisco ought to be master of ceremonies, and Joe Frisco turned out the best of the lot, addressing the populace as "Ladies and Gentlemen" the first two or three times and then as if apologizing, "I keep calling you ladies and gentlemen." Backing him, and running away with the show, came Jimmie Savo, doing his own magnificent numbers and then darting in and out in dozens of uniforms, silent and secretive, breaking up all the acts, improvising, clowning, making everything immensely funny.

To top that, the next venture, the Music Hall, had to be louder and funnier. Another theatre was made over; dozens of old-time vaudeville acts were brought in; midgets, so help me God, were a hit of the evening; the singing waiters and the hundred hostesses broke down all distinction between stage and audience. There were movies, including a masterly resume in about five minutes of the history of the United States from 1917 to the opening of the Billy Rose Music Hall, the two dates, you understand, being considered as almost equally important. At both the houses there are bars and tricks—something about a mermaid in a fish bowl, the peep-show effect, posters and pictures like La Vie Parisienne—that sort of thing. For the new version of the Casino, Willie Howard is engaged and, by way of contrast, the fine dancer, Paul Draper. Mr. Rose finds a place for everything.

It isn't a musical show and it isn't vaudeville and it has nothing to do with drama, but it is good theatrical entertainment. You exist in an atmosphere of noise and excitement and well-being. Even if you hate midgets and acrobats—something is going on. It may not be great theatre, but it is alive.

The man that animates the whole thing is usually on hand, his bright eyes watching the proceedings, looking always just a little worried. He is really a new hand at this sort of thing, maybe he doesn't quite believe that it is happening. Behind him lie two shows and some night clubs, known but not famous; behind them, some songs and sketches; and in the background is just Billy Rose, one-time amateur shorthand champion of the world, former employe of the War Industries Board under Barney Baruch, the man hardly anyone knew when he became the husband of Fanny Brice. In 1929. People said, "Who?" You do not eclipse Miss Brice, no matter how good you are, but by 1933 Mr. Rose was no longer existing as a mere husband. Quick work, and good work.

He was a court reporter, and one of the best at the age of twenty (he's 33 now) and gave up the profession; he thought that songwriting was done chiefly by idiots and that he could do better; in his first year he wrote Barney Google, You Tell Her—I Stutter, You Gotta See Mamma Every Night, and That Old Gang of Mine. He made about $50,000. He, or his press-agent, asserts that he gave Helen Morgan her first night club job (at the Backstage Club) and told her to sit on the piano because the floor was too crowded. At the Fifth Avenue Club he had a number introducing six fat women, representing the chorus girls of the past. Shortly thereafter a similar act was put on at the Winter Garden, under the Shuberts. As they appeared on the opening night, Rose blew a whistle and hired thugs in the balcony threw down several thousand cards into the laps of the audience; on each card were the words, "Shame on You, Jake Shubert." In the year of his marriage some-

Continued on page 154

The Candid Cameraman

A personal and provocative selection of the fifty best motion pictures of all time

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

BEST PICTURES I EVER SAW

À Nous La Liberté
As You Desire Me
The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
China Express
Greed
I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang
The Kid
The Last Laugh
M
Mann am Sonntag

MEMORABLE MOVIES

(For the actor's sake)

The Cocoanuts—Four Marx Brothers
Henry the VIII—Charles Laughton
The House of Rothschild—George Arliss
The Hunchback of Notre Dame—Lon Chaney
Little Caesar—Edward G. Robinson
Outward Bound—Leslie Howard
Palooka—Jimmy Durante
Passion—Pola Negri, Emil Jannings
Pollyanna—Mary Pickford
Salome—Nazimova
She Done Him Wrong—Mae West
The Thief of Bagdad—Douglas Fairbanks
Variety—Emil Jannings

(For the director's sake)

Birth of a Nation—D. W. Griffith
Nanook of the North—O'Flagherty
Potemkin—Eisenstein
Taboo—Murnau

(For the production)

Broken Blossoms
Crime and Punishment
The Dreyfus Case
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
Jeanne d'Arc
Maedchen in Uniform
The Man I Killed
Metropolis
The Miracle Man
Public Enemy
The Road to Life
Secrets of a Soul
Shanghai Express
Strange Interlude
Street Scene
Zoo in Budapest

(For marking a trend)

Ben Hur—Spectacles
Chang—Animals
Forty-second Street—Musicals
The Jazz Singer—Sound
The Sheik—Valentino

(Class by itself)

Spider and the Fly (Silly Symphony)
Shanghaied (or almost any other Mickey Mouse in Technicolor)

While Hollywood is busy scrubbing celluloid, cinema products falls low. So let us make lists. Here they are: fifty pictures. Ten are simply the best pictures I ever saw. The other forty are memorable chiefly for the qualities under which they are listed.

This is a personal list. The selections are by an individual who, until he assumed this carping-post six months ago, was just an average movie-goer. For though my interest in films may always have been more than average, my attendance has come to about once a week. So I've seen about 750 pictures in the last fifteen years. What sticks with me?

Of the top ten, four are American-made, four German, one is French, and one is English. In the secondary classification, thirty are American, five German, two English, two Russian, and one is French. Thus, the general excellence of German photoplays is outstanding. But most of those swell pictures were UFA products, and UFA has long since declined; Hollywood, in its serious attempts, gets steadily better. And in the making of averages, Hollywood is of course pulled down by the tremendous tonnage of program pictures.

Six of the top ten are silent pictures; twenty-one of the second forty are silent.

To get down to cases: *À Nous La Liberté*, the Rene Clair musical satire, remains in my mind for its quickness of spirit, and because it had something to say. (Almost unique, in pictures.) In style, it was heavily derived from Charles Chaplin, whom I have arbitrarily represented by *The Kid.* Any one of several of his four-reelers would be as good a choice.

As You Desire Me, through the mystic quality in the Pirandello story, brought out the best in Garbo. *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* still ranks as the perfect example of stylized harmony in acting, setting, and story. Werner Kraus has never received enough commendation for his "Caligari." I saw the picture about a dozen times.

China Express is propaganda melodrama of high artistic merit. A Russian product, it is not to be confused with *Shanghai Express*, the Hollywood imitation which substituted the face and legs of Marlene Dietrich for the starved worker-heroes of the original.

Mann am Sonntag may not even be the name of the picture I mean. I saw it in Paris and translated the title, which was *Les Hommes, les Dimanches.* I know only vaguely that the film was made by German semi-professionals, but from that one viewing I could practically reproduce the photoplay, scene for scene. It simply tells the story of a day off, when a couple of fellows pick up a couple of girls, take them to a park, make them, and leave them.

Greed, Von Stroheim's epic, broke the ground for realism. *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang* is memorable for Muni's superbly reticent performance, and as a social document. The whispered "I steal," at the black-out end, is a master-touch.

The Last Laugh had a Dickensian lovability. *M*, the German melodrama of a hunt for a child-murderer, is beautifully constructed, mounting from climax to climax with terrific suspense. Flawless performances, and social meaning.

In the second grouping, mere skillful entertainment—Douglas Fairbanks—may place an actor next to an artist, like Charles Laughton. There is also an overlapping of actor-value with production-value; for example, *She Done Him Wrong* was a splendidly mounted genre piece, and *Outward Bound* was as remarkable for sustained atmosphere as for the star performance. *Salome* should be noticed as much because it was a very early "art movie" as for the beautiful work of Nazimova.

Broken Blossoms might seem sickly with sentiment today; it was beloved for the Gish and Barthelmess performances. Note how far along motion pictures have moved in sophistication since the days when Griffith was tops.

Potemkin almost rated the best ten; it is however a little heavy, due to the news-reel style, to rank as high entertainment.

The Dreyfus Case, while not very well known, is a splendid historical picture, accurate as well as exciting. *La Passion d'Jeanne d'Arc*, though static and experimental, has some of the most beautiful close-ups in the history of cinema, and ranks high for emotional quality. *Metropolis* has never been touched for mechanistic imagery, though the plot was sophomoric. Cagney's performance in *Public Enemy* puts it above *Scarface* and *Little Caesar* in gang-picture annals, I think.

Secrets of a Soul is a Freudian photoplay, little known, but adequate to a shelf of text-books on psychoanalysis, and exciting, to boot. With the great Werner Kraus. *Zoo in Budapest* is high in photographic beauty, and remarkably pleasant for so innocuous a story.

I think *The Spider and the Fly* is the best thing Walt Disney has done; it has a touch of vicious strength, and a directness that puts it beyond his other works.

As for the Norma Talmadges, the Gloria Swansons, the Harold Lloyds, the Billy Doves, the Montagu Loves: where are their shadows? One remembers their names, remembers sitting for hours before their images, and even being impressed by them, yet one cannot recall a single definite image. Yards, miles of celluloid, unreeled and forgotten. That's one of the ways to tell entertainment from art.

ELLSWORTH VINES, JR.
AFTER 5 HARD SETS—
—and then he Smoked a Camel!

AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP IN TENNIS! That is the enviable position of Ellsworth Vines, Jr., who holds the U. S. National Championships for 1931 and 1932, and has now swept through the 1934 professional ranks as well!

YOU'LL enjoy this pleasing "Energizing Effect"

When you've used up your energy at work or play—smoke a Camel and notice how soon you feel your flow of natural energy snap back.

This experience, long known to Camel smokers, has now been confirmed by a famous New York research laboratory.

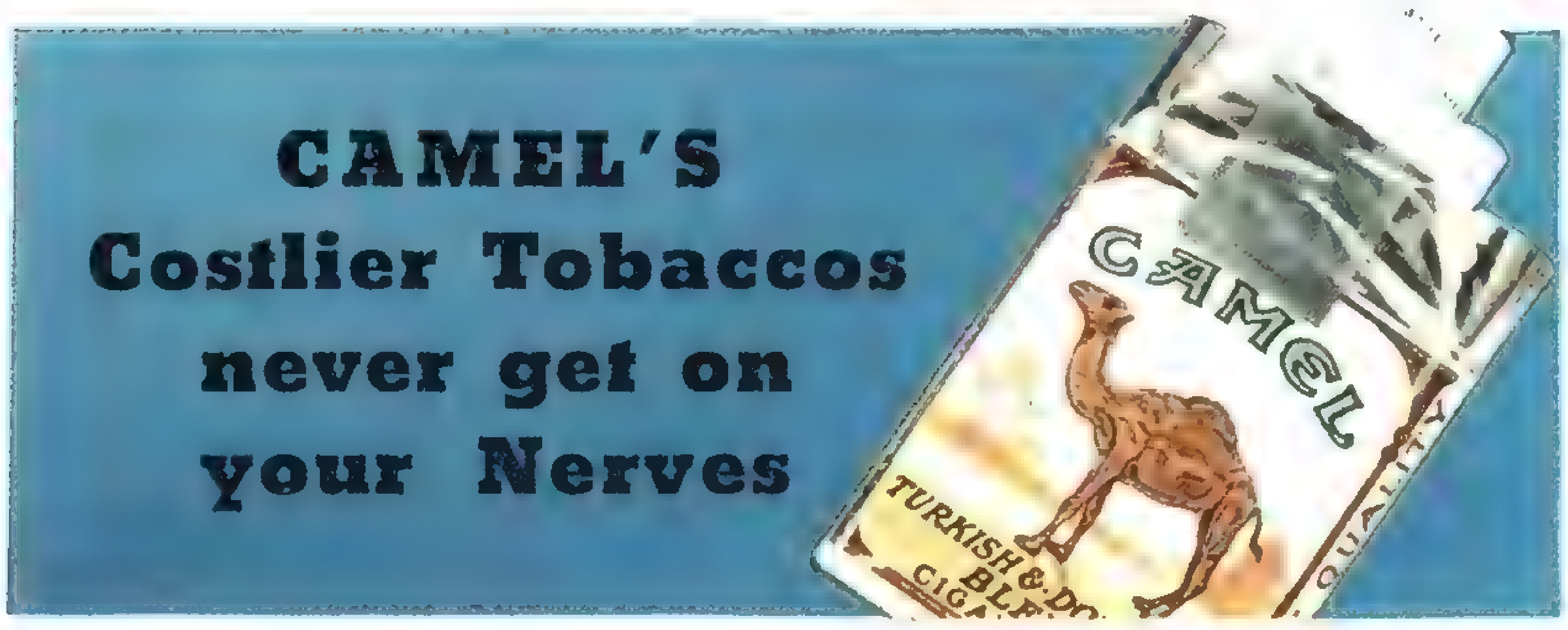
Camel smokers enjoy a positive "energizing effect"...a healthful and delightful release of natural, vibrant energy. Millions have found this to be true. A typical Camel experience is this, Ellsworth Vines, Jr. speaking—

"Championship tennis is one of the fastest of modern sports. After four or five sets, you sometimes feel that you just can't take another step.

"That's when a Camel tastes like a million dollars. Not only does the rich, mellow fragrance appeal to my taste, but Camels have a refreshing way of bringing my energy up to a higher level.

"And I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with my nerves."

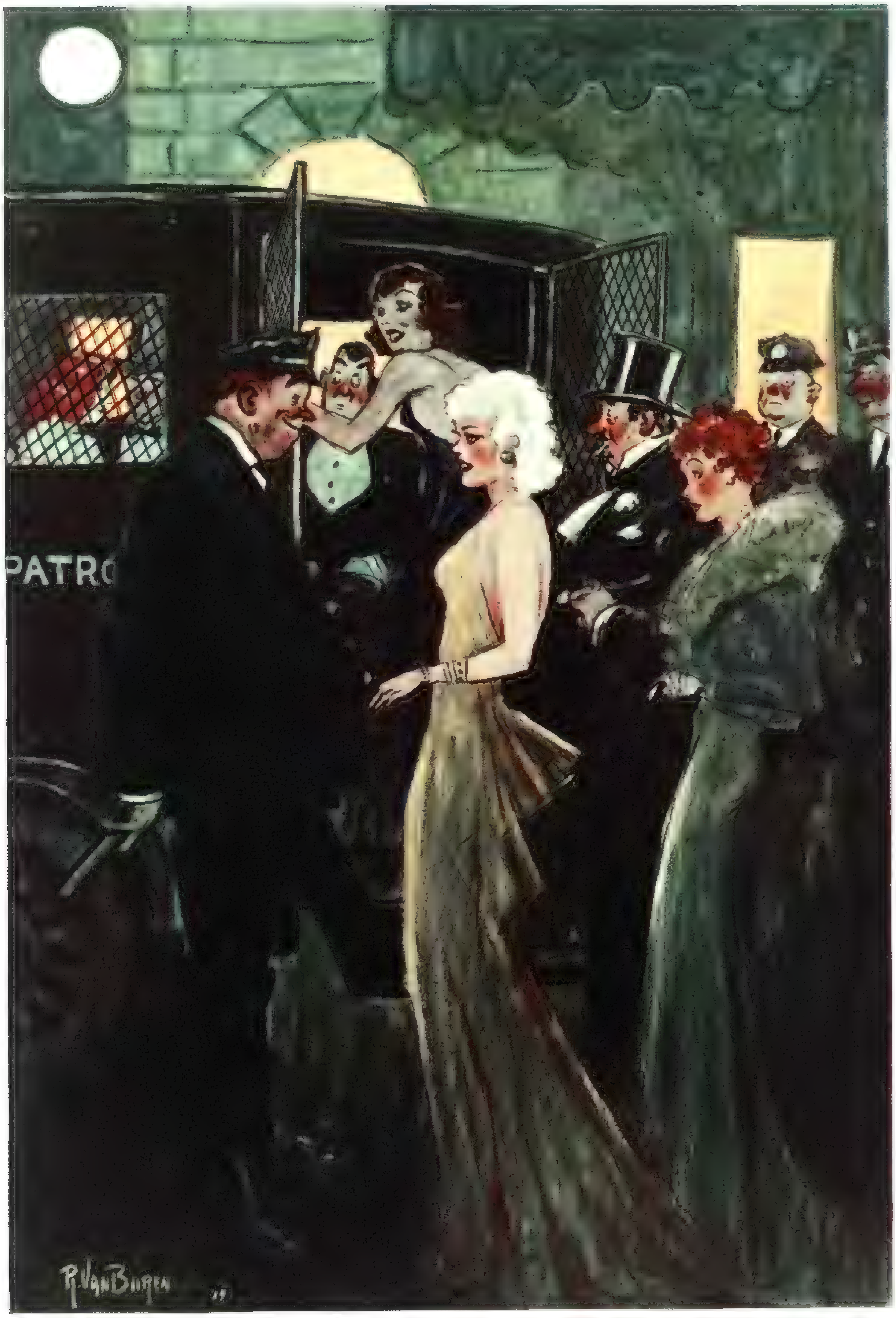
So, whenever you want a "lift," just smoke a Camel. You can smoke them steadily. For the *finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS in Camels never get on your nerves.*


CAMEL'S
Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
QUALITY

● **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.**

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company


PATRO
R. VAN BUREN

"If you don't like to be crowded, how about sitting up in front with me?"

BUDWEISER
BEER
Budweiser

TWO WORLD FAMOUS PERSONALITIES from the MISSISSIPPI SHORES

Who thought the finest thing in life would be to travel—just up and down Ol' Man River . . . but whose fame swept him 'round the world . . . whose personality was so compelling that he stood out brilliantly at any gathering . . . whose wit and perception made his one of the brightest names in American letters? Of course . . . **MARK TWAIN!**

Which beer, brewed on the banks of the Mississippi, became world-famous for its own delightful 'personality' . . . whose unforgettable quality made it stand out brilliantly from all others . . . which established an unmatched record—the biggest-selling bottled beer in history? Of course . . . **BUDWEISER!**

Budweiser
KING OF BOTTLED BEER

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS

*For those
who make living
a fine art*

Over the Toast

Continued from page 141

(*She turns, and hides her head in his chest.*)

He (*presently*)—Mary, darling. I didn't mean to make you cry. Truly I didn't. You shall have whatever you like.

She (*renunciatory*)—No, no, no. I don't want anything. I don't want any of it for myself. I was only trying to make it all so that it would be a credit to you.

He (*miserably*)—Darling. I'm a beast. (*An inarticulate interval.*) And there's nothing to worry about, really. Business is going well. I'm bound to make a lot, in the next few months.

She—No. We'll do just as you want. We'll let this place, and go off to the country, and economize. I'll look after Joan myself. Then—

He—But, sweetheart, there won't be any need for that. We can perfectly well—

She (*on the full tide of renunciation*)—Then you won't have to worry about whether things will sell or not. You'll be able to write just what you like.

He (*alarmed*)—But it won't be necessary to go away from here. If only we can—

She—I'd rather anything than that you should feel you had to potboil. (*Emerging, and looking up at him.*) I *do* care for your reputation—more than anything.

He (*moved*)—Darling.

She—And I *will* tell cook about the toast.

He—It doesn't matter, truly. It doesn't matter a bit.

She—Of course it matters. (*Firmly.*) She can perfectly well do it. It's only a question of taking a little trouble.

He—Truly, darling, it doesn't matter.

She—I'll go straight down and tell her. There. Am I all right? I'll go straight down and tell her now.

He (*as she goes*)—Don't be too hard on her, will you . . . Just ask her nicely . . .

The Listening Post

Continued from page 129

they will accept a rather low quality of performance for a time, in order to hear their favorites at a price within their reach, even these fanatics eventually insist upon adequate standards, and the public as a whole is never fooled for very long.

The very nature of Italian opera, with its silly plots and jingling tunes, demands singing of the highest calibre to make it bearable, and those who enjoy such opera are in most cases excellent judges of the vocal art, even though they occasionally accept loudness as a substitute for beauty. The Wagnerian music-dramas, on the other hand, are a farce without a fine orchestra of symphonic proportions, and their demands on the singers are even greater, in spite of less obvious results.

Always the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is a dangerously short one, and the average listener is justified in saying that if he can't hear operatic performances of the highest type, he'd rather not hear any at all. It becomes more and more evident that if opera is to be given conventionally, with all the formulas that have long become familiar and perhaps a little dull, then it will succeed only with truly great voices, at least in the leading parts, and with a liberal care in staging that will avoid any appearance of shoddy cheapness.

Even if such conventionally acceptable performances of opera are possible at reasonable prices, there is a growing demand for new ideas of lighting and production, such as the Radio City Music Hall, for example, introduced in its highly successful "Madam Butterfly." Max Rabinoff, once an active impresario, has such ideas, and might accomplish something decidedly worth while if given the opportunity.

The operatic possibilities of the motion pictures are also getting more and more attention, with interesting experiments recently in having the music sung off-screen, while the action is pantomimed by real actors of a sort not generally associated with grand opera. This may not be the final solution, but it seems a step in the right direction.

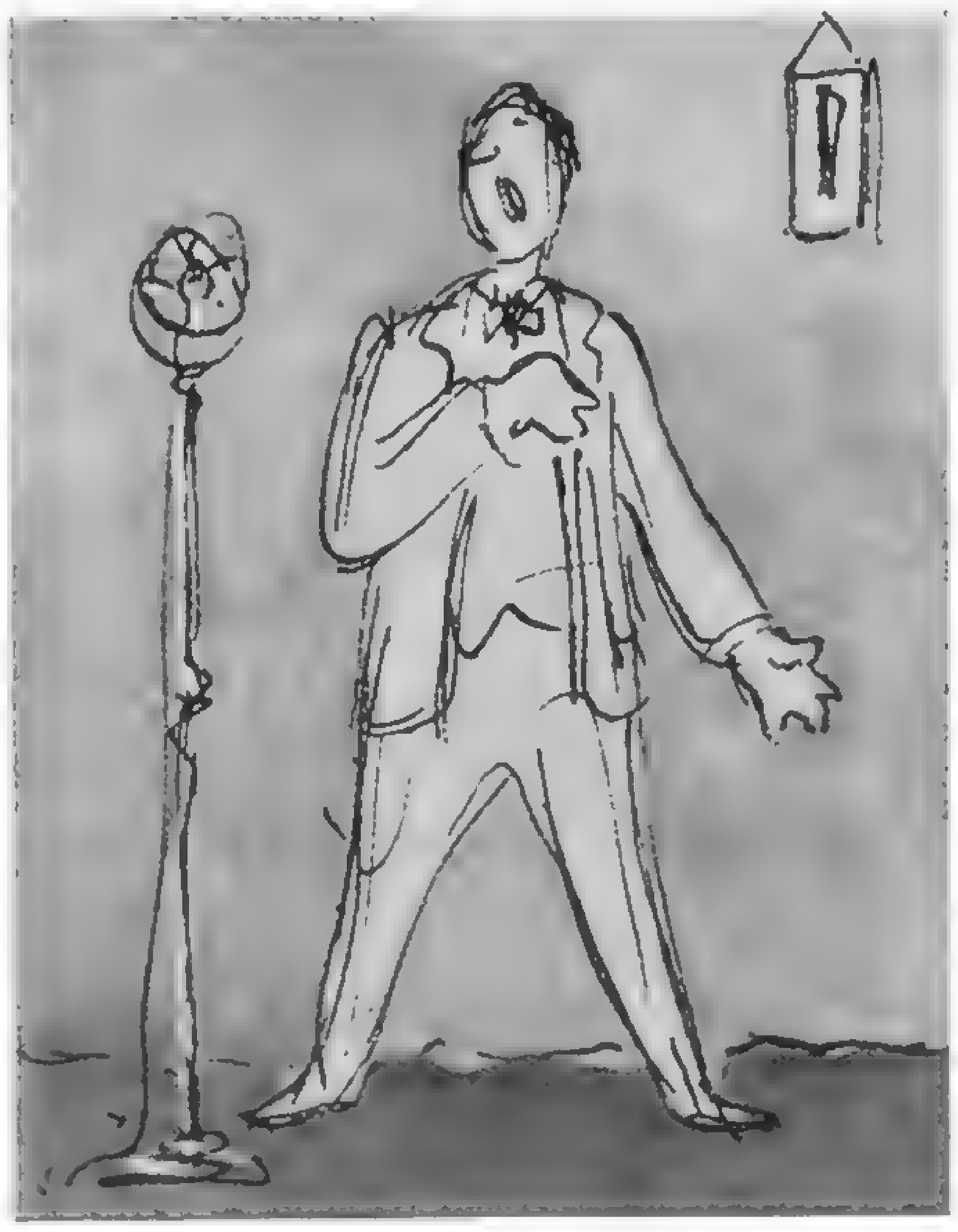
And now the crooners are all excited because Webster's Dictionary does not recognize them as a special breed. Frankly the excitement has been stirred up largely by an imaginative press-agent employed by Will Osborne and some other radio performers, whom he brought together in a protest meeting of small size but excellent newspaper results.

This same press-agent, by the way, invented a birthday for Joe Miller not so long ago, to assemble the leading comedians of the air. That experiment turned out to be a flop, because the comedians not only failed to recognize the significance of Joe Miller in their business, but were also utterly lost in the absence of their gag men. Jack Pearl acted as toastmaster and was admittedly terrible, while nobody else seemed to know just what to say. Away from the microphone they are all very serious gentlemen.

The protest against the dictionary turned out somewhat better, and at least gave the radio editors something to write about. It seems that the word "crooner" has become practically a term of opprobrium today, and those who use it professionally should thank Mr. Webster for leaving it out.

But while we are on the subject, there is a real reason for the temporary popularity of crooning, and also for its quick fall into disfavor. Crooning is fundamentally nothing more than singing softly and intimately, as a mother sings to her child in the cradle. This type of singing has always been popular, but was practically barred from the concert hall or operatic stage because of obvious physical handicaps.

John McCormack is one of the few real musicians to have practiced it successfully, and he was well aware that thousands of his listeners were willing to hear him in operatic arias, oratorio and Lieder only because they knew that eventually he would satisfy their souls with the crooning of Irish folk-songs and such encores as "I hear you calling me."



Most people would in any case rather hear a great singer close up, in the intimacy of a small room, and such opportunities have always been treasured far beyond the thrills of any concert performance. The microphone and loud-speaker of radio, at one stroke, made it possible for millions to hear such intimate singing at one and the same time. It was a brand new experience, and to every listener, particularly the females, the message of the crooner was direct and completely personal.

But a concert artist would never think of crooning through an entire program. He would use his soft, intimate tones merely for contrast, and McCormack himself refused to overdo the thing on which he knew his popularity rested, aside from being justly proud of his interpretations of the classics. When crooning became a habit of the air, however, it soon monopolized all radio singing. All sense of balance and contrast disappeared almost immediately, and listeners quickly grew tired of the constant repetition of the same style.

Unfortunately, with the amplifying powers of the microphone, almost any voice of pleasing quality could be made to sound like a well trained organ, and the real music lovers, as well as the professional singers, resented this artificial advantage which threw some totally inartistic and otherwise unqualified singers into the limelight.

Crooning, which began as a natural expression of human intimacy, with a logical background of folk-music and family life, degenerated into a mere trick of microphone technique, which almost anyone could learn, and which suffered from the multitude of its representatives more than from any inherent shortcomings.

The best of the crooners never made the mistake of sticking to a mere maudlin sentimentality. They managed to give variety to their work, and for that reason some of them still survive. Radio, after all, has no art of its own, unless it be that of intimacy and informality. In all other directions its efforts are imitations of the real thing. So the crooner actually contributed something to music and to radio. It was mass production, as usual, that killed him off.

TWO WORLD FAMOUS PERSONALITIES from the MISSISSIPPI SHORES

Who thought the finest thing in life would be to travel—just up and down Ol' Man River . . . but whose fame swept him 'round the world . . . whose personality was so compelling that he stood out brilliantly at any gathering . . . whose wit and perception made his one of the brightest names in American letters? Of course . . . **MARK TWAIN!**

Which beer, brewed on the banks of the Mississippi, became world-famous for its own delightful 'personality' . . . whose unforgettable quality made it stand out brilliantly from all others . . . which established an unmatched record—the biggest-selling bottled beer in history? Of course . . . **BUDWEISER!**

BUDWEISER
BEER
Budweiser
Budweiser Lager Beer
Anheuser-Busch

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS

For those who make living a fine art

The Clue of the Bar Rag

Continued from page 66

carelessness or were they part of a clever scheme for throwing the authorities off the trail? Above everything, the body must be identified.

Inspector Cornish continued to work on the "Holt" clue. Could not Mrs. Holt explain in some way how her laundry tag might have gotten into the hands of strangers? Suddenly she remembered. Some clothes belonging to her daughter, containing such marks, had disappeared several months before just at the time when their cook, a Mrs. Rolls, had left. The Holts were taken to the Morgue. "Yes," Mrs. Holt said, turning her head away and shuddering. "That is the woman." Her real name was Mrs. Minnie Bonati, British born, wife of an Italian.

In a few hours the Flying Squad knew a great deal about the woman. She had left her husband in 1923 and had been working in 1927 under the name of Rolls as cook to various private families, but living out.

For the six weeks previous to her death she had resided not far from Victoria Station, under another name. Neighbors insisted that she had been seen for the last time on May 4th.

The legal husband of Mrs. Bonati was soon discovered. He was the proprietor of a restaurant in the West End. His wife had left him in 1923 to go with another man but later she had returned occasionally to ask him for money.

"And you gave it to her?"

"Often. She said she was broke."

He had not seen her for a year. "She had many men friends and one of them must have done her in."

And she had many men friends, as Cornish's assistants continued to discover. The Yard men found more than thirty "friends" who had known her in varying degrees of intimacy. The more the inspectors heard about her, the more difficult became their task. Her mother cried in speaking of her—"she was a good girl . . . I haven't seen her for six months."

Then she added, "She went to a palmist then and he said, 'Your life is and will be cast in dark places and unless you are very careful you are likely to be involved in a terrifying drama of passion. There are two men in your life, a dark man and a fair one. One of them will kill you."

Cornish decided that, while the solution of the murder might be brought about by some brilliant deduction, more likely it depended on hard and tedious work with petty details. He set after the small details. In the eight days after the discovery of the trunk his men had interviewed more than a hundred people and had taken three hundred statements from them. The Press was not riding the Yard for the Yard was using the paper to appeal daily for help. A dozen amateur sleuths offered solutions. Even the late Edgar Wallace became interested and wrote, "Once the victim is identified the clues grow at an enormous rate. Her friends and acquaintances are revealed and from these the circle narrows until one or more people are netted in the center. The police on cases like this do not rely much on the evidence of witnesses who have seen the suspected murderer, whether they be taxi cab drivers or porters. Murders of this kind are never committed on chance acquaintance. There is invariably an attachment of some standing which is known to the friends of the deceased woman."

And where, among thirty men friends, various "husbands," and acquaintances, to find the "attachment of some standing?"

From the first the Flying Squad had not forgotten the first source of information, the taxi driver. He had picked up the tall stranger with the trunk in Rochester Row, not far from Victoria Station. There was a strange geographical coincidence running through many of the clues, a coincidence which might be The Clue. The trunk was purchased not a mile from Victoria Station; the woman lived less than a mile from Victoria Station.

A man would attract attention dragging a heavy trunk for any distance so Cornish turned his attention to Rochester Row, where the taxi had picked up the man. No one in the vicinity could recall seeing a man with a black trunk on the afternoon of May 6th. Perhaps he had not dragged it—he may have taken the taxi directly from in front of the place where he had packed the trunk. The driver indicated the exact spot, at No. 86, directly opposite a police station. The house however was filled with offices and had no apartments.

Scotland Yard men searched the whole neighborhood. Their attention was drawn to one office in No. 86 because it had been closed continually since May 7th. It was the office of "Edwards and Co.," real estate agents. Its own tenants were a John Robinson and a stenographer. Both had now vanished. Robinson was tall, fair, an ex-soldier with a splendid record but there was a list of petty crimes committed by him after the war. The police knew him and his record. He was found by the police at his home on May 19th and soon cleared himself. He did resemble the description of the man who had checked the trunk but no one could positively identify him.

He insisted that he had never known Mrs. Bonati and none of his friends had ever heard him speak of her. Nor had any of Mrs. Bonati's friends ever heard of him. His offices were searched cursorily. Everything was in perfect order except for a broken window pane.

Robinson was asked how he explained the coincidence that on the day after the trunk had been checked he had given up his office. He showed the police a letter which he had written on May 9th to his landlord saying that business was bad and that he had to give it up.

His stenographer told Cornish that she had left the office on the afternoon of May 4th, that Robinson had been drinking, and that she had not seen him since. After a long examination Robinson was freed.

There remained one other clue, a bit of toweling found in the trunk with the letters STA— on it, torn from a larger piece. The letters were part of a legend of some sort. Cornish and his men tried to figure out the meaning of the letters and the source of the toweling.

"It looks like one of the cloths barmaids wipe glasses with," one of the men suggested.

"It might come from a pub named "The STAR."

Cornish's men went to every saloon in London by that name. There were many. In one of them the proprietor recognized the cloth.

"That belongs here," he admitted.

"Who could have had access to it?"

"Any of the barmaids—"

The Yard man examined the bar-girls but they could tell nothing.

"There was another girl who worked here until a few weeks ago," the proprietor suddenly remembered.

"What was her name?"

When they heard it, the men from the Yard hurried back to headquarters. Robinson was there again being questioned and telling a story different from that which he had told earlier. They let him talk, not telling him that they knew that the bar-girl in "The Star" was his wife.

Then he was faced with the fact and the piece of toweling.

He blinked for a moment. Then he said, "I done it and cut her up. I met the woman at Victoria and took her to my offices and I want to tell you about it."

"Wait a minute. Do you realize anything that you say will be used against you?"

"Yes, I understand."

"How long had you known Mrs. Bonati?"

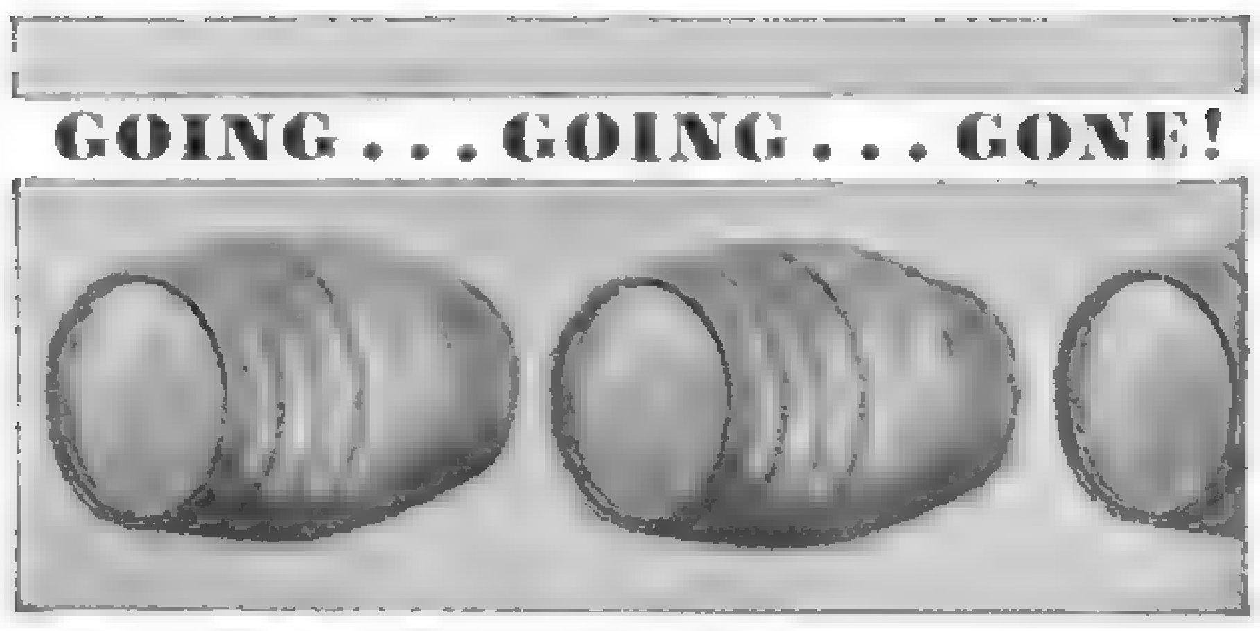
"Less than two hours!" He spoke as a man telling the truth. "I met her a total stranger on the afternoon of May 4th on my way back from a post office near Victoria Station. 'Hello, dearie, where are you going?' she asked me. I took her to my office. I sat in a chair writing letters and when I had finished I turned around and said, 'I've finished that.' Then she said that I had to give her money and I refused. I told her I was broke and I was."

"'You must have some money, with a place like this,' she said, 'and I'm going to have some.'

"She became abusive and came at me. I pushed her away and she bent over as if to pick up a poker from the fireplace. I struck her in the face, being in a temper. She fell backwards, struck a chair with her head, then rolled over with her head in the fireplace. I picked up my hat and said, 'Well, get out of this as quickly as you can. I'm off.' The next morning I found her there, dead. I hadn't killed her but I knew everyone would think I had. I sat down and decided to cut up the body . . . I bought a trunk and packed the parcels in it."

At his trial the prosecution insisted that after hitting her, he had strangled her with a cushion and Sir Bernard Spilsbury, pathologist of the Yard, gave testimony which supported this belief. The defense insisted that if she had died from asphyxiation as the prosecution insisted, it was after Robinson had left the office and was probably due to a gas leak. The prosecution pointed to the window broken in the struggle which set up a draft.

And the jury came in with a verdict of guilty; the press felt in part that Robinson's method of disposing of the body had more to do with the verdict than the facts of the death. Less than three months after the trunk had been found Robinson was hanged.


GOING . . . GOING . . . GONE!

Look what happened to Old Taylor!

A hint to those who want to get their share of the small remaining supply of 16- and 18-year-old pre-prohibition vintage whiskey

UNTIL recently we had several thousand cases of very choice Old Taylor in our bonded warehouses at Louisville.

It was pre-prohibition stock, more than 16 years old.

As this is written, not a case or a bottle of this venerable bourbon do we have to offer.

True, you can enjoy plenty of 4-year-old Old Taylor — and an excellent, mellow liquor it is too! But there is no more 16-year-old of this brand in our stocks to be had at any price.

It's simply all gone. And each day's mail shows how many people regret their procrastination.

History, we believe, is about to repeat itself. Our splendid old Mount Vernon rye — ranging in age from 12 to 13 years—is rapidly going the way of the Old Taylor.

Certainly our rare remaining pre-prohibition bourbons — Sunny Brook and Old Grand Dad — both 16 to 18 years old — are moving into private cellars with startling dispatch.

The point is, there is necessarily a very limited quantity of pre-prohibition liquors left in the country.

When this diminishing supply of rare old whiskey is exhausted, you will never see any more, as the government requires that whiskey be withdrawn at the end of 8 years from barrels and bottled for purposes of revenue.

Considering their age and character these we are offering are very temptingly priced.

And selling as rapidly as they are, it is our honest conviction that long before the year is out THERE WILL NOT BE A SINGLE BOTTLE LEFT.

So if you want a case or so you had better hurry!

PRODUCTS OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

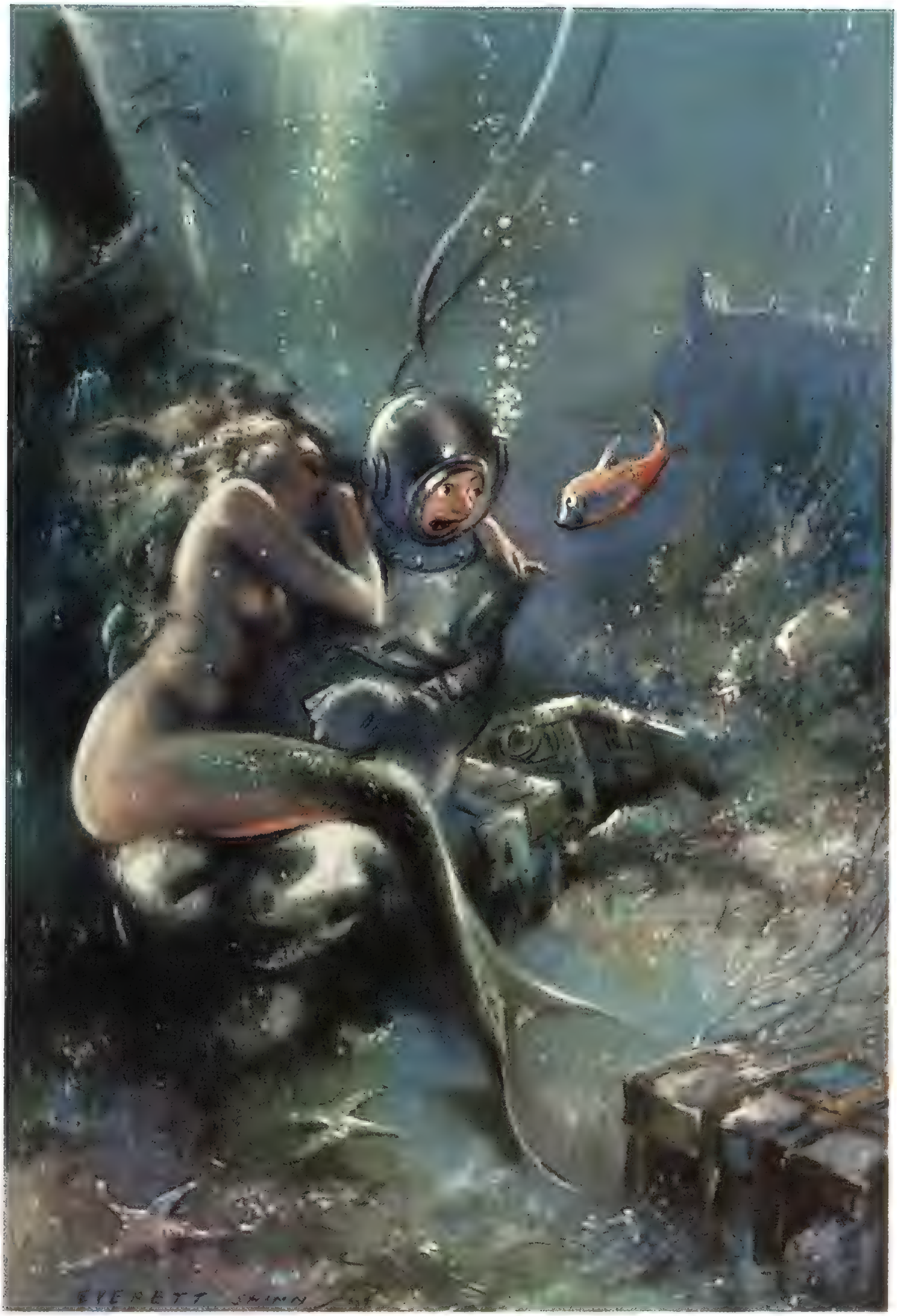
OLD GRAND-DAD
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY RICHARD E. WATHEN
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY
SUNNY BROOK
WHISKEY
Mount Vernon
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
100 Proof
One Pint
The American Medicinal Spirits Company

The famous brands OLD GRAND DAD, SUNNY BROOK *and* MOUNT VERNON *make up the greater part of this special limited stock, but also there are small quantities remaining of* BOURBON *de luxe*, OLD MCBRAYER, BLACK GOLD, BLUE GRASS *and* OLD RIPY

Whiskey so rare as this is really "occasion" whiskey not for the everyday cocktail or highball, but for the unusual occasion

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.


EVERETT SHINN

"Well, nosey, what do you want?"

Mother Carey's Chicken

Continued from page 40

sail on her course was impossible, it was her habit to point her bow, obstinately, very close up into the wind: as though to say, "You think you can hold me back, eh? See this then!" A vessel of less determined temperament would have lain farther off from the wind, and so, permitting herself to drift to leeward, would have ridden the savage seas more easily for herself and more comfortably for her crew. A crew's feelings are of no moment of course. It is, always, the ship that counts. And now, to ease his little ship, to relieve her of some of the strain that she insisted upon taking, the *Petrel's* skipper ordered her helm put up, and, turning her away, set her to run before the hurricane.

All through the pitch black night she ran; running, of course, directly away from her destination with the hungry seas rolling mountain-high after her.

Morning came, and with its coming the wind lulled somewhat. Good. The *Petrel's* skipper brought her up to face the wind again. In those terrific seas she looked, and was, scarce larger than a walnut shell: a tiny black fragment, now lifted high upon a screaming mountain ridge, now tossed to the green deeps of a moaning foam-flecked sea canyon.

Scarce was the *Petrel* brought up to face the wind again than the hurricane came back to blow with a ferocity even greater than before. Very well then! Now, with her helm lashed, she must face it: must be allowed her own way, rather than run before it, far from her course, toward the wild open wastes of the northern ocean.

Throughout the forenoon the *Petrel*, trembling despite herself, faced the ceaseless fury of the hurricane. You might choose any word you cared to wherewith to attempt to describe the violence of the wind, the wildness of the sea, and your word would be insufficient. Say that wind and sea were unimaginable, impossible, insane, and you would be nowhere at all near it. Name them brutal, name them barbaric, and still you name them not rightly. As though aware that they could ignore utterly all ships, big or little, there was in them something sinister and ominous.

It was indeed as though they said, "We will it, chaos comes!" And so, indomitable-hearted, though quivering in her every oaken timber, the *Petrel* dared the weather's sarcasm.

Noon came. Leaving one man on deck to watch lest come too close some other ship, or some vessel left derelict by the storm that had as yet done her no harm, the skipper and two men went below for food.

Sheltering as best he might beside the mainmast, the solitary lookout-man gazed through flying spume to the roaring waters ahead; and presently, so gazing, saw, advancing toward his walnut shell, a sea yet vaster than any sea that had yet been.

For a moment, watching the *Petrel* rise upon the as yet unbroken comber's onward-rolling side, feeling her lift to meet it, the lookout-man prayed that it might not curl above and break upon her. Then seeing the coming curl, he ran from beside the mast and dived within the companionway beneath which his comrades were.

What happened then only a sailor can surmise. Had she been less valiantly obstinate, had she, instead of pointing her bows to the weather, permitted herself to drift even a little to leeward, the *Petrel* might quite possibly have swum on unharmed. Now, caught by a wave she could not meet, despite her valiance, she was tossed aside, caught broadside on, and utterly engulfed. Precisely what happened below, no man can say.

Those who were there could not. It seemed to them to be eternity, but could not have been more than a moment ere they knew the general happening. What they did know of that eternal-seeming moment was that all was dark, and that they stood upon their heads; then on their feet again; and that they were sea-drenched, bruised, broken and half-drowned.

When the light returned, such light, that is, as may be in a northern hurricane in winter time, they rushed breathless for the companionway to get to the deck. And there was no companionway. Where it had been was a gaping hole.

The *Petrel*, caught by the curling comber, had been turned bottom-up; keel to the sky, deck to the sea's bottom. But, being the *Petrel*, she had declined to remain bottom-up, had made the full circle, and had come erect again. She had *turned round about*, as a sailor would put it. A landsman would say that she had *turned turtle.*

Her masts were gone. Her jib boom was gone, snapped short off. Masts, jib boom, ropes and sails, trailed in the sea beside her. As though, in the swift rush of her turning round about, she'd tried to tie herself together, some ropes were wound tight about her hull. The bulwarks were gone. And the hatch was gone too, and there was no ballast left in her.

In the brief moment that she had been keel to the sky the twenty tons of stones in her hold had fallen on the hatch's under side, burst it open, and dropped to the sea's bottom. The deck abaft her foremast was stove in. From end to end of her, the full length of her port side, below where the bulwarks had been, was an open crack two inches wide. And the pump was completely wrecked, and she was filling with water.

The *Petrel's* crew went to work. One of them had four cracked ribs, though that was not known till many days later. The *Petrel's* ribs were not cracked. There was what mattered. Ribs hold, ship may.

Lest it crush her side in, the *Petrel's* crew must first cut away the wreckage of her masts and boom. Doing so, they saved what canvas they could. And, having saved some canvas, they nailed it down over the broken hatch, and stoven deck; and next drove a hawser tight into the two inch crack. Dark set in while they were still nailing: for it had taken much time to find hammer and nails in the wreck and confusion of the cabin. While the hurricane blew on, and unseen snow drove by, and sprays battered their faces and stung their eyes, and the seas rolled over them and the *Petrel*, they nailed in the dark.

And having at last completed their nailing they found, by feeling and not by seeing at all, the *Petrel* herself telling them of it by her slow sluggish motion, that their ship was still filling with water.

Somewhere in the darkness below decks, in the hold that was already waist-deep in water, there were buckets. They went down into the hold then, and having neither matches nor lantern nor light of any sort, held fast to one another and groped for buckets. And having found a bucket for each they came back up to the dark deck, into the snow, and the spray, the spume, and sea thunder, and began to bail. All night they bailed. Hungry, frozen, sea-soaked, smitten by sleet and snow, they bailed till the dawn came. And when dawn came the *Petrel* still floated, and the hurricane showed signs of abating. They might yet win then? How *could* they win!

It was twenty-four hours since the crew of the *Petrel* had eaten. There was time to eat now? But where was food? The sole food left in the ship was part of a small keg of salt pork, and a sack of potatoes. All else was ruined, or gone.

And since there was no fire, and no means of making fire, they must eat pork and potatoes raw. They ate, and returned to their bailing. And by night the hurricane was abated, and not quite so much water was coming into the ship.

For five days the crew of the *Petrel* lived on raw salt pork and raw potatoes, bailed, and bailed, and bailed. If ever any man of them slept it was when he could no longer hold his eyes open, and slept on his feet. And all the time the wind blew from the south, and slowly drove the *Petrel* away from her destination.

But at last, ten days after the *Petrel* left Lerwick, the wind hauled and came fair. There had been, and still was, no sun. There had been no glimpse of any star. There was still nothing save the immensity of cold grey mocking waiting sea, with the similar sky lowering close above it.

Guessing, the *Petrel's* skipper judged that his ship was some seventy miles from the coast of Norway. Seventy miles, winter, and no mast left whereon to set a rag of canvas! But there was a way out of that too. In the hold they discovered a twelve foot length of spruce. They had found it afloat while fishing a year ago off the Iceland coast, had picked it from the sea, and, thinking, some day when there was time to spare, to chop it up for fire wood, had placed it below in the hold. Now they set it on the stump of the foremast, stayed it there after a fashion with fragments of rope, and on it spread a fragment of sail.

Once more the *Petrel* started for Norway. And in two days she had sailed the seventy miles, and land was in sight. On the third day they brought her into a sheltered fiord, and dropped her anchor. She was done for, of course; wrecked beyond repair. Leaving the people of Norway to break her up for firewood or furniture, as they willed, her crew went home to Lerwick.

Whether ashes or arm chairs, the *Petrel* was, no doubt, well satisfied. She had done what no ship in all history had done. She had turned round about and had survived. "You call me *Petrel!* Well, then, I live up to my name!"

Notes on a Hangman

Continued from page 63

"Dem bums had a big time up 'n' down de levee fer maybe two weeks while de money held out. But it didn' do 'em no good. 'N' about two weeks later, or it wasn't dat long, de ringleader of de whole bunch, a fella name' Jumbo, tried to pick a fella's pockets on de ferryboat 'n' de fella had a gun 'n' dat was byebye Jumbo."

Mrs. Mary Miller, 74, Tricksy's closest relative, his sister, says:

"The first time I knew was when he took his wife to a niece's house to stay a few days when she was paralyzed when he was going away and I couldn't understand it and I asked Mrs. Woods next door to him what the matter was and she said she didn't know, but she knew, and I said to myself I'd find out because I thought it was for me to find out but wasn't no one would tell me, and my son told me: Mama, since you want to know, I didn't want to tell you, but Uncle Henry is hanging the people.

"It almost killed me. It made me sick. I can't understand it. He was always a good boy. He was good to his wife and mother. He had a sweet wife. If my mother could know it she'd turn in the ground. She hung to him to the last. She died with his arms around her neck. The only thing I think is he got in with bad company.

"But, after I found out, that killed me. I would have kept house for him when his wife died if it wasn't for that. But now I don't want to see him. I don't want him to come into my house. I wouldn't let him come in. But nobody in the family, none of the men folks, cousins and things, will have anything to do with him. But looks like he don't want to do nothing but what he's doing.

"People will tell me: Well, someone has to do it.

"But that don't make no difference. He hasn't it to do."

Mrs. Woods went to him and said, "Mister Meyer, I wonder could I get you to build a coping round Billy's grave?"

"Why sure I will," Tricksy said. "I'll do it fer nuttin."

"I don't want you to do it for nothing," she said. "Only I'd like to get you to do it."

"Well, you git de materials 'n' I'll do it perfec' so it don't crack in de weather," he said. "I'll put steel in it. I'll fix it wit' whitewashin' 'n' steel in it to hol' it."

"You know how much materials you need?" she asked.

"No. I'll go git de measuremen's," he said.

In the cemetery he went over the broken walks and through the jimson-weeds and wild lilies to Billy's grave.

The stocky sexton, who builds copings, too, walked behind him.

Tricksy told him, "I'm gona build a copin' fer dis grave."

"You are?" the sexton said.

"Billy Woods' widda ast me," Tricksy said.

He went round the grave with his measure and when he was finished he said, "I'm gona make it like dis: I'm gona build it eight feet wide 'n' ten feet long; I'm gona make it two feet high 'n' give it a nine-inch wall 'n' put a t'ree-foot apron in de front 'n' a step in de front twelve inches by t'ree feet. I'm gona do it good wit' steel."

The sexton said, "How many inches you gona build it from the line of the next grave?"

"T'ree," Tricksy said.

"O, no you ain't."

"O, no?" Tricksy said. "O. 'N' now how is dat?"

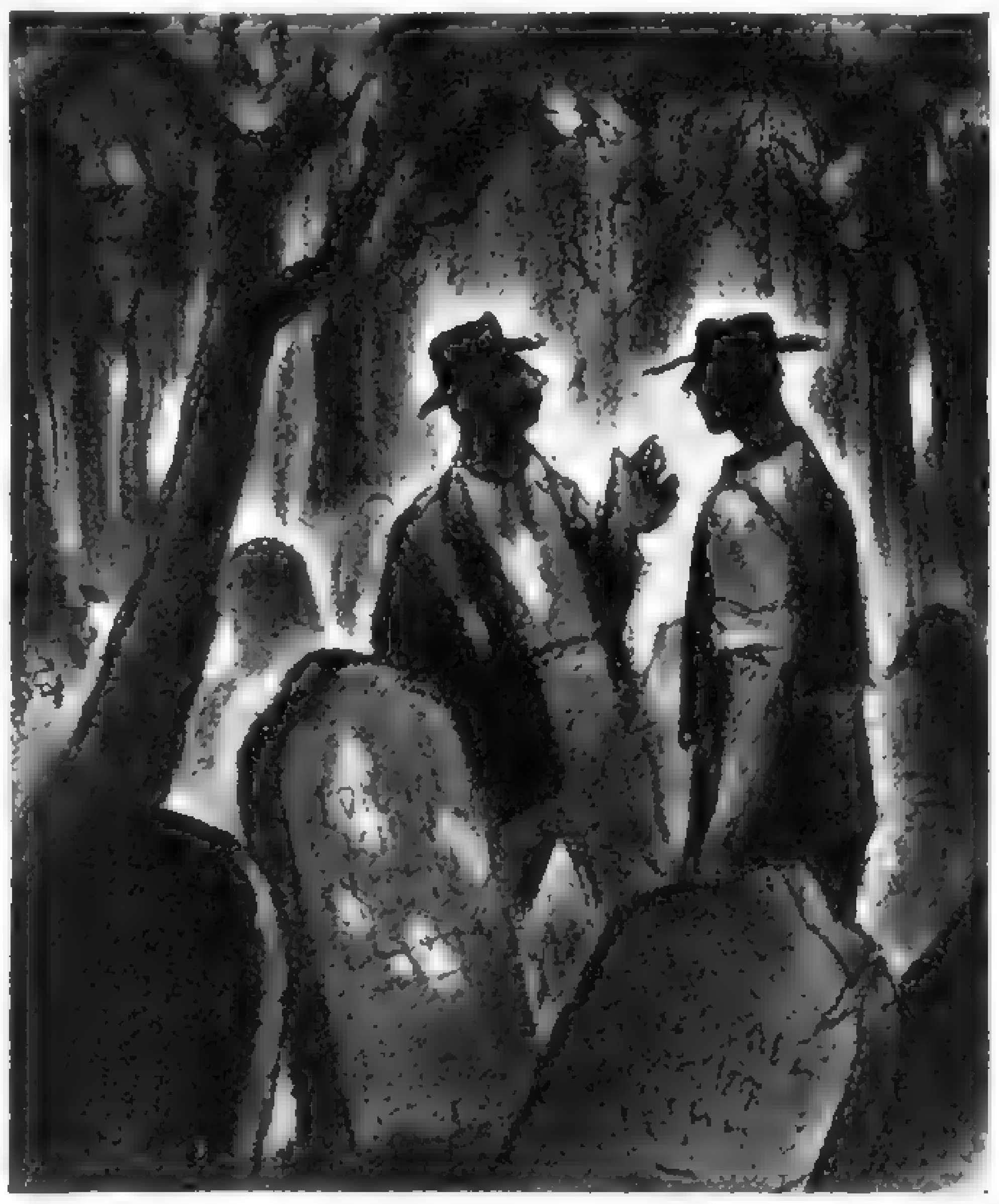
"Just because I tell you you ain't," the sexton said. "It's gona be like I say; not like you say. You ain't comin' here buildin' no copin' the way you wan' to build it. You're gona build it like the regulations say."

"Dat mus' be sumpin new."

"No. Nothin' new about it." the sexton said. "The regulations say you got to allow for six inches from the line of the next grave. And that's how you're gona allow."

"Well, I'll find out about dat," Tricksy said.

He went straight to Mrs. Woods and told her. She put on her hat, and she and Tricksy and her son, big Billy junior, and John McManus, her son by her first marriage, went to the cemetery.



The sexton had a hatchet in his hand, driving pegs round the grave, laying lines along the pegs.

Mrs. Woods said, "What's the matter with you you won't let this man build this coping?"

"If he wan's to build a copin' he'll build like I say or he won't build it," the sexton told her. "He wan's to lose jus' three inches. I say six. That's regulations."

"Now how you figger dat?" Tricksy said. "Dat ain' no regulations. Dem's jus' yer regulations."

"Are they?" the sexton said. "They're in the books."

"No dey ain' neither," Tricksy told him. "I don' have to lose one inch when it comes down to dat."

The sexton said, "O, where did you ever see them buildin' anythin' to the line?"

"Right down on Oak street," Tricksy said, "atween Car'lton 'n' Dublin, where de butcher shop is goin' up."

"You're a liar," the sexton said.

Tricksy leaped Billy's grave and right-hooked the sexton, jarring him, and hit him again, skidding him on his back through the jimson-weeds into a clump of wild lilies. Tricksy jumped and got his knees on the sexton's chest and punched till Mrs. Woods and her sons ran into the lilies and held him tight. The sexton ran but Tricksy found the hatchet and chased him through the tall grass over the graves till McManus and Billy junior caught him and held him but he kept waving the hatchet and hollering, "I'll chop yer head off, you god-damned ginney."

At the last minute Willie Johnson, negro rapist, standing on the trap with the hood over his head, said, "I wan's to make a speech."

"Too late now, nigger," Tricksy said, slamming the lever, sending him through.

Beginning there Roark Bradford, then on the copy desk of the Times-Picayune, wrote *Child of God*, a short story: Willie, frustrated, drops through the trap into the golden fields of heaven, rides with Jehu, hears Gabriel, gets wings from St. Peter, flies a little, meets the Lord, remembers his frustration, gets leave to return to earth to finish his speech, returns, invisible to everyone except the hangman, and frightens him, without meaning to, till he drops dead.

The Society of Arts and Sciences chose the story as the best of the year 1927 and gave it first place in its yearbook, the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories.

Tricksy had never heard of it till I told him recently. He was very pleased. He said the story was correct when it said the hangman had refused to let Willie make a speech.

He said, "I couldn' be fussin' wit' 'im."

But when I told him of the invisible-visible Willie, of the hangman's fright and that he had dropped dead seeing a ghost, he said, "O, now you know dat's de crap."

He says:

"I never dream about 'em. I never think about 'em after de nex' day. I never worry about no one pullin' my leg oncet I put 'im across. Ain' none of 'em ever pulled my leg. Dat don' bother me none. I ain' dream about nuttin in years excep' my wife dat died 'n' I only dream about her oncet or twicet. When I put 'em across I put 'em across right. Dey stay put. I do a good job. He ain' never comin' back. He's finished. Dat's de end of de woild.

"'N' dyin' never comes to my mind. I never think about it. I believe dere's a God almighty up above, all right. Sure. I believe dat. Anybody say ain' no God he mus' be screwy. But I don' believe dere's no place like hell or nuttin like dat. Dere might be a place like heaven. But I don' believe. I jus' believe like de Bible say: From dus' to dus'.

"I jus' believe when yer dead yer a blowed up bastid."

He lives on Dante street in two rooms behind a vacant store: an oil stove, an oil lamp, a table, benches, a walnut double bed that he has had for forty years, two cotton blankets, one bed-sheet.

He is not well: high blood pressure. In the morning when he awakes, when he sits up in bed, very often he has to hold tight till the dizziness goes, and when he is in the street, not often, but often enough, he has to lean against a building with his eyes closed till the street straightens out.

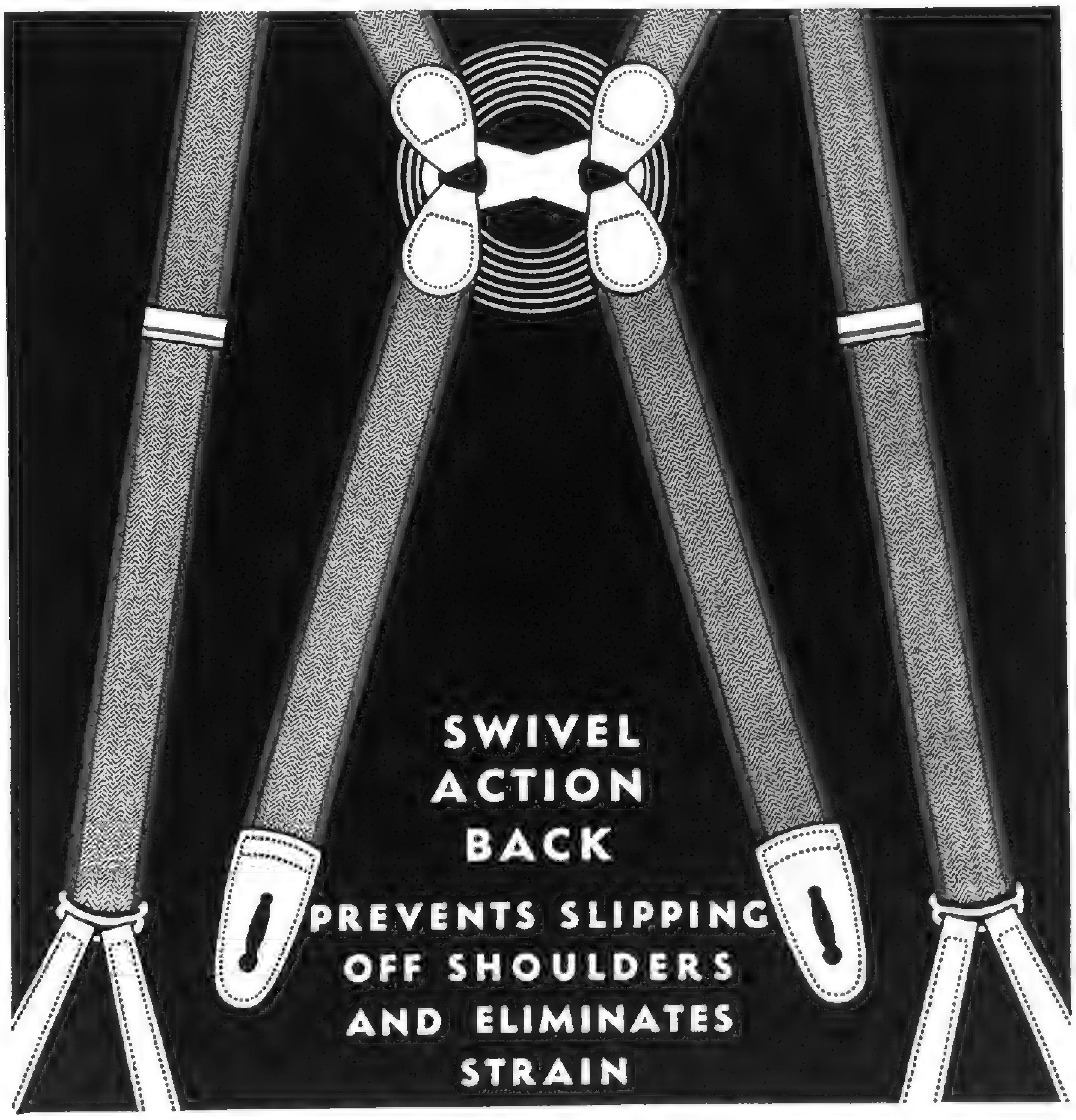
He says it is nothing. He says the doctor is crazy. He thinks he is getting better.

He thinks he is.

IF YOU WERE the daring young man on the flying trapeze

these *new* Suspenders by Paris, with the exclusive "FREE-SWING" back, couldn't slip off your shoulders. They give with every motion of your body (that goes, on or off trapezes). They're so comfortable you forget you have them on. At all the better stores—$1, $1.50 and $2. Styled by A. Stein & Company.

Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • Toronto


SWIVEL ACTION BACK
PREVENTS SLIPPING OFF SHOULDERS AND ELIMINATES STRAIN

Suspenders
by
PARIS
with "FREE-SWING" Back

PAT. APPLIED FOR

Let Freedom Ring

Continued from page 59

"Well," the judge said, "what's your story?"

"Is that a legal way of putting it?" Mr. Ringgold demanded.

The judge frowned. "We don't encourage presumption in this court, my man. Are you an attorney by any chance?"

"No, I'm the defendant, your honor, and not by any chance either. Article VI of the Constitution guarantees me a speedy and public trial. I want mine right here. I waive the jury."

"That's nice of you," the judge said. "I suppose you'll want counsel from the public defender's office."

"Nope," Mr. Ringgold replied. "I got a better line than any lawyer I ever heard, and I've been in plenty of courts."

"All right," the judge said, "go ahead with your argument. I don't suppose you have any character witnesses."

"No, I haven't," Mr. Ringgold said. "I don't need any. I don't even need an argument. The law which I'm accused of violating is unconstitutional."

"Is that so?"

"Sure, and I'll tell you—"

"Your honor," the prosecutor interrupted, "I'll sign a complaint to send that guy to the psychopathic ward if you want me to."

Mr. Ringgold and he exchanged glares.

"I can see," Mr. Ringgold said, "that the gentleman who just addressed the court is a person of few attainments and a product of the lower classes. He ain't even acquainted with legal procedure."

"Well, I'll be a—" the prosecutor began.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," the judge cut in. "I'll take care of the defendant for the present, Mr. Patrick. . . . Go ahead with your plea, my man."

"The principles of this government," Mr. Ringgold said, "are founded on the Declaration of Independence. Listen to the opening of the scenario, your honor: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.' Am I getting a chance to exercise my unalienable rights when I can't wander around town at night without being collared by some nosey flatfoot? Did I give my consent to a law that stops my pursuit of happiness?"

"Perhaps not," the judge replied, "but the people of this state did, through authorized representatives. If you conducted yourself like a respectable citizen you wouldn't be inhibited by Section 647."

"Do you have to go to bed at nine o'clock to be a respectable citizen?"

"You're without visible or lawful business, and apparently without means of support."

"The Constitution don't say anything about business or support."

"Leave the Constitution alone for a little while," the judge said petulantly. "Where are you from?"

"The public library, your honor," Mr. Ringgold told him.

"I thought so," the prosecutor said.

"I bet you never been there," Mr. Ringgold replied.

"Have you a previous police record?" the judge asked.

"No, your honor," Mr. Ringgold said. "I'm as innocent as an unborn babe."

"And about as ignorant," the prosecutor commented.

"Your honor," Mr. Ringgold said, "I protest. I am being heckled by a stupid and bigoted prosecutor."

"You will confine your remarks to the evidence, Mr. Patrick," the judge warned.

"If the court pleases," the prosecutor said, "I'll be switched if I can see any. I object to the defendant's present testimony as irrelevant and immaterial."

"Objection overruled," the judge replied. "The defendant will proceed."

"Listen, your honor," Mr. Ringgold said confidentially, "you and me both know that if it wasn't for laws like Section 647 the bulls wouldn't be able to make a living. For every thousand people they put the blister on, not more than ten are convicted of any real crime. Whenever their quota of arrests falls below par or the public has to be salved because the cops can't find out who carved up the blonde in the latest murder mystery, they start a big anti-crime drive and spear every poor bum that sticks his head in town. That's unconstitutional; it's an impairment of personal liberty. This country was founded on the assumption that all men are equal, and I got just as much right to pound the pavement around here late at night as any harness bull. The cops spend their time pinching honest guys like me instead of going after crooks who might be dangerous."

"I object, your honor," the prosecutor said, "to those false and libelous statements concerning our honest and efficient police force."

"Overruled," the judge said. "If there's anything honest or efficient about the police force, I've never come in contact with it. Has the defendant further arguments to offer in his behalf?"

Mr. Ringgold and the sergeant swapped dirty looks. The prosecutor favored the court with a glare that would have cost him ten dollars in other circumstances. Mr. Ringgold tore himself away from the sergeant with a perceptible jerk.

"I sure have," he stated, a quaver in his voice. "I've been a lover of my country from earliest years, a patriot whose every heartbeat was for the Great White Father in Washington. I believe in democracy and in American institutions. I would shed my last drop of blood for the President or the Constitution. Though I am poor and forsaken and busted, I am still an American and proud of it. An American can lick any ten spicks, and I wouldn't be another nationality not even if they offered me enough to eat. It's great to be an American even if you can't get a job and have to starve. But is this the way for my country to reward my faithful heart, my staunch soul—to cast me into a foul dungeon for being a forgotten man, to break my spirit in an iron cage for the sin of loving my homeland too well?"

With the tingling shock of a cold shower the realization came to Mr. Ringgold that he had overplayed his hand. By one short touch of sentiment he had made the whole courtroom kin. The spectators bulked behind him to a man, the prosecutor and sergeant wavered, and even the hardened wretches in the prisoners' dock were touched. The judge was looking down upon him in fat, benevolent pity.

Mr. Ringgold saw himself out tramping the streets once more, enduring wintry blasts, trying to cadge from wary relief agencies sick of attaching slippery jobs to him. He saw himself spending a part of the eight hundred dollars, actually paying for his board and room; or, worse yet, working for it. He fished desperately in his numbed brain for inspiration.

"Is that all?" the judge asked, a vision of melting kindliness in pink and white.

"All but this, your honor," Mr. Ringgold said, and elegantly thumbed his nose at the court.

For a moment there was a stunned silence. The prosecutor gobbled and bent double. The judge slowly turned an apoplectic cerise.

"Ninety days!" he snapped. "Next case."

Mr. Ringgold slumped in his seat with a groan of relief and stared at a miniature of the cracked Liberty Bell that the judge used for a paper-weight.

The Little Old Spy

Continued from page 47

bother with little old bums like heem. Bullets too valuable."

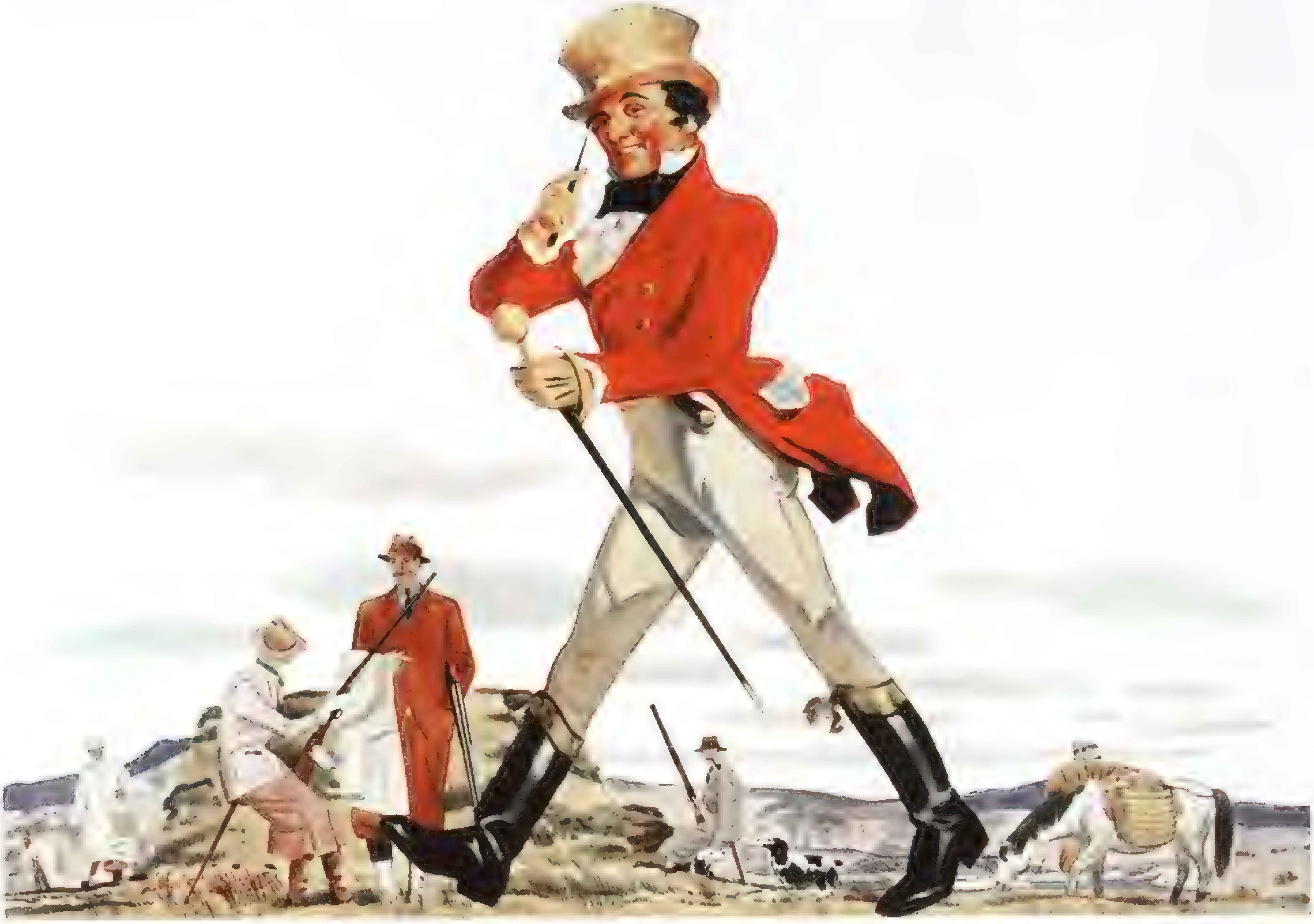
The little man across the way took out a pack of cheap cigarettes and began to smoke. Carlos, Mata, Jorge, and I sat talking until almost midnight. Well dressed Americans and portly Cubans passed and repassed between the tables. A famous Spanish actress came in with her man on her arm. There was music somewhere at the back of the cafe, and talk, laughter and clatter of dishes everywhere. We stopped thinking about the spy and began to speak of Mayakovsky—for Jorge, who was putting his verse into Spanish, declared him the greatest poet of the twentieth century, but Carlos disagreed, so a discussion sprang up.

When I left my friends, the little brown man was right at my heels. He trailed behind me until I finally got into a taxi. As the car drew off, I knew he was taking down the license number. Later the police would find out from the chauffeur where I had been driven.

I was not a little flattered to be so acidulously spied upon. At home in Harlem I was nobody, just a Negro writer. Down here in Havana, I was suddenly of governmental importance. And I knew pretty well why. The Government of Cuba had grown suddenly terribly afraid of its Negro population, its black shine boys and cane field hands, its colored soldiers and sailors who make up most of the armed forces, its taxi drivers and street vendors. At last, after all the other elements of the island's population

Continued on page 152

Grouse and Salmon in the season . . . and JOHNNIE WALKER *all year 'round*



There's many a gay shooting-box in Scotland each Autumn—and JOHNNIE WALKER *is always the life of the party*

LOVE OF SCOTLAND is often a matter of *lochs* and *braes* and purple heather moors...love of Scotch is invariably a close acquaintance with Johnnie Walker Red Label—"Scotland's most famous whisky."

For well over a century, John Walker & Sons, Ltd., have collaborated with Time to give the world a ripeness, smoothness, and fragrance that are unique in Scotch whisky. Every drop of Johnnie Walker is delicious proof of the prime barley, the Highland peat, the years of honest aging, and the proud Kilmarnock distilling tradition, "still going strong" since 1820.

Sip this rare old Scotch for the first time and you will vow there's only one Johnnie Walker.

Surely there's no better whisky than Scotch, and no better Scotch than Johnnie Walker. Choose whichever you prefer: the Red Label or the Black Label. Both are genuine Johnnie Walker...mellow and venerable...distilled and bottled in Scotland. The Red Label is famed throughout the world, wherever there is true appreciation for genteel living. The Black Label is slightly higher in price, *and guaranteed more than twelve years old*...John Walker & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland.

BORN 1820...STILL GOING STRONG

JOHNNIE WALKER

By Appointment to
H.M. the King

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INCORPORATED • SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

The Little Old Spy

Continued from page 150

had openly revolted against the tyrant in power, the working Negroes had begun to rise and join hands with the students and others who sought to drive the dictator from Cuba.

For a strange New York Negro to come to Havana might mean—*quien sabe?*—that he had come to help stir them up—for the Negroes of Harlem were reputed in Cuba to be none too docile, and none too dumb. Had not Marcus Garvey come out of Harlem to arouse the whole black world to a consciousness of its potential strength?

"They," the Cuban dictatorship, were afraid of Negroes from Harlem. The American steamship lines would not sell colored persons tickets to Cuba. The immigration at the port of Havana tried to keep them out, if they got that far. But here was I—and I was being shadowed.

The next day, I went downstairs to breakfast in the cafe-bar of my hotel. The iron shutters were up and the whole front of the building open to the street, the dust and the sunshine.

Across the way in a Spanish wineshop, I saw the little old man of the day before waiting patiently.

"Today," I thought to myself, "We will make friends. There ought to be an amusing story in you, old top, if I can get it out."

But after breakfast, for the fun of it, I gave him a merry chase first. By street car, by taxi, on foot, down narrow old streets and up broad new ones, all over the central part of Havana, he trotted after me. I had a number of errands to do and I did them in as zigzag a manner as possible. Once I lost him. But just as I was beginning to regret it (for the game was not unamusing), I looked around and there, not ten feet away from me in El Centro, was the little old man, puffing and blowing to be sure, but nevertheless there. I laughed. But the sweating little spy did not seem to find the situation entertaining. One of his spats had become unbuttoned from running, and his watch chain was hanging.

That afternoon, I had tea with Señora Barrios, the Chilean novelist, my spy waiting patiently the while outside the hedge of her Vedado villa. No taxi being in sight when I emerged, I walked along toward the center of the city, giving the old man some exercise.

On a quiet corner near the statue of Gomez, I sighted a little bar and went across for a drink before dinner. My withered dandy stood forlornly without.

"It'll be fun to tire him," I thought. "I'll sit here drinking nice cool beers until he can stand it no longer and will have to come in, too. Then I'll invite him to have a drink and see what happens."

It worked. The little old man could not forever stand on that corner and watch me drinking comfortably within. I knew his throat was dry. At last he entered, wiping his brow, and called for an anisette at the small bar.

"Have a Bacardi with me," I invited. "I don't like to drink alone."

The little old man started, stared, seemed hesitant as to whether he should answer at all or not, and finally slid into the chair across from my own. The waiter brought us two drinks and put them on the marble-topped table.

"Hot," I said pleasantly.

"Si, señorito, like steam," the little old man answered.

"You've been walking quite a lot, too," I laughed.

"Too much for my age," the old man said. "You Americanos are *muy activo*. That's no good in this climate."

"Have another drink," I said.

The old man accepted with alacrity. Just as Carlos said, he loved his Bacardi. He smiled and nodded as I called the waiter.

"Say," I said, "You have a hell of a job."

"I know it," he said. "But, señorito, I took it to keep out of jail."

"How come," I asked, "jail?"

"A woman," he said, "they had me for cutting a woman. I caught her giving her money to some other man after all I did for her, so I nearly killed her."

"Aren't you pretty old for that girl-racket, señor?"

"Not too old to knife one if she crosses me. They had me in jail locked up. But I said to them, I'm no good here, not to you nor me either. I know languages, I know people, I'm smart—so the Porra turned me out to help them scent revolutionists. Now they've switched me to the foreign squad. I get two dollars a day for just running around behind you. 'They' don't like strange foreigners."

We were speaking in Spanish, but when I switched to English he understood me equally well.

He spoke the English of the wharf rats and the bad Spanish of one who wants to speak Castilian. He was provincial and grandiloquent. But when he began to speak of women, as he did shortly, he was poetical too.

For years he had been a procurer on the water front, I learned as we drank. Even to his own wife, when he had one, he would bring lovers from among the sailors. The crumpled bills in his hands, the round silver dollars, meant more to him than any woman could ever mean, I gathered from his talk.

That afternoon, he was quite out of breath from trailing me. He needed to rest, drink, sit and talk to somebody. I was interested, so I began to ask him questions as I kept his glass filled.

"Those women," I said, "that you exploited, didn't they care?"

"Couldn't care," he said. "Most of 'em are poor, some of 'em are black, all of 'em loved me. They couldn't afford to care. Without me they might have died, anyhow. I looked out for them. Man, when I was young, the money that they brought me! Whew-oo-o!"

As he told his story, I discovered that the little brown man was the very essence of those people who want a good time in life—and don't care how they get it. He had no morals. He had no qualms about using for gain the women who loved him or sought his protection. But, as he grew older, naturally women didn't want him any more. They sought the favors of younger men; new kings arose in the brothels. Then he took to intimidations, to knives and beatings to hold his power. When he could no longer pay off the police, they put him in jail, so he became a spy.

"Drink," I said.

"*Si, señor.*"

As he put his glass down, he twirled his little wax mustache and looked at me across the marble table in the darkening cafe. Outside the street lights had come on and the tropical evening deepened into night.

"Come, let us go to San Isidro Street, señorito," said the little man. "Along about now the girls are coming out."

"What's there," I asked, "in San Isidro Street?"

"Just women," said the little man, "of the water front."

"Pretty?" I asked.

"Yes," said the little man, "very pretty."

"So!" I said. "Have a drink."

This time I asked the waiter to bring a whole bottle of rum and leave it on our table. As the little man partook, he became more and more grandiloquent on the subject of women.

"The women of Cuba," he said, "are like the pomegranates of Santa Clara. Their souls are jeweled, *joven*, their blood is red, their lips are sweet. And sweetest of all are the mulattoes of Camaguey, *Americanito*. They are the sweetest of all."

"Why the mulattoes?" I said.

"Because," said the old man, "they are a mixture of two worlds, two extremes, two bloods. You see, señorito, the passion of the blacks and the passion of the whites combine in the smouldering heat that is *la mulata*. The rose of Venus blooms in her body. She's pain and she's pleasure. You see, señorito, I know. In the pure Negro, soul and body are separate. In the white they work badly together. But in the mulatto they strangle each other—and their strangulation produces that sweet juice that is a yellow woman's love."

With this amazing observation the little brown man, once a merchant in bodies, lifted his glass of rum and drank. He swayed a little in his chair as he put the glass down. He looked at me with funny far-off eyes. "I wish I were young again," he said. "Come, let's go down to San Isidro Street, sonny."

"Alright," I said, "wait a minute."

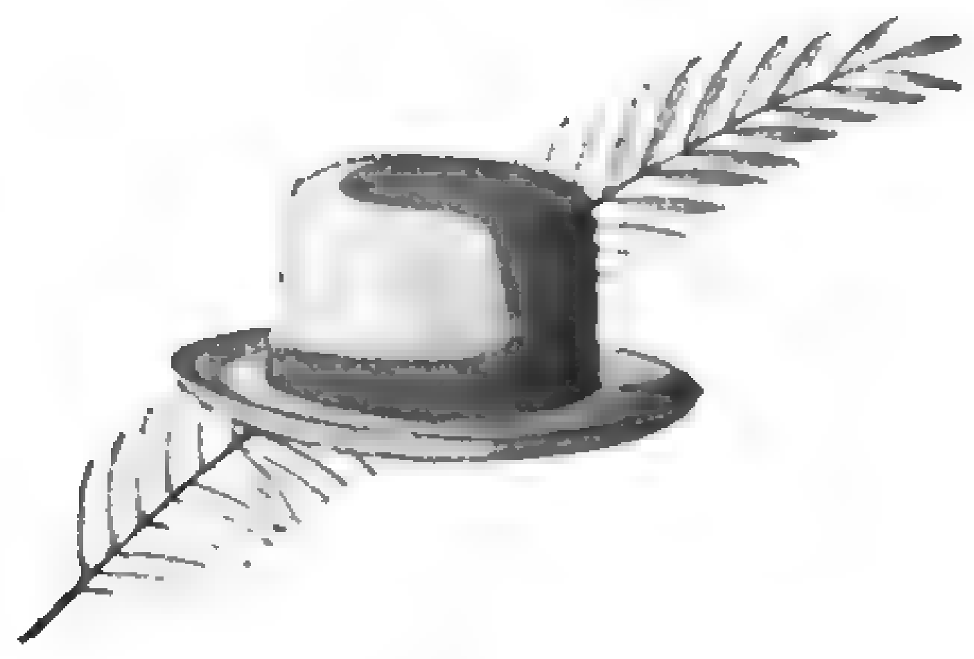
I got up and left the table. The little brown man's head was in his arms when I looked back. His eyes were closed. I slipped the barman a bill and went out, leaving more than half a bottle of Bacardi on the table.

That night I delivered all the messages that the exiles in the Latin-American quarter of Harlem had sent through me to their revolutionary co-workers in Havana.

On the boat to New York two days later, off the coast of Georgia the wireless brought the news that the Cuban government was falling, and that a "pack of Negresses from the water-front had torn the clothes off the backs of a party of cabinet wives as they came to visit their husbands in jail."

I wonder, I thought to myself, what the women of San Isidro Street would have done to that little old man had I gone there with him that night and whispered to them that he was a spy? They probably would have torn him to pieces and given his gold watch chain to some younger man. I felt sure that on the end of the chain he had no watch.

This fall there IS a new Color in men's fine **hats**



Covert is a smoky shade—a neutral tone—an entirely new color in men's fine hats. We developed Covert as a natural color to match all suits and overcoats. It goes as well with brown as it does with blue, with grey. It has a mellow quality—another special process we have developed which requires not only the finest fur, but skilled hand work in felting and blocking. • *Hats in Covert will be offered by* DOBBS, KNOX, CAVANAGH, KNAPP FELT, DUNLAP, BYRON AND BERG—*shaped and styled, each in its own individual way. Covert is so unusual, so original, you must see it to appreciate its smartness and its becoming quality.*

COVERT

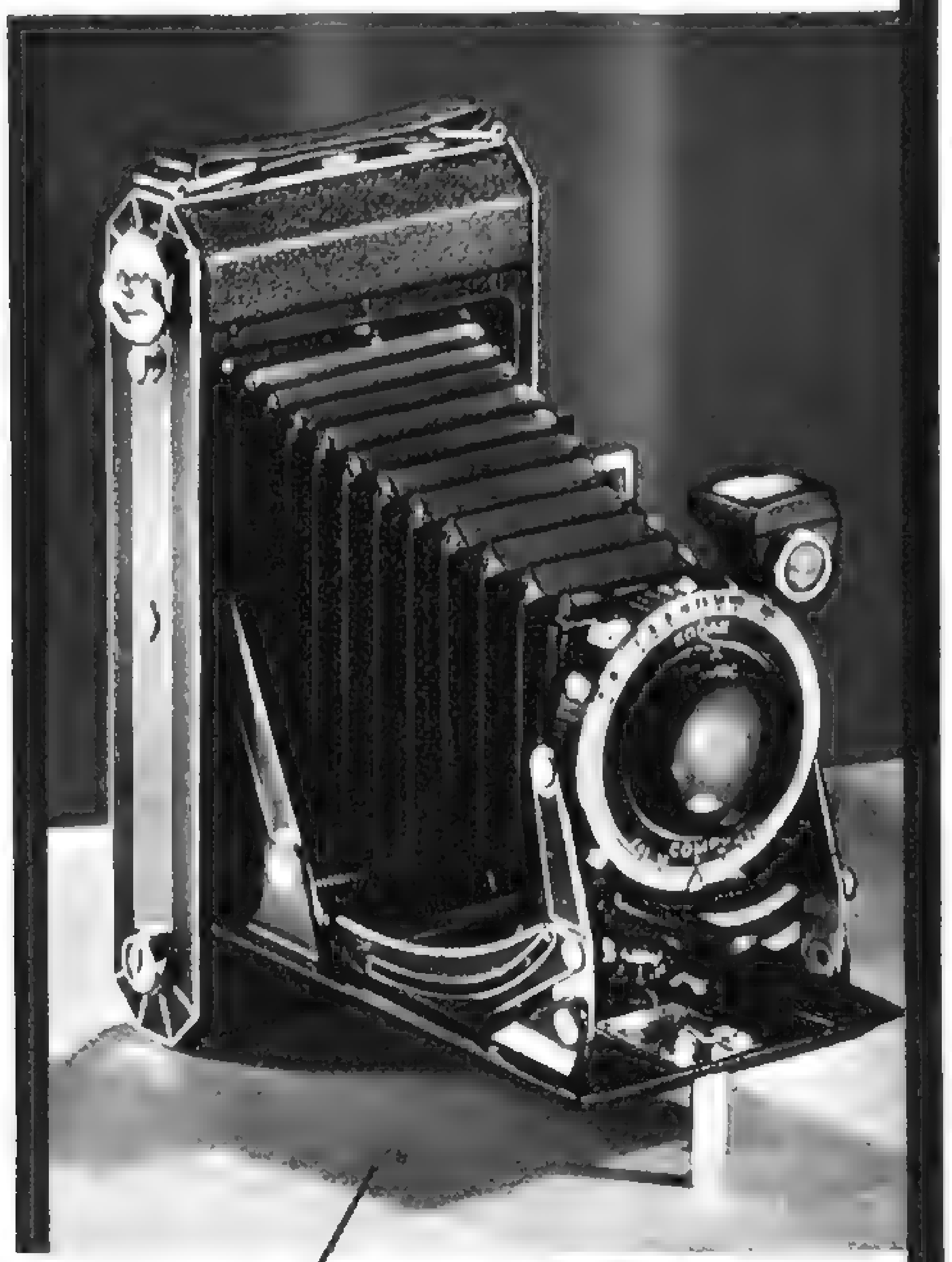
SOME OF THE OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS IN HAT MAKING BY MEN NOW ASSOCIATED WITH THE CAVANAGH HAT RESEARCH CORPORATION:

CROFUT & KNAPP • KNOX • CAVANAGH • DOBBS • BYRON • HOOSHON-BERG • DUNLAP •
CAVANAGH
HAT RESEARCH
CORPORATION
A DIVISION OF
H. C. A.

CAVANAGH EDGE* • **THE COMFIT*** • **CAVANAGH WAY**** • **HANKACHIF FELT*** • **OVALIZED SIXTEENTHS****

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
**TRADE MARK

Extra
LENS POWER
for greater
snapshot scope



f.4.5

KODAK SIX-16

● On cloudy days . . . in the shade . . . at dawn or twilight—that's when you appreciate a fine, fast lens.

The *f.*4.5 Kodak Anastigmat lens in the Kodak Six-16 lets you take snapshots far beyond the range of ordinary cameras. Extra sharpness . . . more detail are immediately apparent as well. And with two or three Photoflood bulbs and Kodak "SS" Film—you can take snapshots indoors . . . at NIGHT.

Complementing this lens—the Kodak Six-16 has a Compur shutter with speeds from 1 to 1/250 second, and a built-in self timer so that you can get in the picture yourself.

A touch of a button and the Six-16 springs into action. Both eye-level and reflecting finders make this camera flexible to use.

Kodak Six-16 for 2½x4¼ inch pictures costs $40. Kodak Six-20 (*f.*4.5) for 2¼x3¼ inch pictures costs $37.50. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A
KODAK

Stage-Door Johnny, Pro Tem.

Continued from page 137

thing terrible happened to America (you know what) and soon after Rose thought the time was propitious for an elaborate show, with Fannie Brice, Phil Baker, and several other stars. He called it "Sweet and Low." It was dirty in spots, enormously funny in others; the stars were excellent. Rose took out ten minutes of off-color stuff after he had got all the publicity value out of them, and the receipts jumped by $10,000 a week. A good showman.

Good? He is wonderful. Sweet and Low went on tour. The road, you have heard, was dead; Billy Rose didn't even know it was sick. He didn't take to the road in the usual sense; he hippodromed his show, playing in tents and opera houses, and advertising like a circus; he told the customers it was the hottest show they had ever seen; they came and found one of the funniest. The takes were magnificent. Katherine Cornell may have barnstormed longer, but after all Miss Cornell represents art and Mr. Rose represents only entertainment; and clean-blooded, loose-limbed, free-spending Americans prefer art. But as Variety reported the gross receipts of Sweet and Low in towns which Broadway had never heard of, local producers compared their own sheets and whistled soft goddams.

I haven't much memory of Crazy Quilt except that it was more of the same thing. You can see what type of humor Billy Rose intends to stick to: Miss Brice, Frisco, Savo, Willie Howard—they all have perfect technique, but they do not go in for the dainty. The loud laugh may betray the empty mind, but it goes with a full stomach and produces a rich rustle of money at the box office. I believe that Rose once did have an off moment in which he contemplated art—he had a play which Jed Harris (whose press-agents and secretaries Mr. Rose either steals or inherits) had been interested in, or vice versa. Nothing important came of it. If Billy Rose were to produce Miss Hepburn in The Lady From the Sea, it would be as robust as What Price Glory? That's the kind of producer he is.

He isn't at all a legendary character on Broadway. All the things you hear about him are private things. In his office there hung—and may still hang—a replica of the Mona Lisa, with Fanny Brice's rolling eye and wicked leer taking the place of the famous head. (Incidentally, when he married Miss Brice he said to Mayor Walker, who performed the ceremony, "I'll give you a dollar now and the other dollar if it's a success." He says he owes the ex-Mayor a dollar; he hasn't, in any case, paid off.) Miss Brice's two (Arnstein) children call their stepfather Mr. Rose; Mr. Rose was shocked by the bad manners of the children of Hollywood's most notable player-parents and wouldn't let them contaminate the Arnstein children. Mr. Rose was pretty generally displeased with Hollywood anyhow and used to keep his front door locked, with orders to the servant not to answer the bell; a few intimate friends were warned always to come round the back way. On the other hand, he isn't unsociable and gets to bed (pajama top only for his vestment) at about five in the morning. When he dresses for work in the morning, he puts on the rest of his pajamas. To match the Mona Lisa Brice there is an oil of Mr. Rose called The Sugar Crusher. It immortalizes the fury which comes over Rose at the laggard melting of sugar in coffee in these days of hard compressed tablets. Rose pounds the sugar in the cup with a spoon and chose to be painted in action.

I suppose he must raise his voice sometimes when he is producing a show and I am rather curious to know what it would sound like. On the street, in a theatre lobby, on the telephone, he is wonderfully soft-spoken and laconic. He has a passion for brevity—perhaps owing to his training as a stenographer. (He also hates writing, using shorthand always; even, they say, occasionally on a check, by inadvertence; he knows now that the banks do not read shorthand.) He is eminently correct in his professional relation to Miss Brice. If you want her to do something—say appear for a moment on a broadcast—and ask him to intercede, he will warn you in advance that he can only relay your message with a recommendation; he can neither tell her nor professionally ask her to do what she doesn't want to do. Their only quarrel rises from Rose's passion for eating in bed.

According to present plans, Mr. Rose will continue to animate the world of rough entertainment for another decade. After that he is, he says, going into a substantial paying business, not yet specified.

Considering that he worked his way up to $300 a week as a court stenographer, made a small fortune as a songwriter, and isn't doing badly as a producer, the business world of 1944 had better be on the lookout.

But that, after all, is only what he says in his timid and wisecracking way. He is fundamentally a *show-man*, whether in the theatre or in some other field. He has the capacity of making things take on a high visibility. I don't think he has much judgment about individual acts, as some of those he allows on his stage are dull and others insipid; the off color ones aren't either and aren't accidents.

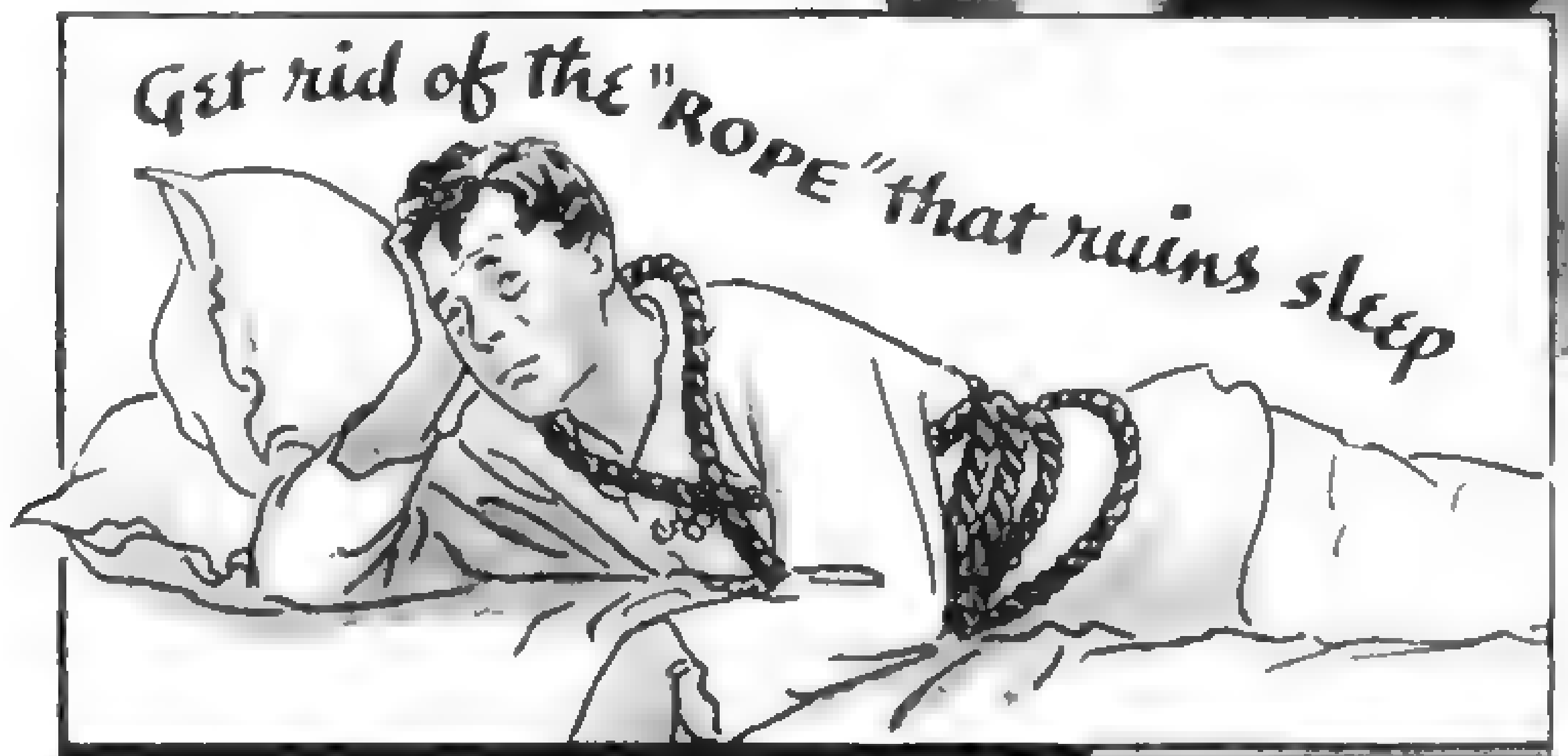
But he has good judgment about the entirety of an entertainment. He puts in too much and probably plays everything too loud. But he gives satisfaction.

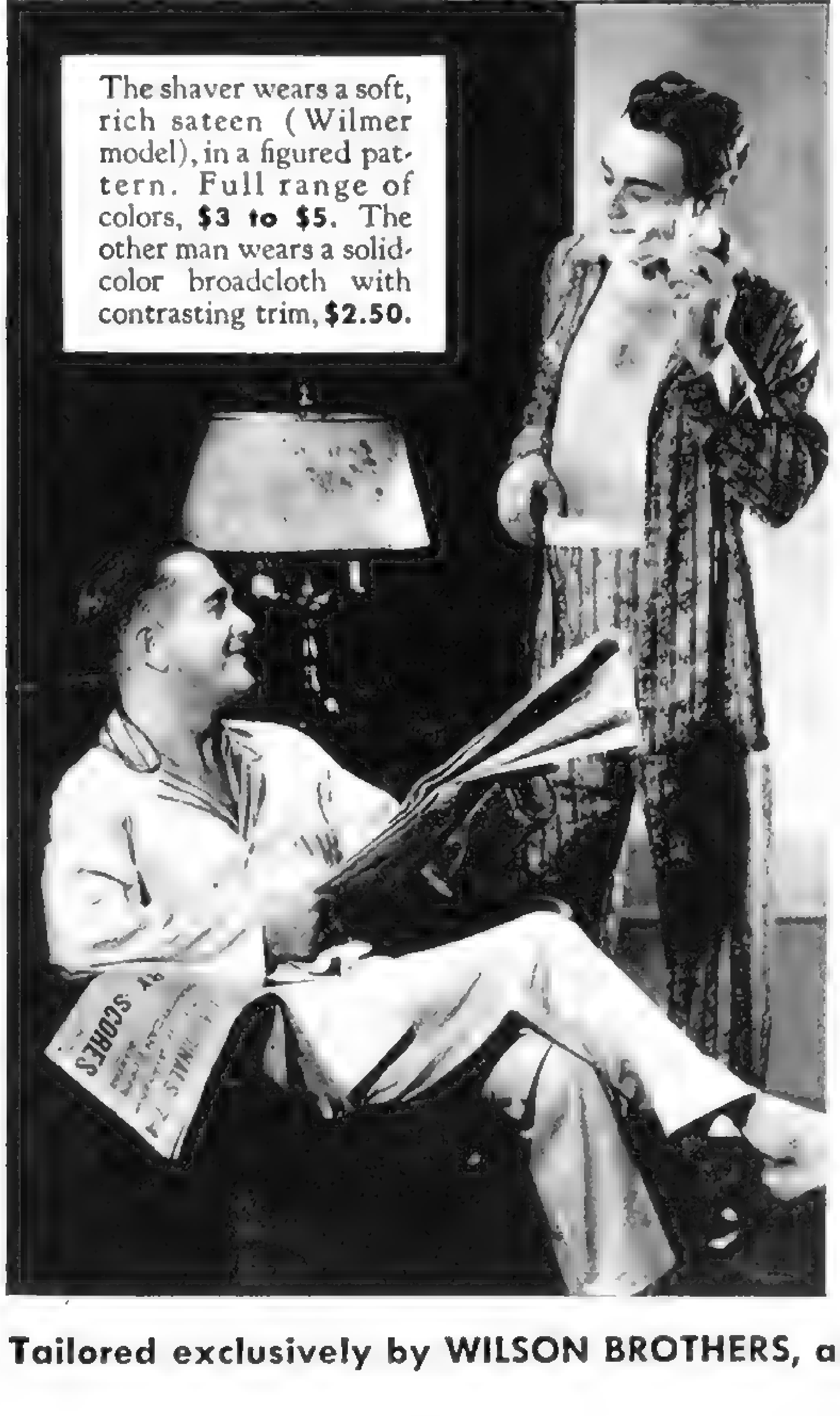
(Biographical Note: Born in New York, the day McKinley was shot—September 6, 1901; name: William Rosenberg. For the passport: height, 5 feet 4 inches; distinguishing mark, a mole below his left eye.

Can be traced by his habit of walking with his coat collar turned up and as if someone was after him; has a kind of acute agoraphobia, being terrified of 42nd and Broadway—as a crossing, not as a business opportunity.)

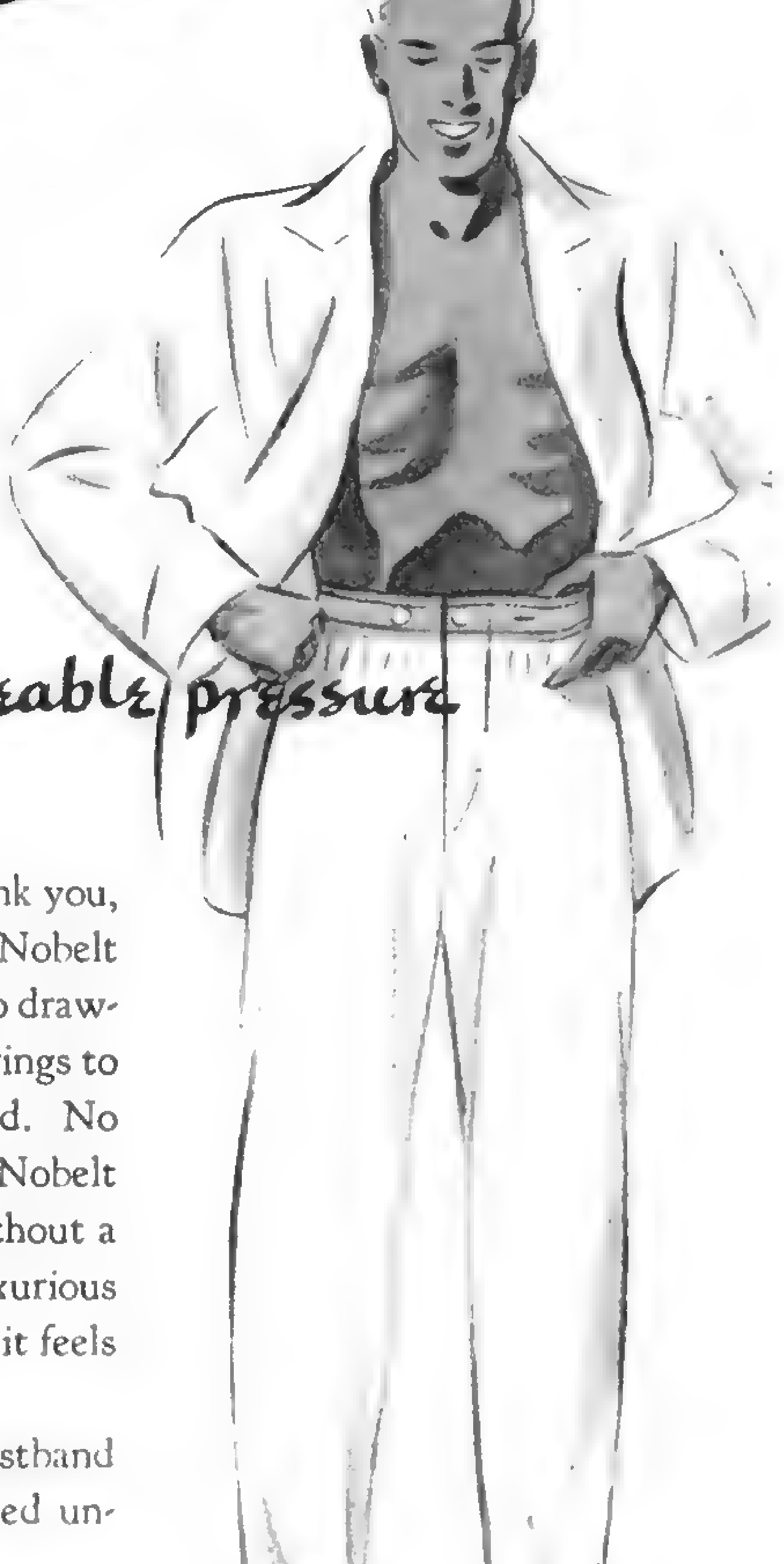
How to be happy IN BED

He wakes up smiling after a good night's rest in Faultless Nobelt Pajamas. This coat model, Wilmer No. 1, represents a variety of beautifully striped broadcloths, **$2.50**


Get rid of the "ROPE" that ruins sleep



The shaver wears a soft, rich sateen (Wilmer model), in a figured pattern. Full range of colors, **$3 to $5**. The other man wears a solid-color broadcloth with contrasting trim, **$2.50.**



They stay up without noticeable pressure

● If your waistline could talk, it would say "Thank you, mister," after your first night's rest in Faultless Nobelt Pajamas. No drawstrings to bite into your flesh. No drawstrings to rope you like a lassoed steer. No drawstrings to slip loose while you're roaming around out of bed. No drawstrings—just the supple, yielding, resilient Nobelt waistband that holds your pajama trousers up without a bit of noticeable pressure. Treat yourself to the luxurious comfort of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas . . . learn how it feels to have a real good night's rest.

Guaranteed! Does the Faultless Nobelt waistband wear well? The answer is "yes." It is guaranteed unconditionally for the entire life of the garment

Faultless NOBELT Pajamas

● Your favorite men's store will soon be showing luxurious, new Faultless Nobelt Pajamas in silks and lustrous sateens. Your favorite style and colors—**$5 to $13.50**

Tailored exclusively by WILSON BROTHERS, also makers of V-Line Shirts, Super Shorts, Buffer Heel and Toe Hose, Wilbro Neckwear

England's Wine

Continued from page 48

The untutored public swallowed it all. But the cognoscenti squawked, their howls finally reaching the ears of the Marquis de Pombal, Portugal's most celebrated statesman, busy just then with replanning and rebuilding Lisbon after the Great Earthquake. Recognizing that his country's best asset was in imminent danger of being bitched, he stepped into the situation. Reorganized things. Issued an edict officially demarcating the region of the Douro where wine entitled to the name "port" could be produced; its genuineness to be protected and guaranteed by the government—which system is still in force to the extent of armed guards at every warehouse watching for anything in the nature of a juicy misalliance.

And England, seemingly pleased at knowing what she is getting, has by recent treaties (1914, and 1916) agreed that no other wine can legally be called port.

Pretty soft for Portugal you might say. But wait. Of the hundred or so firms that make up the *Instituto do Vinho do Porto* about forty do practically all the business, and of these more than thirty are British. In other words, the big-hearted Lion gets his well-known split.

And why not?—considering the millions of pounds sterling tied up in what's aging in casks over across the river in Vila Nova de Gaia, Oporto's bridge partner, where the companies have their warehouses: long, low buildings—platoons of them, private towns of them, corrugating the landscape. The most extensive array—nearly two solid miles of housed wines accumulated since 1756 by a sort of "General Motors" of the industry—is Portuguese. The British layouts, while not quite *that* adequate, manage to escape paltriness. There is more in them than the visiting knowledge-imbiber can conveniently cope with: he comes away feeling educated yet somehow confused.

Personally, being unblessed with that infinite capacity for taking drinks which seem to be *de rigueur* on both sides of the Douro, I chose one of the smaller, newer "lodges" as they are called. A Scottish one. Founded little more than a century ago and still merely armory-size, with assorted outbuildings for cask-manufacture et cetera. The great grandson now at the head of it, a major in the War and that sort of thing, had been at Oxford with a friend of mine, mention of whose name immediately put matters on a cheerio basis. I was given the freedom of the Tasting Sanctum.

Tutored, in fact. You stand at a flat-topped desk panniered with cleverly convenient racks of black bottles, feeling as though you were expected to clink a tune on them. Instead, you reach for any black baby whose code-numbering appeals to you; pour yourself two fingers' worth into a clear, thin, tulip-shaped glass; lift same to eye level between you and large window; wobble it appraisingly, noting color, body, translucence, and how the edges of the surface behave (lousy wines leave a bathtub ring). From the eyes you adjourn to the nose. Whiffingly, but in a gentlemanly way. Finally you sip—just enough to activate your taste-bulb colonies and their olfactory neighbors upstairs. You do this meditatively breathing easily but with a look of rare connoisseurship.

Then you spit—into a hospitably handy cuspidor, the conner's companion, without which he would find it difficult to keep a clear head for business.

As an innovation, I swallowed.

Regularly speaking, the conner's job is to "follow" best-selling types and qualities which the company puts out under special names. Thus if there's a customers' delight called "Three Crowns" or "Four Divots" or whatever it's listed as, he must keep duplicating it out of wines on hand; a case of making the same thing out of something different each time. Fortunately ports keep practically forever, and by a policy of laying aside reserves each year the resources can in time be built up to a point where a cost accountant would get a headache over them. So the Man of Taste has plenty to play with.

Lest drinkers become bewildered, ports are classified according to four general types listed below:

Types of Port Wines

RUBY: The gay dog. Red as its name and lusty as it looks. Rich, full-bodied, fruity, slightly astringent. But don't develop into a Three Bottle Man or you'll get gout. Serve at (dining-, drawing- or bed-) room temperature.

TAWNY: Older, milder, subtler. Less sweet. The color ranges, according to age, from purplish brown ("medium") to topaz yellow (extremely old). For epicures and invalids. Serve chilled.

WHITE: Actually yellow. Made from white grapes. Best when old and dry, to be served chilled to wash down your pre-dinner caviar and rattlesnakes.

VINTAGE: Product of a specially-declared "Vintage Year," kept separate from wines of ordinary years. Gains its maturity in bottle instead of in cask. Takes a Jeeves to open it. Serve at baronial-hall temperature.

According to my Scottish preceptor a ruby is shippable after eight years in the wood. It travels to England, as all ports do, in pipes of 118 gallons and may remain stored for some time before bottling. So even the youngest of the port types isn't so young by the time it meets its man.

Tawny stays on for a post-graduate course of slumber, and gradually a good deal of its original color and body go into the wood, till it becomes the sly old twinkler that British cabinet ministers have a yen for. After thirty or forty years it will have lost some of its brandy through evaporation and will require a new dose, but, to avoid throwing a monkeywrench into mellowness, the added brandy must be equally old. And, along with this re-fortifying, the old boy needs a toothsome bit of youngness in his life now and then—some blushing ruby, some sweet sixteen- or twenty-year old choice one. So it's no wonder that the mating of these Methuselahs is hard to keep up with.

White port, a minor factor in the industry, leads its life like any other normal port, but the color line is strongly drawn. People who have never tasted it seem to suspect it of being a sort of albino. That's its misfortune. And theirs.

Vintage port (British houses only, and they don't let America have a drop of it, the cads!) remains in the wood only two or three years; then it is shipped to England, bottled, and laid away while still in full possession of its color and body, the superabundance of the latter gradually forming a much-prized but damn-nuisance crust on the inside of the bottle, so that at opening time—in, say, twenty years—the neck may have to be nipped off with hot wire or pincers. Successfully decanted, it is sublime stuff.

"Vintage years" are simply those in which Old Man Weather plays the perfect prince. Every spring, about the time when the previous autumn's product is due to be rustled down-river to Oporto, the overlords of the industry get together, do some heavy sipping, and decide what about it. Yes or no? Approximately once out of three times it's Yes. And they make a cleanup.

Seemingly Britain's vintage hounds can't get enough of it, elbow each other away from it. 1908s is practically exterminated. 1917s is going, going, with laggard 1912s (a "very big wine," taking longer to mature) trailing after them. Next to come round will be the 1922s, followed by the 1924s and the 1927. Generally speaking, a vintage port should be of voting age when drunk.

Telling me such things, the Laird of Precious Liquids proved himself a philanthropist by inviting me to dinner at his urban estate—a tidy palazzo set in gardens suitably walled about. I went, and there was 1908, served in all its glory! It arrived with the pudding (British for dessert), accompanied, less gleamingly, by a second decanter, of special tawny, chilled. One could have either or both.

I alternated. And when the ladies forsook us and we men could settle down to really serious work . . . well, between one decanter and the other, there was plenty of justice done, so that by the time we strolled out into the garden for a breath of air, I was not merely breathing it but walking on it. In fact, never had I met such a lovely garden—one that buoyed you up so. And how those flowers sang! Really, it was almost peculiar.

Yes, 1908 is a date in my history.

But no induction into the Cult of Port can be considered official until one has lunched, awestruck, in the sacrosanct, lord-mayorish-looking institution known as "The Factory House"—formerly headquarters of British "merchant venturers" and factors; now occupied by The British Association: Port's Brahmins.

It's a club.

To belong, you must be a partner in one of fifteen selected ancient and honorable wine firms; and the decanter whose stopper you cut your first teeth on must have had the right sort of blazonry. Pair of lions grouchant, or better.

The best I could offer was quartered gizzards, gules on argerol. But the Major convoyed me in and upstairs among the de luxerie, such as furnishings by Chippendale (in person, not a rumor), 18th-century plate,

Continued on page 158

Two ways to get more comfort in a dress shirt

Arrow now introduces a new dress shirt with two important "comfort features."

In place of the stiff bosom this new shirt boasts a soft and pliable front that conforms snugly to the lines of the chest—yet has all the pleasing formality that distinguishes a smart dress shirt.

And—in place of a heavy body fabric, there is a specially woven cloth that lightens the weight of the shirt to almost half that of the ordinary dress shirt.

Comes in two styles—Arrow Eric and Arrow Riviera. Both are Mitogas—shaped to fit. (A new note in dress shirts, too.) Both are Sanforized-Shrunk—*guaranteed* to hold the correct size. Both have French cuffs. The only difference between the shirts is that the Eric comes in regular neck-band style, and the Riviera comes with a top dressed collar *attached*. Retail price $3. Your Arrow dealer is now showing them.

© CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

sanforized shrunk · ARROW SHIRTS · *a new shirt if one ever shrinks*

England's Wine

Continued from page 156

and great china services (three—each a cabinetful) that antique collectors would be happy to eat "as is."

Food culled at a hot buffet, English breakfast style, and lugged (smörgasbord style) to our places at the large oval table, proved worth the fetching. I ate mine in my crude American scoopish way, instead of packing my potatoes upon the fork's buttocks as the British do so genteelly.

And then came the PORT—a tawny—rotated etiquettically to the LEFT, with nodded acknowledgements to the gentleman whose firm had authored and donated it according to the system in this Bouquet of the Month Club. Sampling it, I felt that the other fourteen in the set would be a good gamble. And the more the decanter circulated, the better I was sold.

"Next time you visit us," said my host, "you must let me take you up to our *quinta* in the Alto Douro. I think you'd find a few days there rather interesting—especially at vintage time, when the picking and pressing are going on. So why not next September?"

Such a suggestion I was in no condition to throw off.

Accordingly, last autumn (only two years late) I showed up and, after preliminary whistle-humecting and morale-fortifying, was motored out of populously picturesque Oporto into the humpy hinterland: slate-quarry regions, "green" wine valleys (sampled some of it when we stopped for lunch), bigger and breezier mountainousness including an item called the Serra Marao (4665 ft.) which had to be got over. Finally the Douro glinted into view.

Though pretty well ausgepuddled after a hot summer, it gave us the works panoramically as we eased down into its V-ditch by means of bowel-like road-convolutions and halted at what proved to be a private garage, perched alone. Atop a sharply-rising, many-terraced hill standing out from a whole mountainside of terraces which seemed to belong to it, was a group of white buildings, the principal one verandaed and with a roof reminiscent of a Victorian chalet of the Third Avenue "L" type.

Quinta dos Malvedos—"Villa of the Bad Roads."

A crow could have got there in a minute. But our pedestrian course, in pursuit of nut-brown Amazons who had unloaded our luggage onto their heads and were streaking along terraces in the classic manner, was Family Circle first, then Tower of Babel. Each stonewalled stratum, approximately upper-berth height and equipped with sidewise steps (chicken breadth), had to be stormed individually; and there were about twenty of them on our list, out of a visible supply of more than three times that number. Anyhow, it was quite a promenade. But once up, and panting easily on the veranda, with special tawny being ministered unto me, I was Gulliver in clover, milording it over a Striped World in comparison with which the Known one seemed, if I remembered it correctly, a jejeune washout, lacking style, originality, bosoms.

And next morning when we strolled out under a sun of 137° F. (you don't mind it because of the dryness of the air) the picking was in progress—girls working along the wirestrung vines and dumping their hand-baskets into tall two-hundred-pounders which the men carried down to the pressing-*lagar* at the bottom of the hill; with foremen at both ends of the line watching to see that no spoiled or withered bunches got included.

At this downhill institution the shoulder-blade loads were gruntfully heaved into a de-stemming machine, or rotating buster-up, which emitted the results into a granite treadery, about twelve feet square, with "baking-pan edges" about two and a half feet high. The pressing was ceremonious, not to say ritualistic. When things were all set, the ex-basket-bearers—eight of them, duly laved and inspected—lined up on the granite rim like swimmers at the start of a race. "Go!" commanded the Major, and they plopped in, linked arms across each other's shoulders, and began treading rhythmically, with the old boy at the right (Pan-ish looking) shouting, "*Um! Dois! Um! Dois!*" A quarter of an hour of this one-two-ing brought them across the tank; a like period brought them back; then they right-angled. Finally, when the four-way breaking-in was completed, they abandoned system in favor of general hullaballoo—singing, playing a mouth organ, and beating sticks together while they trod the boggy fantastic. Gosh, what enterprise! If those little mountain men couldn't outpedal any six-day bicycle champs, then my name is Bacchus.

After four hours of that efficacious delirium, they rested six. Then hopped in for another four. And kept up this schedule until what had been grapes was now raspberry jam, simmering with fermentation to such an extent that you could hear it twitter. Meanwhile the Major and his assistants were busy testing with a thermometer, glucometer, and other instruments, plus a convex-bottomed white saucer in which they jiggled the stuff to see if its color was O.K. (The longer you tread, the deeper the hue, as the skins are what it comes from.) At last, when sweet innocence was judged to have sufficiently succumbed to fermentation, the affair was called off—drawn off, I mean—into a trussed-up cask, known as a tonel (big enough for a horse to curl up in), and "nailed" at that point by the addition of yellowish Portuguese wine brandy: one-fifth by volume.

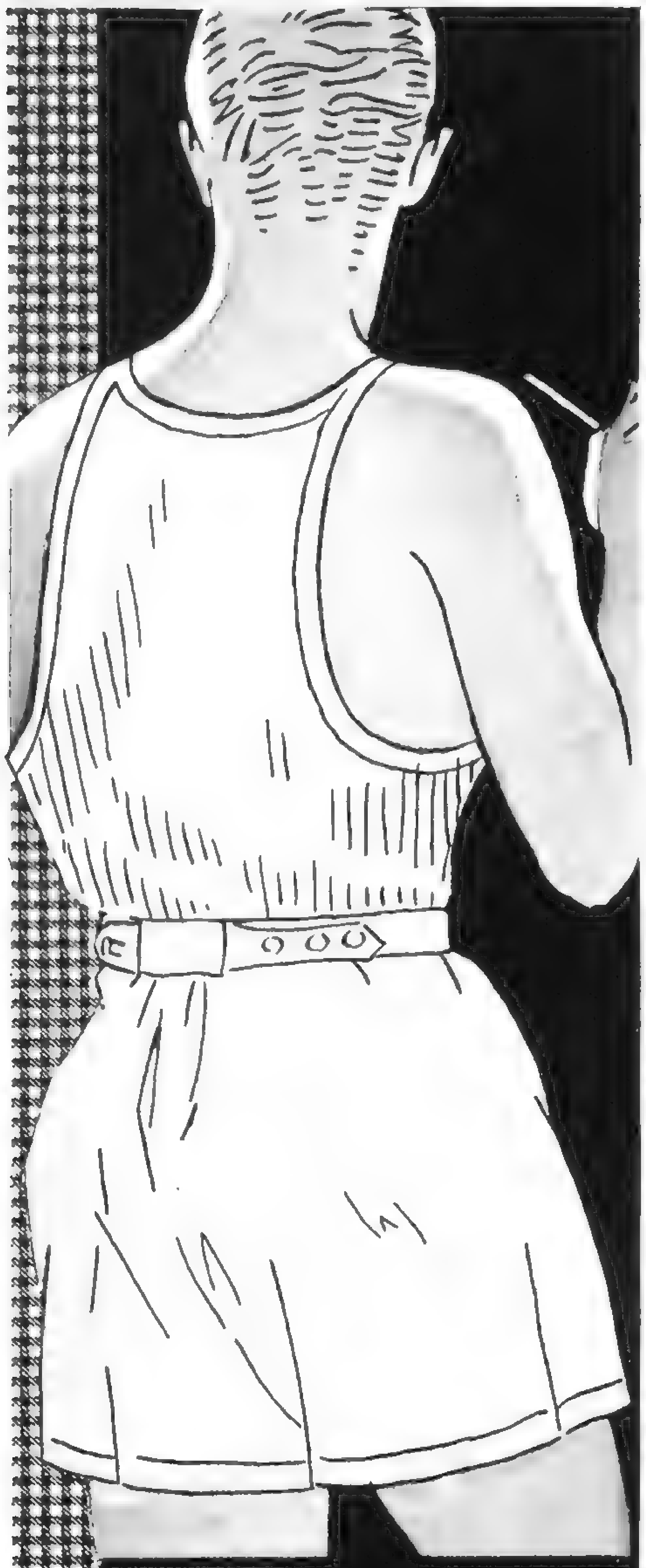
For so large a quinta the total in gallons seemed small. But the Major explained that it was up to normal. These stony hillsides—crumbling schist, that's all—are tough places to try to grow anything; they supply a unique chemical something which is the backbone of port flavor, and you have to be content with the yield you get. And for volume you have to charter the crops of many quintas besides your own.

By way of explanation, he took me on a tour of the principal "others" whose wine his firm made, located in the Pinhão section, just down the river. Nest of famous names, if ever I saw one. Entire landscape transformed into Bartender's Guide.

But the sun was hot. And so was the train ride back to Oporto. Frankly, I was a trifle done in by the time we arrived.

"Care for a glass of port?" suggested the Major.

I joined him.



CELANESE*

CELANESE Alpine Elastic Knit Shirts . . $1.00

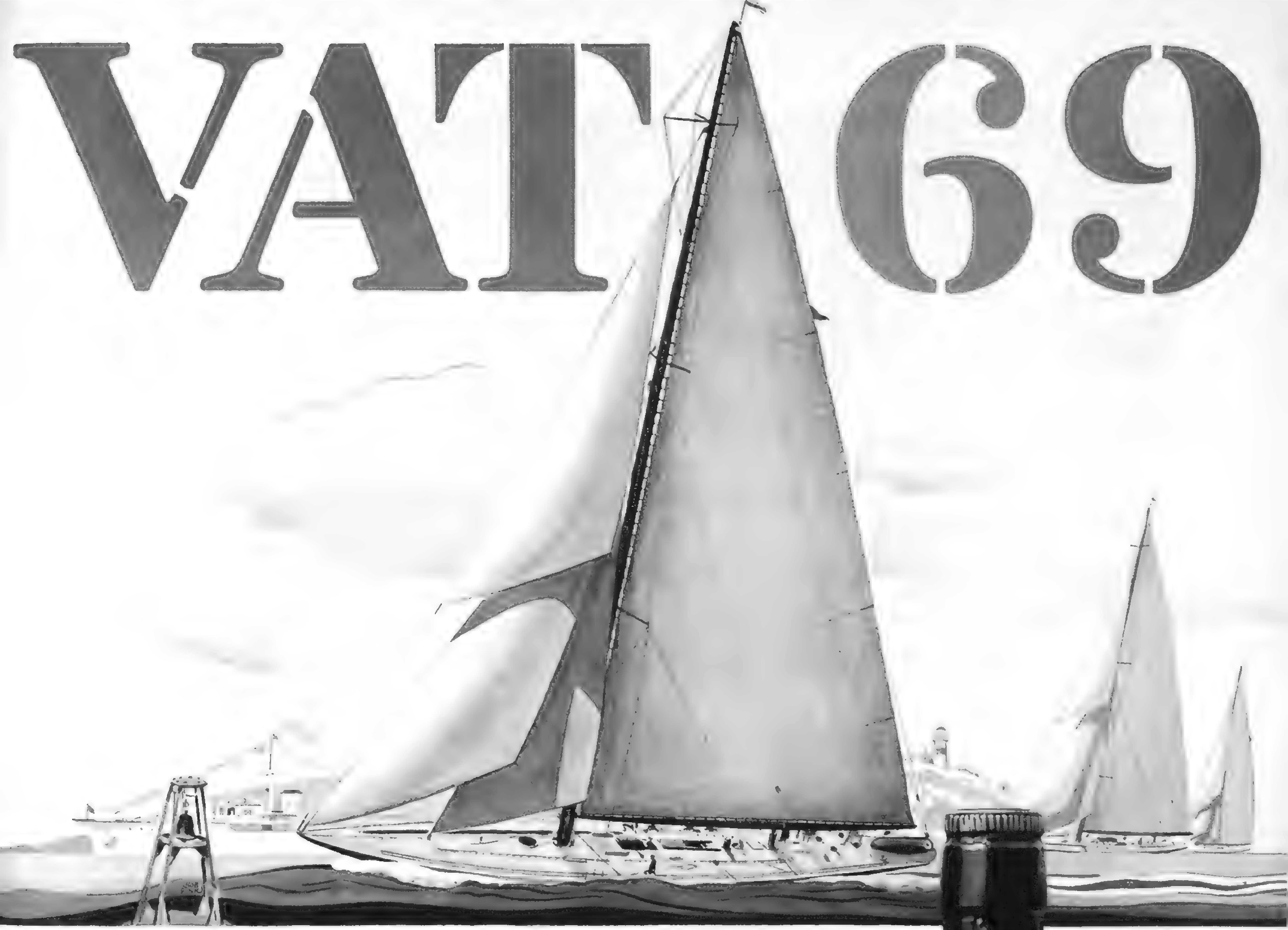
CELANESE Woven Shorts $1.50

THE SHIRT
Elastic knit from fine, dull Celanese yarn, pleasantly soft and luxurious to the touch.

THE SHORT
Woven Celanese broadcloth in white, blue, canary, green and maroon. French-back style.

Produced Exclusively by
CELANESE
CORPORATION *of* AMERICA
180 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America
*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

VAT 69



ESTABLISHED
1863
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT
69
REGISTERED
REGISTERED
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd
LEITH
SCOTLAND
Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

Triumphant!

It takes supreme merit to win a Cup race. It takes supreme merit in a Scotch whisky to win the preference of connoisseurs. It is this characteristic that has earned VAT 69 Scotch Whisky the same preference in America that it has won the world over.

"Quality Tells"—always!

AT LEADING CLUBS, HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND RETAIL STORES

EST. 1863

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY

Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, 485 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.... Exclusive U. S. Representative

Copyright, 1934, Schenley Import Corp.

1

The popular and fashionable appetizer.

2

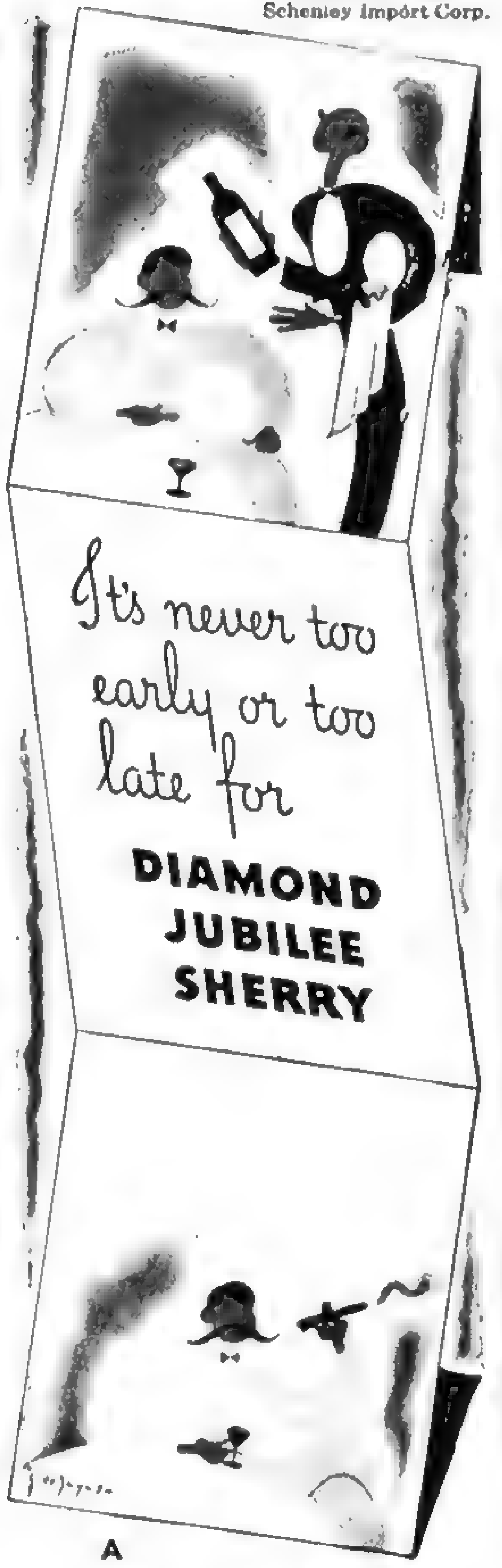
An ingratiating dinner wine—when the soup is served.

3

At dinner's end—when smoke curls upward.

Send 25c for the Schenley Wine Book. Schenley Import Corporation, Room 558, 18 West 40th Street, New York.

Look for the Mark of Merit


It's never too early or too late for
DIAMOND JUBILEE SHERRY

DIAMOND JUBILEE
1837 1897
SHERRY
GONZALEZ BYASS & Co Ltd

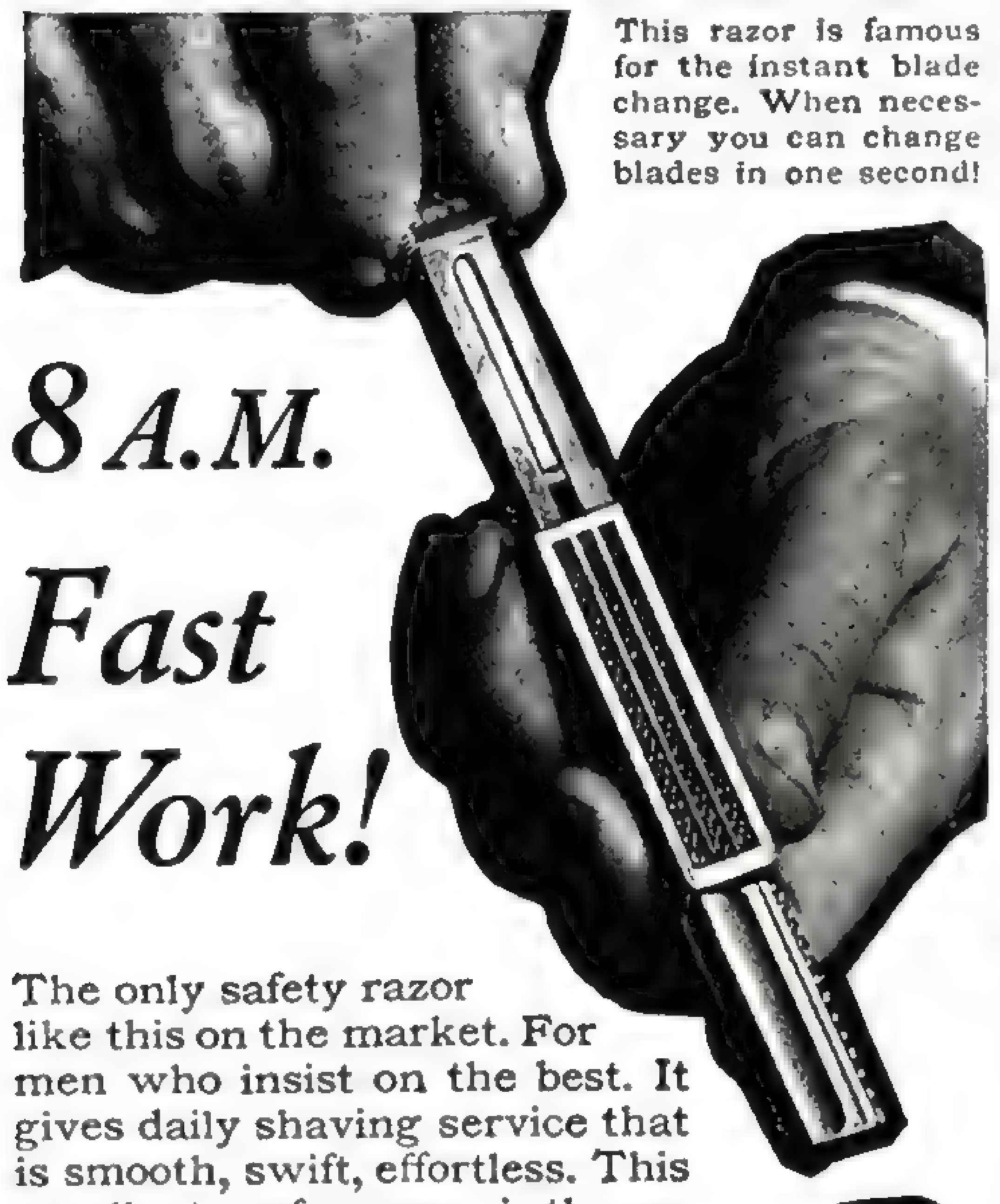
A Schenley IMPORTATION

GONZALEZ BYASS & CO., Ltd.

Jerez, Spain and Oporto, Portugal

Sherries and Ports

This razor is famous for the instant blade change. When necessary you can change blades in one second!



8 A.M. Fast Work!

The only safety razor like this on the market. For men who insist on the best. It gives daily shaving service that is smooth, swift, effortless. This excellent performance is the result of fully protecting the blade edges. A clip of 20 blades is inserted in the handle. Blades are changed without touching them! Ideal for travelers, this razor with its 20 blades in the handle can be carried in the vest pocket like a fountain pen.

$5 complete with 20 blades. Additional 20-blade clips for 75¢

Schick

***Repeating* RAZOR**

A product of MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.
230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales Representatives: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
40 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y.

Defense of Dirty Words

Continued from page 19

tard, watch yourself Tony, watch yourself boy (he swings one that misses and they all laugh), watch yourself there he goes, there he *goes* god *damn* that bell (after that one his jaw felt like a bag full of marbles when the muscles twitched but it was all like a slow motion picture now and at the bell he walked to Tony's corner and they went over and grabbed him). The hell it's broke. Sure it's broke. Whyn't he wear a mouthpiece? He lost it. He swallowed it you mean. I seen him kick it out. Whyn't you grab it? Why the hell didn't you grab it yourself?

It certainly is an amusing sport, the cauliflower industry, where nothing's comic-er than walking on the heels. Somebody else's heels. Mr. McGeehan showed us how comic and contemptible it all was. I never knew him but they all said he was a Prince.

Ring Lardner was a Prince too, who with never a dirty word wrote of these who make it with their hands in the nightly tragic somewhere of their combat, distorting the language that they speak into a very comic diction, so there's no tragedy ever, because there is no truth.

To me the comedy is bad too because it is not true. Take the cauliflower itself, the mainstay of the McGeehan humor. Bite down on the nail of your left forefinger across the center, hold it a second between your teeth, then pull with that finger hard against your right forefinger. That is how a cauliflower ear feels when it comes up tight. It does not look much like a cauliflower though. Once I remember seeing Bobby Eber duck a right swing and catch it on the ear and while we watched that organ grew before our eyes, first like a plum, then like a bunch of grapes and finally it was a purple orange. The other citizen could not hit it again so it did not burst and at the gong Bobby came in looking all out of focus to his corner and the bird who was handling him bit a little piece out and sucked it neatly down, spitting it out into the water bucket. Somebody hollered to the referee who was watching the operation, "Hey what's that guy do in civil life?" (Toronto's full of wits) and the referee, the side of his hand to his lips, "He's either a what-do-you-call-it or a barber and the son-of-a-such claims he's never shaved a man in his life."

See how clean we can keep it?

They taught us in high-school how when someone compared O. Henry to De Maupassant O. Henry was indignant, saying that he had never written a dirty word or a dirty song in his life. O. Henry was a wonderful fellow too. They put him in jail once it is true but everybody agreed, when he died, that he was a Prince. Now Guy De Maupassant was not a wonderful fellow. He spent a lot of time getting girls into trouble and he died violently after living some time with syphilis of the brain. But he was a great writer. Sometimes he was a great hack writer but, along with his poor stories, he wrote more truly great short stories than any other man except Rudyard Kipling whose work it is now fashionable to disparage because he was a fool about politics and had the misfortune to outlive his talent. When De Maupassant wrote about prostitutes he used the true words and wrote literature. O. Henry was morally superior to the committing of literature. No writer can write anything that is truly great when he feels superior to the people he is writing about, no matter how much compassion he may have. Ring Lardner wrote two fine stories. One, "Some Like Them Cold" was about someone that he was sorry for, and in his sorrow, forgot to be superior. The other was "The Golden Honeymoon" in which he wrote about people that he truly admired.

Pretty clean, eh? Except for that unfortunate De Maupassant incident.

So now what? So now a little about fish. Since last month we have had a few thoughts about the wahoo. If you read the fishing books the wahoo is always described as a hell of a fish to catch. He is not. He gives one terrific run, then comes in easily. When he gets to the boat he usually gives another very fast run. After that you can gaff him easily. But what you do not read in the books is what marvelous eating he is. Baked he is a combination, in flavor and texture, of kingfish and the roast breast of young guinea hen. Like all fish he must be cooked thoroughly and not dried out in cooking.

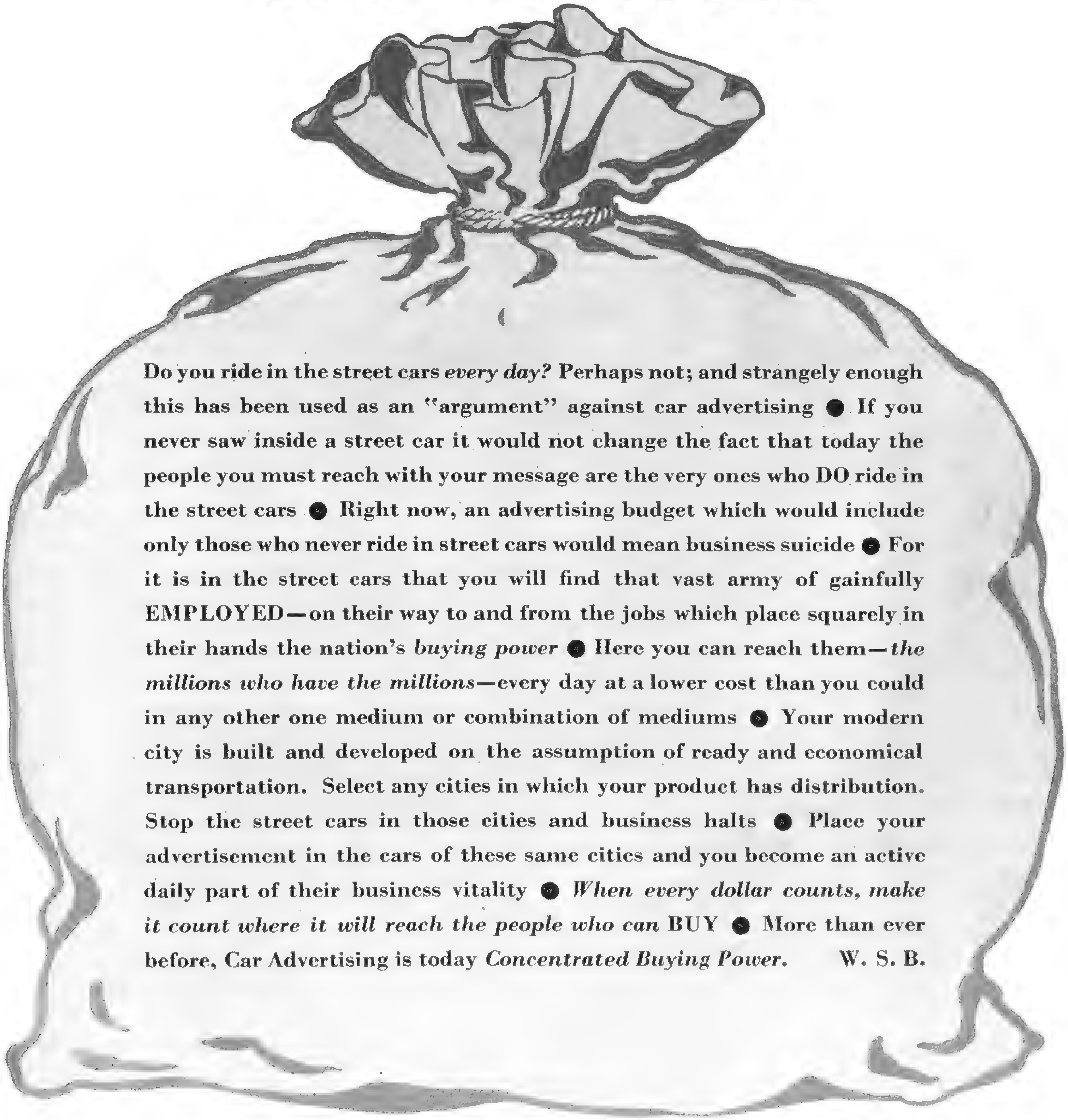
Then there are summer sailfish. I believe it is safe to say that there are many more sailfish in summer in the gulfstream off Key West than there are in winter. Certainly last June we took more sailfish in one boat than all the party boats off Key West caught during the winter season. The good thing about this summer fishing, aside from the fact that a fisherman coming down from the north can make a fishing trip for about half the cost of one in the winter season when all the boats are chartered at their usual rates, is the superior way in which the fish perform. I had gotten so I did not care about fishing for sailfish in the winter. Their fight seemed pitiful compared to the hard, full bodied fight of the marlin. When they jumped they swayed from side to side in a bill wagging, ineffectual leap and when you brought one up to the boat you were always sorry for him. No matter what tackle was used they seemed an ineffectual and spent fish from very soon after the start.

Now we know the reason for this performance. The winter fish have roed out, and after spawning they are like all fish; weak, lacking in speed and in stamina. The summer fish, all of them, until the end of June with full roes, (We did not catch a single male fish. Hence they cannot be roeing out off Key West but must be traveling further to the westward before they meet the male fish. We did not see or catch a pair, while, in marlin fishing off Cuba, you will have double headers from twelve or fifteen pairs in a month), put up a fight which is as spectacular in straight, stiff leaping as the white marlin and, except for the absence of the long, pectoral fins of the marlin which help him to pull like an amberjack, is as powerful, pound for pound and as determined, as any white marlin. Where, on light tackle, a seventy pound white marlin might take an average fisherman an hour to land, the same fisherman could expect to take a summer sailfish of equal weight on the same tackle in forty minutes. It is the difference in pectoral fins which give the marlin the edge when he decides to fight deep. Otherwise the summer sailfish would put up

Continued on page 158D

To The EXECUTIVE
Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts

The Millions Who Have The Millions



Do you ride in the street cars *every day?* Perhaps not; and strangely enough this has been used as an "argument" against car advertising ● If you never saw inside a street car it would not change the fact that today the people you must reach with your message are the very ones who DO ride in the street cars ● Right now, an advertising budget which would include only those who never ride in street cars would mean business suicide ● For it is in the street cars that you will find that vast army of gainfully EMPLOYED—on their way to and from the jobs which place squarely in their hands the nation's *buying power* ● Here you can reach them—*the millions who have the millions*—every day at a lower cost than you could in any other one medium or combination of mediums ● Your modern city is built and developed on the assumption of ready and economical transportation. Select any cities in which your product has distribution. Stop the street cars in those cities and business halts ● Place your advertisement in the cars of these same cities and you become an active daily part of their business vitality ● *When every dollar counts, make it count where it will reach the people who can* BUY ● More than ever before, Car Advertising is today *Concentrated Buying Power.* W. S. B.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.
220 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

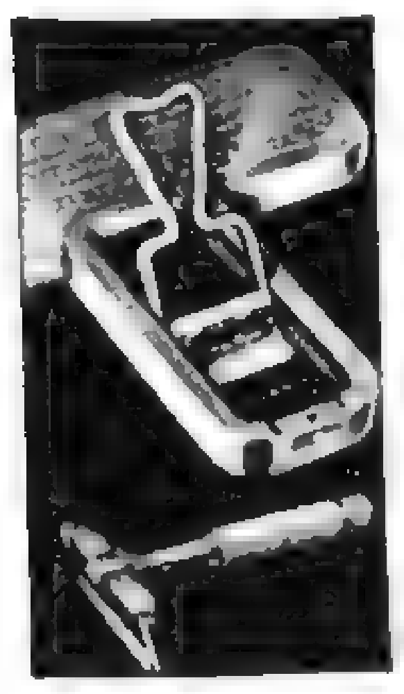
Williams
AQUA VELVA

TREAT YOUR FACE TO A TREAT WITH WILLIAMS AQUA VELVA AFTER SHAVING

1. Feels great. — 2. Soothes tiny nicks and cuts. — 3. Helps keep your face from getting rough and dry.— 4. Lessens windburn and sunburn.— 5. Makes distinct improvement in your appearance.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM — AND GLIDER, THE NEW WILLIAMS BRUSHLESS SHAVE

TO *you* YOUNG MAN who get 20 shaves a blade



A ROLLS RAZOR will lower even your low shaving costs. For once you own a Rolls you are through buying blades. No more dismal discoveries that your last fresh blade is gone. A Rolls Razor blade of tempered Sheffield Steel, stropped and honed in its own case, with proper care, will *always* give perfect shaves.

Illustrated folder on request from Dept. 9
Lee & Schiffer, Inc.
Sole U. S. Distributors, 305 East 45th Street, N. Y.

ROLLS RAZOR

Defense of Dirty Words

Continued from page 158B

exactly as good a fight. They are round, fat, powerful, and jump beautifully. Also they are excellent eating in summer and I am very glad to have been broke after Africa so that I had to stay here this June, working mornings and fishing in the afternoons, and was able to run into them. Otherwise I might have libelled the sailfish the rest of my life—as perhaps the early part of this libels Mr. Pegler. He may be wonderful in the summer.

Then there was Ring Lardner. He looked a little like a sailfish with that nose and chin and those eyebrows but it would have been better to have laid off of him too. Nobody ever remembers what you say about anybody. Only that you Knocked a Good Guy. When he was in that hospital that he headed No Visitors in those pitiful dying radio censorship pieces that he wrote in the New Yorker, Max Perkins of Scribners wrote and asked if I would autograph a book for him. It was some book of mine that was coming out and he said Ring had asked him a couple of times about when it would be out. I wrote in it, "To Ring Lardner from his early imitator and always admirer, Ernest Hemingway" and that still goes. There was plenty to admire. But I wish he had felt differently, for the sake of American writing, about certain things and I am sorry if it is too soon after he is dead to speak about him as a writer without confusing it with what a good fellow he was. It is a compliment to pay of course. But certain compliments are seldom well received.

An Address to Caliban

Continued from page 21

center—City Hall, Hall of Records, County and State Courts, a new Library, a new City Auditorium, new Science and Technical displays, perhaps new City and County medical centers, hospitals, institutions of restraint and correction—and all grouped in some attractive and yet hopeful way among the flowers and lagoons of the new area. And after that if there is to be a model housing plan for the workers of little wage, in Chicago, why not in this area, housing facilities for a million or more or the very poor? Why not?

By the way, I hear that the aeroplane landing field of Chicago is to go on the lake front in full view of the Michigan Avenue skyline, and to me that is a thought worthy of a genius, since it will add so greatly to the wonder and interest of Chicago for the stranger.

Chicago has no cathedral. And for my part I think it is well enough off without one. Little enough it is that organized religion has ever done for Chicago. But in this West Side plan, why not a leaf from Mr. John D. Rockefeller's mental note book in regard to religion and the Chicago University. For there on the grounds of the Chicago University as you will find, he has had constructed at his expense an edifice devoted, as he wrote —and that intelligently enough I must say—not to any sect or creed, but as he phrased it, "To the helpful spirit of religion." (I forget his exact words.) At any rate, his thought seems to have been that sectarian religiosity, as the world has known it for thousands of years, and still knows it, is of little value; more that what is really needed is something which will awaken thought and awe and perhaps reverence in man in regard to the universe as a whole, its physics, mathematics, ether, time, space, stars and sidereal systems plus the beauty and mystery of life in general. Only worked out in some architectural or temple form to which men could repair in search of beauty, thought, rest, awe.

I think he even thought that awe and reverence might be capitalized to the advantage of man—his creative and thinking powers. And why not? I think they should be. Only this beautiful thought (if such was his thought) has, in the University of Chicago instance, been most ignorantly and irrationally misrepresented by as dull and conventional copy of the standard Episcopal Church as you will find anywhere the world over. Actually, I believe it has a conventional Episcopal altar. I hope not, but I think it is true.

What is needed in connection with the civic change I propose, is a great architectural inspiration of some kind, based on Mr. Rockefeller's supposed idea—a non-sectarian shrine of sheer genius, newness in color and form. Surely some artist, some architect, some dreamer of structures which represent high thought and empirical beauty can devise some such temple as this. If so and it is placed in this area as I suggest, would not Chicago be giving the world and to labor and life, a new and now so necessary form which would tend, I am sure, to arrest and absorb this something of awe and reverence which is in everyone, and so tend to divert humanity possibly from its gross and so material sectarianism into which it has sunk—lift it nearer the pure realm of aestheticism? Why not?

For in such a place most certainly man could get mental and emotional comfort from art and beauty and so be heartened for farther mental and artistic as well as physical effort.

And if not—would it still not remain as a glorious tribute to the social or civic foresight of Chicago—its aesthetic and social aspirations?

Builders of Chicago. Builders of your great Expositions of 1893 and now 1933 and 1934—of your great water front and your great commercial Loop — your Chicago University and your reversed Chicago River—why not this?

Your engineers and technicians know that it is possible, you yourselves know that there is no need for wasting space on far flung trackage and gloomy disheartening streets and alleys.

And most sanely you know that this is Chicago's greatest need and would evolve the greatest praise for it. Lift up your eyes. You owe it to the great city that has made you. And should you not, therefore, remake it so as to adequately express your gratitude for all that it has done for you—and can do for yours and others like yours in the days to come?

The Great Emancipator

Continued from page 38

perpetuated the divine right of kings in Albion.

The subtle and subconscious campaign Hagen conducted for professionals' release from bondage was unquestionably one of the most unusual in military history for it was conducted on a financial basis that at times showed more red than all the blood that ever drained into the Marne. Hagen has made well over a million dollars with his golf clubs alone. The testimonial silver that rained on Hagen when the advertisers were going strong in this department of copy, amounted to a soaking shower for two years but with Walter's facility for putting legal tender into circulation he stood in this downpour and dried out almost instantly. Hagen's amazing contempt for money has one lovely aspect; when he is flush he pays off with great joy that people should be so delighted to put their hands on something that is merely an item for poor people to worry about; that's Walter's idea of money.

When he sailed for England in 1928 to win the third of his four British Open titles Walter could have floated his entire cash assets out to sea on a cigarette paper, but he traveled in style. At the dock as he sailed were so many evil-looking men with writs for Hagen in their mitts that it appeared as though the troops were sailing.

Engineering the departure was the companion and business manager of Hagen's golfing activities for many years, Robert Harlow. Hagen played the Grand Duke role for the team and Harlow was simply Comrade Harlow, a stalwart, epicurean ex-newspaperman who disclaims having been Hagen's "manager" because, he makes clear, no one could manage Hagen.

The Hagen-Harlow combination had put its hands on approximately $6,000 for the English trip, including $1,500 which was to be wagered in a 72-hole match with Archie Compston. Harlow bought the transportation and pushed the $1,500 wager ahead to England. The Grand Duke and Comrade Harlow reasoned that the $1,500 would become $3,000 immediately after the match with Compston was played. Therefore there would be no need of funds other than for tips en route. Having arrived at this logical conclusion, the patriots decided to spend American money with Americans and personally conduct their own farewells, each according to his manner. The Grand Duke held open house for three days, working 20-hour shifts each of the days. Comrade Harlow, gypsy evangelist of the Great God Gut, spent his percentage of the commune's funds at excellent eating places.

Harlow parked early in his cell on the boat, cramming his quarters with medicinal waters, indigestion tablets and philosophical volumes in which authors go to great lengths to prove that man is not born to waste in toil.

Leisurely concluding his packing for the journey, Hagen left his hotel suite with an allowance of less time for making the boat than the New York fire department would set for the run to the pier. With the Grand Duke was a Hagen associate in the golf club and ball business named Walter Ring. Ring's build is about that of Hagen and he rather resembles the Grand Duke in contented and well-fed features. While Hagen

Continued on page 160

Paul Brown 34
© Brooks Brothers

NEWPORT, 1934

In all three centuries of its existence, Newport has perhaps never been gayer...more brilliant...than now. Emerging from five years of national depression to celebrate, this September, the Fifteenth Series of the International Yacht Races (the most important event of its kind on the entire globe), the town is once more crowded with the great personalities of the social and the sporting world, both here and abroad. Brooks Brothers' Newport shop, located at 220 Bellevue Avenue...a few steps from the Casino ...is completely stocked to meet the demands both of Summer Residents and Cup Race Visitors.

Brooks Brothers' travelling representatives are about to commence their Fall trips—visiting 48 cities all over the United States. If you will write to our New York store, we shall be glad to send you a copy of the current itinerary—together with illustrated circulars.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

NEW YORK • BOSTON • NEWPORT

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK
220 BELLEVUE AVE. · NEWPORT

We followed a college man's SHOE PRINTS

and discovered a Stetson dealer

● SALUTE to the tailcoat! Something has happened to restore the validity of formal clothes—for which give thanks. To college men and their youthful-minded fathers, Stetson presents a new pump of black patent leather (8). Eminently correct on the terrace, the prom floor, or the platform, the shoe has a hollow leather heel and lightweight sole. So comfortable, you might regret taking it off—except that you plan to put on another, daytime Stetson!

● YOUNG men at school have notedly pronounced opinions, and about nothing so much as clothes. Which may well be the reason why Stetson Shoe 1027, a brown, wing-tip brogue, custom-type, will be such a favorite. In these shoes a man can walk vigorously across campus, to town, to classroom—from freshman year to sophomore prom. The sort of shoe a well-dressed college man will buy long after he has graduated into a well-dressed business man.

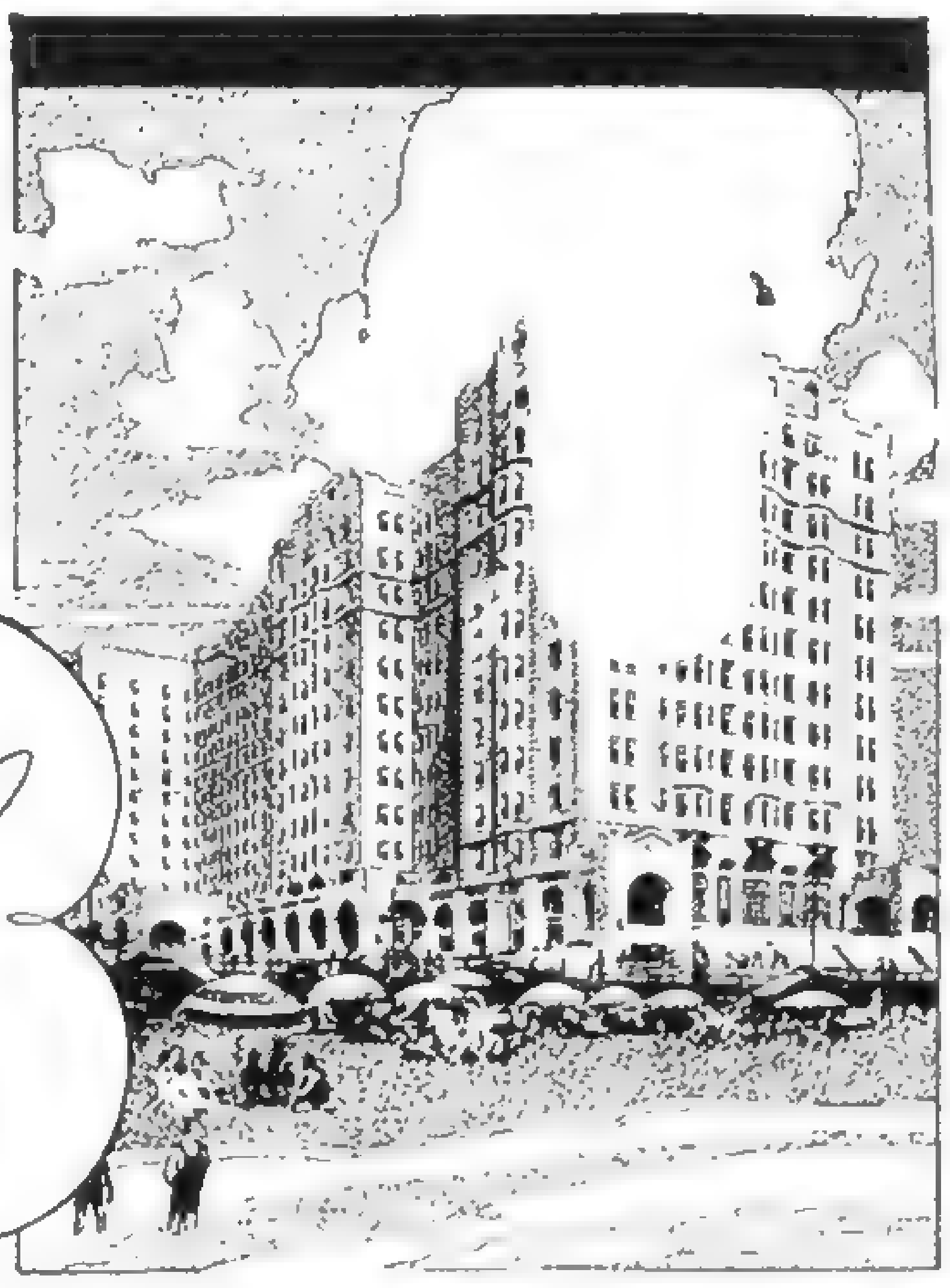
THE STETSON SHOE

STETSON SHOES

Young arbiter of what-to-wear, the college man clear across the country is showing an increasing preference for Stetson Shoes. This will not surprise the business and professional man who knows Stetson comfort, Stetson style, and Stetson quality for what they are—and has worn these fine shoes with success for many years.

You can purchase Stetson Shoes at exclusive dealers in important cities. Ask there, or write us for a free copy of "Wardrobes From The Ground Up."

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, Inc., *South Weymouth, Massachusetts*



A Symbol OF LUXURIOUS LIVING

● Their gracious hospitality, excellent cuisine and unobtrusive service are famous the world over. The spacious rooms and suites, too, are truly characteristic of these aristocrats of hotels. Whether you plan to spend a day, a week or longer in New York or Atlantic City you will find that a most cordial welcome awaits you.

The AMBASSADOR

● IN NEW YORK ●
PARK AVE., 51st *to* 52nd STREETS
• • *Rates from Five Dollars* • •

IN ATLANTIC CITY
AMERICAN PLAN | EUROPEAN PLAN
Single, $8 . . Double, $14 | *Single, $5 . . Double, $7*

The Great Emancipator

Continued from page 159

had been packing Ring selected a gaudy suit of Hagen's, which had been given the Great Man by an enterprising tailor who recognized Hagen's standing as the ace male mannequin of the age. Hagen not only would give a fellow the shirt off his back, but coat, vest, trousers, shoes, hosiery and tie to complete the sartorial scheme. Thus it happened that Ring was to outward appearances another Hagen as the taxi jerked to a screaming stop at the wharf.

Ring recognized the enemy at the docks. He stepped out of the cab, hailed porters who grunted the Hagen luggage aboard and serenely accepted the papers shoved at him by the process-servers as Hagen followed out of the cab after an interval and modestly edged aboard. As the boat swung out into the channel with Hagen safely aboard, Ring turned to the group of men who had presented him with papers.

"Now, gents, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Stick around and kick in, I guess, Mr. Hagen," volunteered one of the serving men.

"But I'm not Hagen," explained Ring.

Whereupon Mr. Ring and the process servers adjourned to a tavern and from a comfortable distance from Mr. Hagen wished Mr. Hagen bon voyage.

That journey did not work out as planned. Compston dusted off Hagen, 18 and 17—the worst defeat Hagen ever suffered. The $1,500 blew then and the team was playing strictly from scratch. But Hagen, who had trained on champagne, scotch and seltzer and sharpened his vision by staying up to see the English sunrises, hired a body-guard to shanghai him into sleep at reasonable hours. Shortly after the defeat by Compston Hagen won the British Open with 292. His compatriot, Sarazen, was 294 and Compston was in third place with 295.

In exhibition matches played during a few weeks after his British Open title Hagen earned about $5,000 but when he and Harlow steamed into New York harbor, homecoming, Harlow craned his neck over the steamer-rail looking for a welcoming pal who would get the champion out of hock. Fortunately, Eddie Conlin, a famous tennis official turned golf ball sales manager, was on hand to see the circus come to town.

Harlow energetically beckoned Conlin aboard. Conlin dug down for bail; Hagen lavishly tipped the boat staff and the conquering hero landed. In a bit more than a month Hagen had played in $11,000 with his golf clubs and played it away, but not with his golf clubs. He was perfectly happy and tranquil. Hagen lives to live.

When Hagen is opulent—and those periods are becoming more frequent again as the depression drags to the rear—he is perhaps the softest of all targets for touches. When he spent part of his winters in Hollywood he ran a relief station for impecunious actors and actresses, conducting the operation in a manner that aided without embarrassment. The mob scene would be put on in Hagen's suite around dinner time, with Hagen signing tabs the size of the national debt. Then there would be some social bridge. When the Thespians won Hagen paid off in cash. When Hagen won the score was written on Hagen's cuff and vanished the next day when the hotel laundresses busted the suds with the Hagen shirts.

During those times when the Grand Duke's funds can not be seen with the naked eye he considers the situation in a very logical manner—a manner worthy of wider adoption. He reasons: "My only troubles are money. I have no money. Therefore, I have no troubles. Q. E. D." Comrade Harlow would differ slightly with Hagen concerning that decision about no money—no worry, and arrange exhibition tours among the nobility and the mujiks. The rubles would roll in again and all would be at peace.

Hagen and Harlow joined forces in 1922 at Pinehurst. Hagen then had won the United States Open championships of 1914 and 1919. His first start in the British Open—that of 1920—had resulted disastrously; he didn't finish among the first 50. His second attempt, in 1921, brought him in a seven-cornered tie for sixth place. In 1922 after he and Harlow had agreed to investigate the commercial possibilities of exhibition golf Hagen won the British Open. He was the first American-born professional to win that title.

With Hagen, the lion-tamer, as the big attraction to ballyhoo, Harlow quit his job under Sheriff Bill McGeehan on the New York Herald sports staff, and the two set out on what was supposed to be a business but actually was the greatest money-making 10 year holiday any two fellows ever enjoyed. It is true that when they slipped the knot of their business tie in 1932 both of them were behind the eight ball, financially, but in view of what had happened in American finance, they called themselves lucky for not having wasted time saving.

There have been two reunions of the conquistadors; one when Harlow managed the Hagen-José Jurado exhibition tour and one in the Florida 1932-1933 season when L. A. Young, Hagen's angel in the golf club and ball business, put up $1,500 in prize money for an open golf tournament Harlow promoted in Jacksonville. Both of these foregatherings made sport page copy. Hagen turned in a blazing 33 for the last nine holes of the tournament Young and Harlow had christened for him, and won his own event. First prize money was $300 which the Grand Duke airily waved aside for the man who finished in second place to collect. Hagen then gave his last five dollars in cash to his caddie; laughed, talked and drank with the locker-room crowd and then drove off into the golden Florida night. What difference? Money is only money. There had been a time when Hagen had given a $50 bill—a crap game trophy—to a filling station attendant and received change for $5. Ten miles away, at a roadhouse, Hagen discovered the mistake but was having too much fun to think about sending back for a pittance like $45.

Harlow handled Jurado's publicity campaign so the Hagen-Jurado combination drew customers at a rate reminiscent of the rich old days in exhibition golf but the serious, wiry Jurado couldn't stand the grind of trouping with the Grand Duke. Night after night Hagen and Jurado would be entertained by the élite and go back to their hotel quarters to find late revelers in waiting. Jurado kept up for a time because he thought it was the custom of the country. It was the custom of the country with Hagen, who flourished and scored well on this routine.

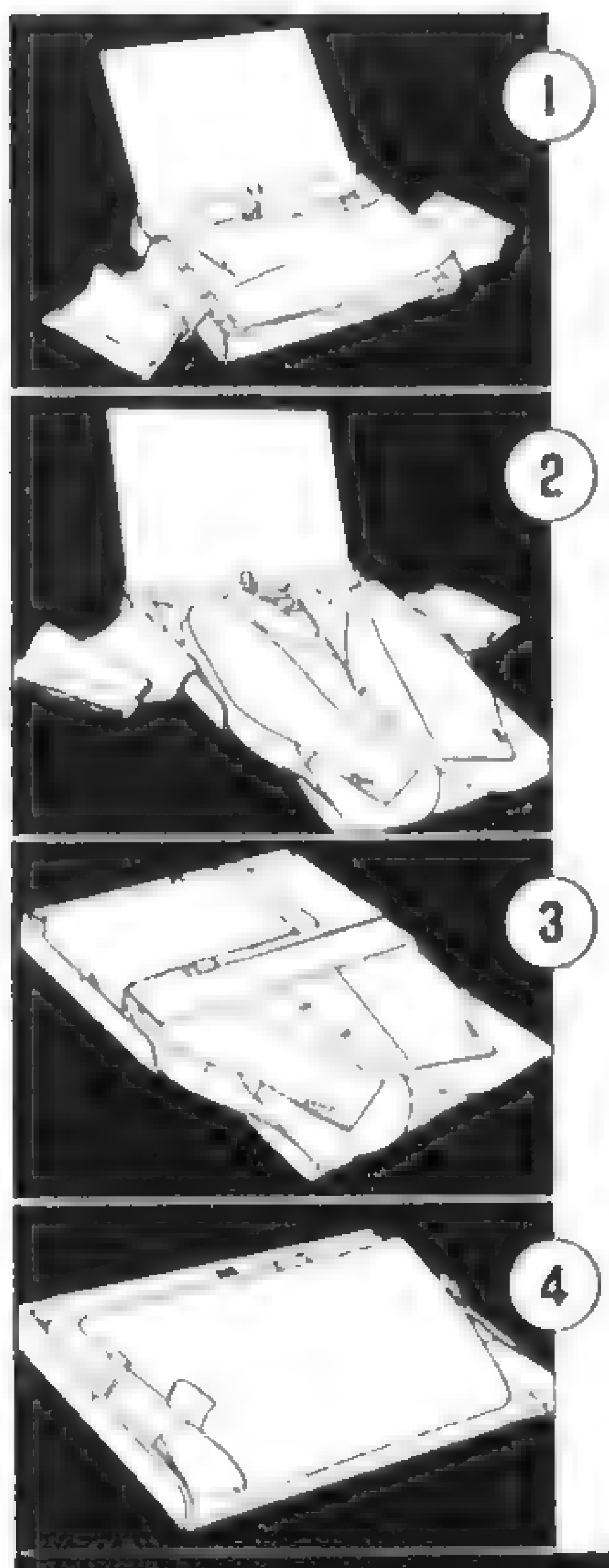
Continued on page 162

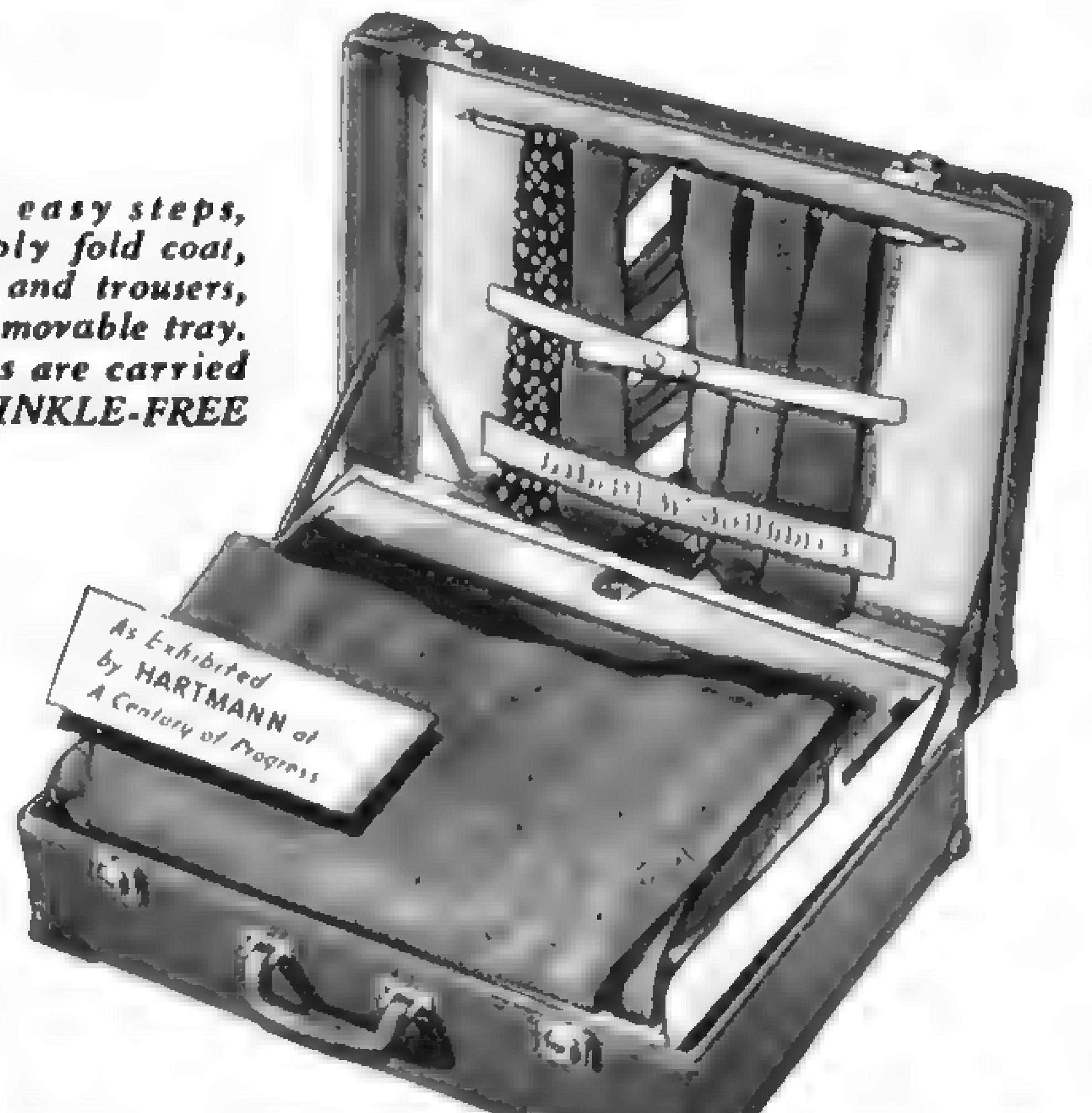
ALLIGATOR

Raincoats

Alligators are faultlessly styled and tailored in many models for street wear and for every kind of sport wear. Made of Alligator's exclusive fabric in smart colors. You'll be comfortable and have perfect wet-weather protection in an ALLIGATOR raincoat. Sold at all the better stores from $5.50 to $15.00.

The Alligator Co., St. Louis, Mo.





Pack 2 *Suits* WRINKLE-FREE

this easy way in the

BONDSTREETER

Here's the smartest, lightest, most practical luggage case ever built for men. Compact, easy to handle, amazing packing capacity. Fashioned in "Regimental Stripe" covering, or various fine leathers and fabrics, $21.50, up. See the "Bondstreeter" at all Authorized Hartmann Dealers. Or write Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wis., or 261 Fifth Ave., New York for descriptive literature.

In 4 easy steps, simply fold coat, vest and trousers, in removable tray. Suits are carried WRINKLE-FREE

HARTMANN

★ *World's Largest Manufacturers of* ★

TRUNKS *and* LUGGAGE

Who sets the fashions? Not "stylists," of course—but the world's most notable gentlemen. Then why not reproduce the custom-made shoes they wear, as you see them in London clubs or among our own financiers and socialites? This simple idea gives you not a "line of styles" to shy away from, but Crosby Square Authentic Fashions in the honest, handsome masculine tradition.

Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
$6 *to* $7

The free Crosby Square booklet, "SHOES FOR THE OCCASION," illustrates these faithful reproductions of the world's finest custom-made shoes for sport, walking, town, and dress. Send your name to WALTER BOOTH SHOE COMPANY, Milwaukee, for your copy and dealer's name.

Name---------------------------- Address----------------------------

The Great Emancipator

Continued from page 161

After two weeks, Jurado, normally one of the world's best golfers, was ready to be shipped back to the Argentine on a stretcher.

Olin Dutra, the present National Open champion, a sturdy young man, also has found that Hagen is a person of most amazing endurance. Dutra and Hagen started out on their tour and in a week after the tour's start Dutra was in bed in Chicago under doctor's orders. Part of his illness was a backfire from the amoebic dysentery but probably he would have recovered in stride had it not been for his endeavor to keep pace with Hagen in showing contempt for the clock. Let Dutra tell about it.

"Walter asked me to go out with him one evening to visit at the home of some of his friends on Chicago's gold coast. He told about what charming people they were and I went along, although I knew we might stay a little later than I wanted to.

"After we'd visited with the host and his wife and their other guests until the wee hours, I was dead and suggested going home.

"Walter eventually got started and as we were driving back to our hotel I thought a sandwich and a glass of milk would go good, so I said to Walter, 'Let's eat.'

"'A swell idea,' he agreed, but instead of going to some lunch counter and grabbing a hamburger and some milk quick as I wanted to do, we went to a night club at Hagen's insistence and got back to the hotel around 6 A.M. I am a working man and husky, but that Hagen would kill me in a week if I tried to run along with him."

The Grand Duke is not much of a drinker, contrary to the popular belief. He will play with one drink for an hour or more in the same deliberate manner he does everything else, but he will do his share right along with relays of the merrymakers and go for weeks without looking at a timepiece. That disregard for sleep is something that only one of his playing companions on exhibition tours ever was able to match. Hagen and Tommy Armour brightened the land one year with a tour that is still discussed where fellows get the good song ringing clear. They played astonishingly good golf, shattering course records at most of the places they played. After the afternoon pastiming for which they were paid, the real business began. Their suite always looked like night sessions of conventions were being held. Most of their sleeping they did in automobiles between country clubs.

At one city along the line of march a wealthy golf enthusiast put up $1,500 in prize money in addition to the guarantee the club made for the exhibition. The $1,500 was to be paid out as follows: $500 if either player broke the course record of 70; $500 if either player scored 70, and $500 if either player equalled the course's par of 72.

Playing in a near-by city the day prior to this $1,500 added money performance Hagen and Armour were given the eye by two striking young women. Be it said for the Grand Duke when in his prime and for Armour, when likewise, that no striking young women ever gave them the eye without being given an eye for eye.

Whilst striding along between shots the Grand Duke talked over conditions with one of the dazzlers.

"You boys must get very lonely and home-sick in the evenings," she remarked.

Hagen thought that it was a perfect opening but as a discreet stranger, let it go with a nod of agreement.

"Possibly some young women whose social standing is not very high importune you," the lovely young thing added.

Hagen guessed he knew what importune meant so what could he do but say "yes"?

"Tonight is going to be different. My friend and I are going to call at the hotel for you and Mr. Armour and I am sure that we will pleasantly entertain you." When the Grand Duke heard that from the obviously high-class female native, he made haste to acquaint Armour with the happy tidings. Instead of lingering after the exhibition Hagen diligently passed around word that he and Armour were leaving town immediately and it was no use to expect them to be central figures in the usual evening frolic.

Promptly at eight that evening the telephone rang in the Hagen-Armour quarters. In patrician tones and accent one of the two lovelies announced they were waiting with a car by the hotel entrance. Walter and Tommy couldn't have made the lobby quicker if they had slid down a brass pole in a fire station.

Through the midsummer evening the quartette drove for a half hour while spots of interest in the city were pointed out and polite persiflage exchanged. Night fell.

"Well, where are we going now?" asked Hagen of the charmer who was driving.

"Oh, we're going to take you boys where you'll really enjoy yourselves. We're going to the Wednesday evening lecture of the Exegesis Culture society in the parsonage of the First M. E. church."

"Oh no. We have to go back to the hotel," protested dazed Mr. Hagen.

"Yes. I don't feel well," said Armour weakly.

"Well, then we'll be late for the meeting," pouted one of the girls.

"No you won't," Hagen assured them. "We're getting out and walking. It will do Armour good to walk back himself."

So Walter and Tommy walked back to the hotel and were sound asleep by nine o'clock. After this indulgence in sane slumber they went out the next day after the $1,500. Armour shot 77 and Hagen a 78; absolutely the worst golf either of them had shot in two years.

This was one of the very few times when the Grand Duke went wrong seriously. He is far smarter than his casual manner indicates. Walter began changing his swing years ago when he realized that time was going to make his muscles stiffer and his bones more brittle so he would be unable to take the sweeping slash that distinguished the playing style of the younger Hagen. He is still good—very good, despite his unhappy performance in the 1934 National Open at Merion Cricket club.

But whether he wins any more major titles or not, he will be the shining star of the golf galleries for years to come, partially because of his personality, partially because of his performances, but mostly because he is today's one professional athlete of stellar social significance. He is the one who showed all other professional athletes it was possible to eat their pie up in the sky, instead of being unjustly compelled to retain their traditional status as muscular menials.

LESTER GUBIN

The Polo Coat of Crompton Corduroy

The acceptance of corduroy among the best-dressed men in America this past summer is only a forerunner of a nation-wide vogue for this fine old fabric.

You will find sports garments of corduroy in the best shops in the country this fall. Tailored to the King's taste!

Here is a picture of the traditional polo model topcoat, as developed in Crompton Corduroy. The casual smartness of this overgarment is enriched by the use of corduroy. It is a grand, knockabout, all-purpose topcoat, and every man who drives a car or spends a lot of time under the sky should have one of these in his wardrobe!

We will be glad to answer inquiries of men who would like to know where such coats may be purchased.

CROMPTON Corduroy

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC.
1071 SIXTH AVENUE AT 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY

© 1934 C-R Co. Inc.

CROMPTON CORDUROYS

To your waiter or wine merchant, specify "B & G" when you want Claret, Sauternes, or Burgundy... so that you may enjoy that rare quality whose fame has been growing for 200 years. Send 25¢ for The Schenley Wine Book—Schenley Import Corp., Room 558, 18 West 40th Street, New York.

A Schenley IMPORTATION

B G

BARTON & GUESTIER
BORDEAUX, FRANCE

SPARKLET SYPHON
(REFILLABLE)
The Ideal Mixer
For High Balls • Fizzes • Soft Drinks
SPARKLETS CORPORATION
231 E. 51st STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

The Making of a Saint

Continued from page 24

back in his chair, cocks his feet up on his desk, leans his head back, and sits staring at the ceiling like he's in a trance. Finally he swings his feet off the desk, sits up straight and says: "After weighin' this situation pro and con in my mind, Medlock, I'll tell you frankly that the only thing I see for you to do is to go to your wife, confess everything, and talk fast for another chance. If she takes you back, why that constitutes condonement, and you're safe until she ketches you again."

Old Medlock, he looks like he thinks that's a hell of an idea. He squawks: "What are you tryin' to do, Tooler, get me shot? Can't you spill the beans to her, and let me hide out until things blow over?"

Tooler, he tells Medlock that he can't do his talkin' for him, but that he'll try to get Mrs. Medlock to meet old Medlock in his office so he can be present while the fireworks is goin' on, and maybe put in a word now and then that will help Medlock's case.

Old Medlock, he finally agrees to do it, but he warns Tooler that he better nail down everything in his office that's loose because the old lady is liable to go wild and start slingin' things.

Tooler asks Medlock what he's goin' to do now, and Medlock says he thinks he'll stay in town tonight, get him a room at the National Hotel. He says he's afraid if he was to show up at the farm tonight that Emmy might fill him full of buckshot or something. Tooler agrees that that's not a bad idea. He says he'll meet him at the National Hotel tonight with a quart of liquor, and they'll go into this thing a little deeper.

Next day, Lawyer Tooler, he pulls some strings, and finally gets old Medlock and his wife into his office together. Old Medlock, he shows up first, smellin' like a brewery, and lookin' so scairt he's about to pass out. Tooler, he sniffs, turns sudden on Medlock, and yells: "Hell's Catoot! Medlock, you been drinkin'! What did I tell you about that? Here I am workin' my head off to save that south quarter for you, and you go and bolix things all up!"

Old Medlock, he turns red and then green. "Honest, Tooler, can you honest smell it! I just drank me a bottle of Horke Vino tonic to build up my nerve for this here disarmament proceeding. Can you honest smell it?"

Tooler, he snorts: "Can I smell it? I could smell it when you was comin' up the stairs!"

Old Medlock, he goes over and sits down on the edge of a chair, and begins to fan hisself with his hat. "Say, Tooler," he says, "I been thinkin' about this 'fessing up business. Ain't that liable to get Emmy wild. Wouldn't it be better to soap her up about how much I love her?"

Tooler, he says real firm: "Nah, that won't do! First you got to wipe the slate clean, or your name is mud!"

Old Medlock, he groans: "Oh, Lordy, I wish somebody would come in with some good news that the old heifer broke a leg or something!"

Just then they hear steps on the stairs, and old Medlock, he hops up, and goes over and stands by a window like he's gettin' ready to jump. Mrs. Medlock she comes in puffin', and lookin' kind of sad and tuckered out, but mighty determined. Lawyer Tooler, he gets up extra slick and polite, and asks her to have a chair, but she says no thanks, she believes she'll just stand up.

Lawyer Tooler, he begins to make a bunch of sad talk about the holy bonds of matrimony, and how people is just like horses: when they've pulled together side by side for so many years, even though they do kick and bite at each other once in a while, why they miss each other pretty bad if something happens to one or the other. Tooler, he throws a bunch of bull about how he's knowed them for so many years that he'd hate to see them split up, because whom God has joined together he hates to see go asunder. He says he don't think they ought to do anything hasty, but give it prayerful consideration. Then he winds up by saying pathetic-like: "And now, Mrs. Medlock, I'll just step in the other room a minute while Medlock confesses a few things he has on his mind. Medlock is pretty badly broken up about this whole thing, and I think you can rest assured that whatever he says comes straight from the heart."

Then Tooler, he tip-toes out, solemn-like, and old Medlock, he opens his mouth to say something, but he can't get out even a squeak, he's got the buck so bad.

Mrs. Medlock, she says: "Well, Medlock, has the cat got your tongue? Go ahead and say your say, but you're just wasting your breath because it ain't goin' to get you nowhere!"

Old Medlock's Adam's apple begins to work like a shuttle, and finally he croaks: "Emmy, I—I been just a big bum, and I want to 'fess up and give you a new deal!"

Mrs. Medlock, she says she's heard that tune before. She says she wouldn't believe old Medlock on a Pike's Peak of Bibles.

Old Medlock, he pleads: "Listen, Emmy, I got a lot of things on my conscience that I want to get off. Gimme a chance to 'fess everything up, and start over."

Mrs. Medlock, she says she would think he did have a lot of things on his conscience, and he better say it quick, and get it over, that she hasn't got all day.

Medlock he finally gets to going, and tells her some of the damnedest things you ever heard. You should have seen Mrs. Medlock's face when he lets the cat out of the bag about the time he come home all bunged up, tellin' a wild tale about how he fell down the elevator shaft at Jones Feed Store. He admits that that was just a big fib. He owns up that the real dope was that Alec Studebaker throwed him out of a second story window of the National Hotel when he ketched him fooling with his wife. Mrs. Medlock, she gets as red as a firecracker and looks like she's going to explode. But she ain't heard nothin' yet! When old Medlock spills the beans about the fast one he put over on her with the fortune teller at the Elks' carnival, while she was waitin' outside the tent for him to have his palm read, she blows up completely and begins to yell bloody murder. She says that's the most outrageous thing she ever heard of! She says that takes the cake, and she's through!

"The idea!" she says, "of leavin' me standin' out there in the heat, with my new shoes nearly killin' me, while you pull a nasty trick like that, right under my very nose!"

She says that old Medlock ain't got a spark of manhood in his whole body! She says he's just a dirty dog, and that hanging's too good for him! She says he ought to be rode out of the country on a rail! She says she's heard enough!

Old Medlock, he skips over in front of her so she can't walk out on him, and pleads: "Wait, Emmy! That ain't all. Lemme finish!"

Mrs. Medlock, she says she's heard plenty to last her for a lifetime! She says that things are coming to a pretty pass when a Christian woman has to stand up and listen to her husband tell her things that make her blush clear up to the roots of her hair. She says she thinks she'll be blushin' for the rest of her life!

Old Medlock, he pleads: "Lemme finish, Emmy!"

Mrs. Medlock's curiosity finally gets the best of her and she stays. Old Medlock, he spills some more raw stuff, and then yells: "Hey, Tooler, I'm through! Come back in! I'm through!"

Tooler he comes back in lookin' kind of purple, and all choked up. He asks real dignified: "Well, Mrs. Medlock, has Medlock confessed everything?"

Mrs. Medlock, she snorts: "I should hope so!"

Old Medlock, he starts in to throw the bull: "Listen, Emmy, I'll never even make a pass at another woman as long as I live if you'll only take me back and give me another chance!"

Mrs. Medlock, she says that's an old tune and she's sick of it. Old Medlock, he claims that it's different this time, that he's changed. He admits that he's been a little bit out of step, but promises that he's going to do better from now on. He pleads, awful pitiful: "You know how my heart's been actin' lately—jumpin' around like a catfish on a string. I'm liable to kick off, anytime. You ain't goin' to go back on me now, are you Emmy?"

Mrs. Medlock, she says, real worried: "Of course your heart's actin' up, Medlock! You keep so full of that rotten old booze that it's a wonder to me that you ain't died in your tracks a long while ago! You're boozy right now, Medlock. What's the use of me listenin' to you?"

Old Medlock, he begs: "Don't leave me, Emmy! Ain't I always tried to give you the best of everything. When you ruptured yourself, didn't I get you a six dollar room at the Methodist hospital, and have Doc. McEwen operate on you?"

You can tell this kinda gets under Mrs. Medlock's skin. She admits that old Medlock has his good points, but she says he has so many bad ones that it spoils all the good ones.

Old Medlock, he glances at Tooler. Tooler nods his head and lifts his eyebrows, as much as to say that Medlock is doin' all right and to keep it up. Old Medlock, he begins to plead harder than ever, and he says real sentimental-like: "Aw, Emmy, darlin', don't you remember our courtin' days? Don't you remember when we was first married how we used to tickle each other and cut up? I still love you, Emmy, damned if I don't!"

Mrs. Medlock, she's got tears in her old eyes as she says: "I wished I could believe you, Medlock. You caused me a lot of misery and heartaches. I guess you never knew it,

Continued on page 166

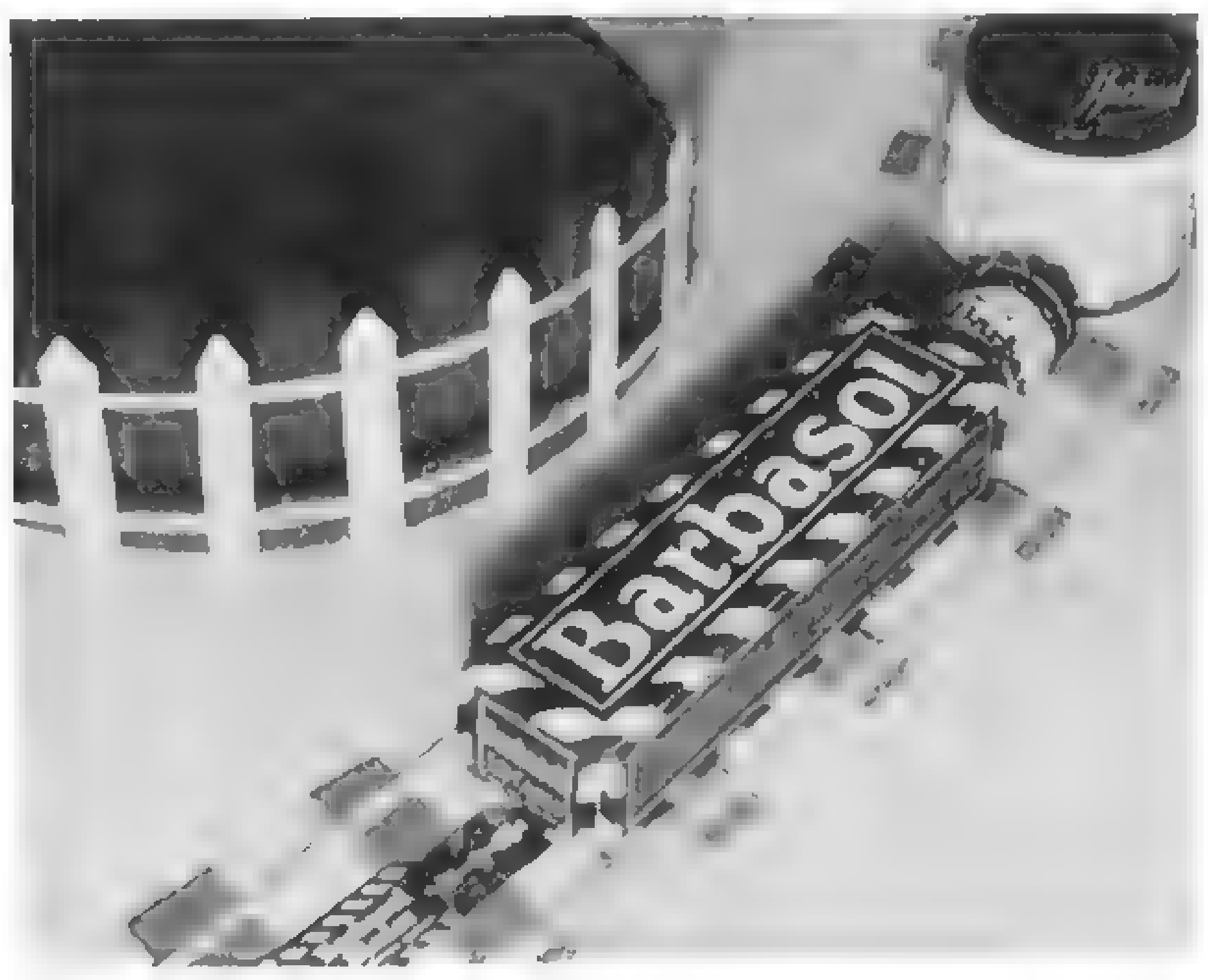
A CLOSE SHAVE!

His watch, that morning, was wrong—but his bathroom implements were right. So . . . while he had a nice close shave at the station, he'd enjoyed another at home! Barbasol, when you're in a rush, is a boon and a balm. No lather to brush on when you're in a lather to rush off. You simply wet the face—daub it on—and whisk away the whiskers. A priceless gift of two train-catching moments per morning! Particularly if you also use Barbasol's scalpel-keen new razor blades—twenty-five cents for five.

BARBASOL

Barbasol presents EDWIN C. HILL
news commentator, C. B. S.
See local newspapers for time

FOR MODERN SHAVING: NO BRUSH · NO LATHER · NO RUB-IN



OVERLOOKING
THE PUBLIC GARDENS

In Boston . . .
Newbury and Arlington Streets

HERE is your hotel . . . providing the utmost in service and cuisine . . . Here you may dine in an atmosphere of traditional exclusiveness in the very center of Boston's business and social life to the strains of the popular Ritz-Carlton orchestra. Ideal accommodations at reasonable rates.

THE RITZ-CARLTON
BOSTON

The Making of a Saint

Continued from page 165

but I'll bet I've cried a barrel of tears over the way you've treated me. You got a good heart in some ways, Medlock, and I guess you mean right, but you're just weak."

Old Medlock, he gives a kind of a sob, and says: "That's right, Emmy, I'm a good hearted son of a bitch, but I'm just weak!"

Mrs. Medlock, she blows her nose and says: "I've always loved you, Medlock. Too much, I guess. I wouldn't have put up with what I have, if I hadn't, Medlock, and I wish I could believe that you had it in you to change your ways and be decent for a change."

Old Medlock, he squeezes out a few tears, and chokes: "I've already changed, Emmy! This here has made a Christian out of me! Won't you believe me?"

Mrs. Medlock, she begins pacing up and down Tooler's office, talkin' to herself, and sayin' that she don't know what to do. She says that every time she gets to feelin' like she might forgive him, she gets to thinkin' about how she waited outside that fortune teller's tent and it makes her so mad she can't see straight.

Old Medlock, he mops his face and keeps makin' signs to Tooler to hurry up and say something quick, but old Tooler, he's smart and keeps his mouth shut. Finally, Mrs. Medlock stops loping back and forth, turns to old Medlock and says: "I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Medlock. If you'll have Tooler here draw up a paper that says in black and white that the south quarter's mine if I ever ketch you pullin' any more of your monkey-doodle business, why I'll give you another chance."

Old Medlock and Tooler give each other a quick look, like they are kind of stumped. Tooler begins to put up a squawk that it ain't legal. Old Medlock keeps watchin' his wife out of the corner of his eye, and you can tell that he's doin' some tall figurin'. All of a sudden he gives Tooler the wink, slams his fist down on Tooler's desk, and bawls: "I'll do it, by God! Draw up the paper, Tooler! It's a go!" But he suddenly turns toward his wife, points his finger at her, and says: "But hold on now, Emmy, that means you've got to ketch me!"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 14B

MUST DECENCY BE ANONYMOUS?

Never before has such a collection of senseless and worthless matter been offered the public. Evidently you take the "men" of the U. S. for idiots and morons. If you can find people foolish enough to pay 50c for such rot we are in a bad way. I hope never to even see another copy.

A DECENT AMERICAN

WHEREIN WE WIN A BET

Your idea for encouraging "us would-be authors (?)" is certainly sporting. As a matter of fact, I have two letters from you at the moment, one of which optimistically proclaims that you would be willing to bet odds that I will be in ESQUIRE within the next four or five issues. That's encouragement for you! (I know a lot of people who'd be willing to take you up on that, including my former city editor, but we won't go into that.) Both your letters, however, are merely sugar-coated rejection slips, and I have accordingly added them to my glass covered collection on the wall, labelled "The Deplorable Condition of American Literature."

It may be that you have actually placed that bet on my getting into your magazine—with the office boy, perhaps, or the janitor, and that's what's got me worried.

In order to relieve you, therefore, of any loss or embarrassment, I am contributing this to your "Sound and Fury" Department. Long may it rave!

Yours hopefully,
LESTER J. BOWMAN, *Author*
Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CARPETCALL FOR MR. HOFF

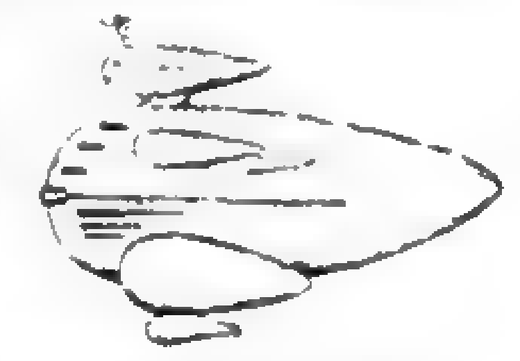
You are publishing a magazine that is magnificently printed. You use wonderful paper—it is most generous in size, it is racy enough for most any taste, and, I believe, largely humorous, it is decorative and fairly interesting, but why on earth do you ruin it all by senseless daubs, such as Hoff's cartoons? There is nothing appealing to them and other ugly illustrations with which you are filling the magazine. They are not only ugly and coarse but they are not funny or comic or even particularly witty. On the other hand the Campbell illustrations are superb, racy, humorous and beautiful, both in line and color.

Your publication cannot live if you do not keep it beautiful and if you do not cut out the Hoff pictures and others of more or less the same ilk. If you would substitute in their place illustrations that appeal to the eye from a standpoint of beauty and hold the beauty idea foremost all the time, we can forgive everything else.

Very truly yours,
New York, N. Y. GUY H. KINNEAR

THANKS, IT HELPS A LOT

Your page on streamline designs is all right, but where do "we the people" come in? Perhaps you would have us designed to your lines?



Would the enclosed picture help?

Yours,
Philadelphia, Pa. G. I. KOONS

WHAT'S ONE MAN'S MEAT . . .

The article of George Jean Nathan in the August number was weak and failed to offer any proof of the author's clever assumption of his own omniscience. Mr. Nathan's assumption may be explained on the ground that for years he was the associate of that other egomaniac known as H. L. Mencken. Nathan's smart, flippant, know-it-all, asinine articles are well known to readers.

Sex appeal is a matter of personal appeal; and no man can speak of it with certainty except as it affects himself. He has to rely on statements of others for any support his own opinions may need. And anyone nowadays can find agreement for any opinion, however childish.

Some of the actresses bracketed by Nathan in group two have less sex appeal for many persons than those in group one.

Altogether, it is a matter of speculation as to the facts on which this author noddingly bases his arguments.

After all, isn't this article merely Mr. Nathan's opinion about sex, and does it prove anything to the intelligent reader? I doubt that it does, and wonder why ESQUIRE publishes rot.

Yours cordially,
Shreveport, La. H. TEMPLE DEAMON

WELL, ANYWAY, YOUR LATIN'S BAD

Please cancel the subscription you claim I wanted sent to Earl Lyons. This is a despicable, need I say, nefarious attempt to blacken my character. I am a *Minister*, and though *unfrocked*, would not stoop to read your bawdy, lecherous sheet. I am on my knees praying to Christ that He will make you harken to His Word.

You can charge that treacherous imposter, Lyons, for anything due you. Majoren Per Glorian.

Chicago, Illinois N. PILKA

UNDERSTUDY TO RUNYON

"Beep," says I. Or perhaps I mean "Burp." Anyway I opens the August issue of ESQUIRE to read some story with a title "Petey the Beep." The writer is a guy known as G. C. Richard. Anyway that's the name sprawled on top of the page. Well I am considerably astonished to find out that this G. C. Richard writes like Damon Runyon. In fact, I says it must be Runyon. It is well known to all and sundry that Damon Runyon has a style all his own. Well anyway he did have. Now along comes this guy G. C. Richard who copies Damon's style. So I wants to know, Mr. Esquire Editor if this Beeper Richard is possible that feller Runyon in disguise. Even if he isn't though, he is some pumpkins of a writer.

Madison, Ill. SIDNEY SCHERMER

TOAST TO CURVACIOUS GUINEAS

Being a very naive lad from the Bible Belt, I like the feeling of associating with men-about-town one gets from reading ESQUIRE. It's like looking through a knot hole at a baseball game.

Since everyone else either praises or pans ESQUIRE I certainly don't want to be a slacker. Among the things I have liked particularly were "Ashes to Ashes" by Doug, Jr., and "The Sick Horse" by Erskine Caldwell. Langston Hughes' first story I thought quite putrid but his second was swell. I like Campbell's cartoons best except for Petty's curvacious guineas.

Gentlemen if I had a glass of Tokay handy I would drink to you and Petty.

Sincerely,
Palmyra, Mo. STEWART JOHNSON

WE'RE ALMOST DAUNTPROOF

ESQUIRE is unique in its humorous and literary content. Don't let the ridiculous criticisms of some of the puritanical and righteous subscribers daunt you. But continue to publish such letters because they are very amusing.

Sincerely yours,
Rochester, N. Y. JOHN WOOLFORD

IN DOUBT, BLAME US

May I crash the department? You see I'm a member of the "fairer" sex and therefore I want to say a word.

I always thought that the word "fairer" applied to our greater share in the world's pulchritude. After reading the letters in the July number I realize that "fairer" applies to us in more ways than one. No female of my acquaintance would write the childishly spiteful and ridiculous things that J. G. Wilkin, R. S. Gaines, Sam Rosey, or B. Lobes have written

And now that I've denounced such back-biting may I concentrate on Mr. Wilkin and in a spirit of great friendliness tell him the following?

That his letter was one of the most amusing things ever published in ESQUIRE; that if the editors followed his suggestion and "cut out all letters dealing in personalities," his would have been in the bottom of the waste basket; that if our Yankee men are not gentlemen it must follow that we're not ladies —and I'm sure that statement would never come from a true Southern gentleman; and finally that if he insists upon using the word "ignorant" he should watch his own grammar a bit.

If by chance I've stooped to the very methods I've been denouncing we'll lay it to the masculine influence of your magazine. FLORENCE R. ROEVER
New York City

FAIR WARNING: there are a few technical facts about newspaper making, strung along in the text which follows. If such facts bore or otherwise bother you, just turn this page right over and forgive the intrusion. If such facts *interest* you, we suggest you see them in action in tomorrow's New York Herald Tribune.

The Class in Journalism Will Please Come to Order

This particular class is composed—or so we are informed—of men who are neither intellectual giants nor literary lions. Most of you are slaves to the daily newspaper habit. And many of you have a pretty good idea of what makes the sharp difference between newspapers which are passing fair and those which are *top*.

Now *any* Constant Reader knows that there has to be a definite relationship between the appearance of a paper and the stuff that's in it. You can set empty words in beautiful type, but you can't fool all of the people, etc., etc.

The New York Herald Tribune happens to be a newspaper with a decidedly modern exterior which strikes just about everybody as good to look upon. But the outlines of that exterior have impressed themselves on newspaper makers everywhere principally because the whole thing rests on rockribbed journalism.

In this connection, a group of men rated as learned in journalistic matters got together in the Ayer Galleries in Philadelphia several years ago—1931 to be exact. Something like 1400 newspapers from all parts of these United States were laid out in endless rows on the floors of the gallery, and the journalists paced between the rows. Their job—and it was a gruelling one—was to decide which newspaper was to receive the Francis Wayland Ayer cup for Typographical Excellence.

The idea that newspapers could be typographically *anything* caused a lot of eyebrow-raising among the aesthetes of design and typography, and if there *were* craftsmen and artists working to produce better looking newspapers, few people had ever bothered about the fact.

When the Ayer cup was finally handed out, the New York Herald Tribune was on the receiving end of the pass. And it should be recorded here that the Herald Tribune's headlines were then set—as they had been for years before and still are—in capitals and small letters (upper and lower case), in a type called Bodoni Bold. This type was originally designed over a century ago by a certain gentleman who actually *had* one of those fine Italian hands, and whose name could easily have been set to music—Giambattista Bodoni.

Signor Bodoni's type happens to combine the beauties of classic proportion and quick reading. It does this—so the Herald Tribune has long believed—a little more pleasantly and powerfully than any other type that has ever been used for newspaper headlines.

The fact that this newspaper, using this type style, collected the Ayer cup the first year it was awarded would have become just so much history—if it hadn't happened that in 1932 and again in 1933, the New York Herald Tribune came away from the Ayer Galleries with honorable mentions, and in 1934 it snuggled the winning cup under its arm again.

In addition to which fact, the other cup-capturing papers and the honorable-mentioned papers were, in practically every case, strongly affected by Herald Tribune ideas on typographic rules and style of make-up.

* * *

The typical Herald Tribune front page, though it's put together in the white heat of the day's news, is a study in the perfection of balance and off-balance arrangement. There isn't any one formula for it because there are too many elements to reckon with. There may be one-column, two-column, three-column, four-column headlines. There are headings set in regular vertical (roman) type. There may be headlines set slanted (italic). There is a different type treatment for the lower half of the page—"below the fold."

But when you look at the whole page—and you can make this test any day in the week and any week in the year—you have a front page which has become a classic pattern for newspapers everywhere. It hangs together. It pleases you. And it moves . . . *fast.*

Newspapers wear their hearts upon their sleeves and are constitutionally unable to keep their trade secrets. So even if typography and newspaper-making are as nothing in your life, you can—by picking up a copy of the New York Herald Tribune today—learn some of the simplest tricks of good *newspapering*. You'll also have a rather splendid time of it—reading the day's news as no other newspaper writes it.

If you read on (and every day a third of a million do) you'll make further interesting discoveries. For example, you'll see that the Herald Tribune, like a well-kept store, is carefully departmentalized, and that the departments are clearly labelled and permanently located—books, bridge, theatre, screen, and—because a good newspaper must please its women readers too—food, beauty, fashions, patterns, nature stories.

You might notice another potent little point: pictures in the Herald Tribune almost invariably are made to tell a complete story—there's a caption above that labels them—there's a sub-heading below that explains them.

And though you may think that no typographic talk can ever sway your newspaper affections, the Herald Tribune will still have its grip on you with scores of other newspaper audience-holding devices. It is terribly hard to break away from a newspaper which tells you all the news you have every right to know from everywhere . . . but which in telling it to you, refuses to take more of your time for each news item than the item is intrinsically worth.

* * *

The Class is now dismissed with the suggestion that since newspapers are a habit and never *required reading,* it would be extremely easy, pleasant and helpful study for a week to analyze the elements that go toward making a good newspaper *great.*

And you might just as well start reading a leading morning newspaper in a leading city of the world—to find the correct answers.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 125

feel highly honored? Benchley says they should. "Personally," he writes, "I think Mr. Kreymborg owes Mr. Durante $100,000."

I wonder how hot Benchley's defense of Durante would be if Durante should take one of Dorothy Parker's copyrighted poems from *Death and Taxes* (copyrighted, 1931, by Dorothy Parker and dedicated to Mr. Benchley) and render it thus, without credit or payment to Mrs. Parker:

Maidens, gather not the yew,
 Do-do, de-yo-do, de dew—Ha-cha, cha-cha!
Leave the glossy myrtle sleeping,
 Oh-do, de-oh, do, do-dew (am I terrifical?)
Any lad was born untrue,
 Blue-de-blue-blue, blue-blue (yowse-suh)
Never a one is fit your weeping.
 (I got a meelion of 'em—a meelion! etc.)

Benchley says, "If I were Mr. Kreymborg (of which there is not the slightest possibility), I would rather not have so much publicity about the fact that my serious work could, with practically no change at all, be used as excruciatingly funny material for the country's most stupendous mad-man."

Whoever alleged that Kreymborg's poem is "serious" in the manner Benchley's jibe means? Most of Kreymborg's poems and plays are definitely intended to be amusing—and they *are* to people who are not positively prostrated, like Benchley, when they hear "Ha-cha-cha-cha!" for the hundredth time.

Benchley has a book coming out presently, made up of his conscientiously droll little pieces. I shall not disclose the title. Some radio comic might rummage through it, looking for material he could lift without credit or payment to Benchley. Sour as I feel toward Robert Benchley, I don't like to see even *his* pockets picked.

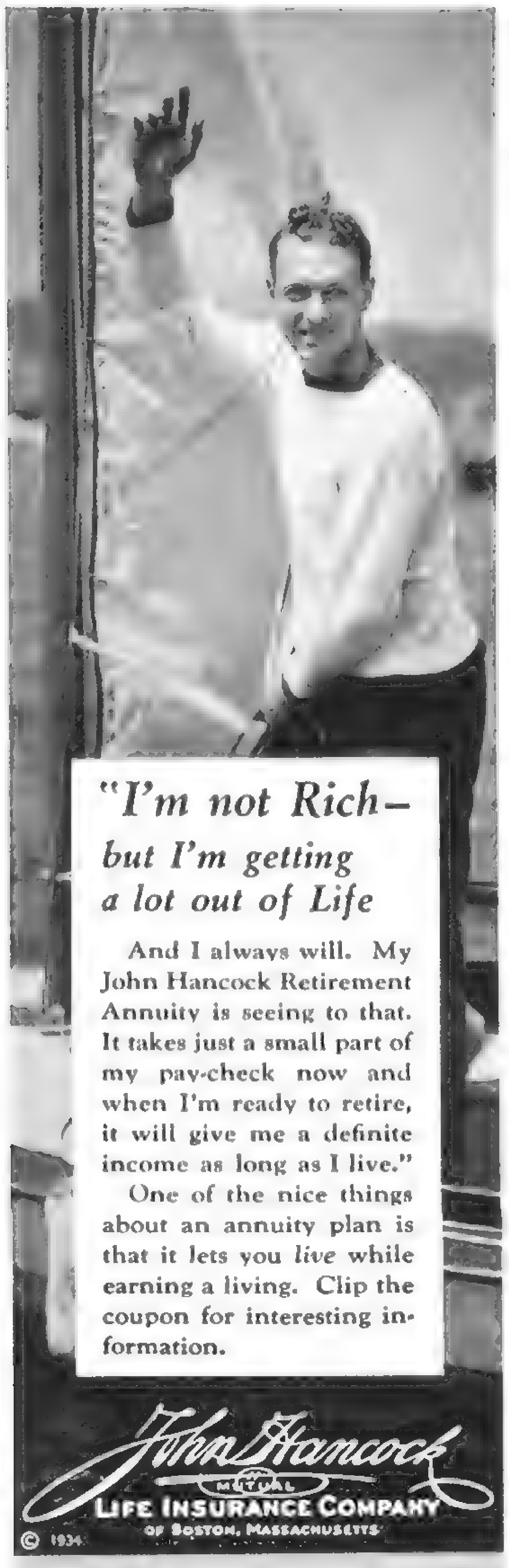
As an arm-chair gourmet and amateur chef who occasionally likes to mess around in the kitchen mixing sauces and trying out exotic recipes to the annoyance and exasperation of the females of the household, the most mouth-watering and entertaining of all cook books I have encountered (and I have a five-foot shelf of them) is *The Wine Cook Book* (Little, Brown & Co. $2.50) by Cora, Rose and Bob Brown. This book is by a mother, her son, and her daughter-in-law, who come from Louisiana where cooking is about the only remaining art, and who have kept house and tried out recipes from all over the world in France for years.

Most of their recipes call for vinous, spirituous or malt liquors, among the ingredients. A portion of the book is devoted to recipes for mixed drinks. There are also suggestions for menus for all kinds of luncheons and dinner parties, winter and summer, American and foreign.

But the book is more than a culinary guide. It is clearly, non-technically and amusingly written, spiced with entertaining bits of information. Did you ever hear, for instance, that the favorite dish, for his own consumption, of Oscar of the Waldorf is plain corned beef and cabbage? The authors tell us that it is and then go on to say, "Chefs are notoriously light eaters. It is thought that they are fed by the savors and steams of their cooking or by occasional tidbits for tasting. When they do sit down to a meal, it is very plain and cooked little or not at all. Among them a great favorite is Tartar Steak or Cannibal Sandwich, which is only raw hamburger beaten up with raw egg, lightly seasoned, and spread on a slice of bread."

Want some more from the Browns? All right: "Seasoned raw meat is a great delicacy in many countries. The famous sausages of Arles are never cooked. Japs live on raw fish, and the Croats, who spend most of their days on horseback, start off in the morning to prepare their lunch by putting a slice of raw beefsteak under the saddle. After a hot gallop the meat is sufficiently cooked for them and they dine off it with gusto . . . Strassburg geese, from the livers of which *pâté de foie gras* is made, are nailed to the floor of their coops by their web feet, so they cannot move about and unduly exercise their livers. Through this curtailment of action, their livers get to be of tremendous size, sometimes weighing several pounds . . . From their very names (of the many liqueurs) it will be seen that many of these are merely love potions, dizzy aphrodisiacs, depending more on the syrupy sweetness of their sugars than upon the alcohols they generate. Yet there are manly liqueurs galore, and of them all Napoleon brandy is still Emperor. It is safe to say that in the past century enough so-called Napoleon brandy has been produced to float all the navies of the world, yet the original amount distilled would have no more than filled the pond in Central Park. If you get hold of a real bottle of it, don't invite any unappreciative guests who may dump a drink of it into their demi-tasse just to pep it up."

I have tried out some of the simpler dishes and sauces of the Browns, and have found the directions produced very savory results. And, vicariously, I have enjoyed such things as Trout Genevoise, Beefsteak al Jerez, Pheasant à l'Alfonso XIII, Lucullan Turtle, Green Goose Creole, and dozens of others. There is a chapter on wines and the laying down of a cellar and much about savories, pastries and batters. My favorite dish, however, is not in it, although it is in Sheila Hibben's superb cook-book dealing only with American food. It is also one of the simplest of dishes. You soak



"I'm not Rich—
but I'm getting
a lot out of Life

And I always will. My John Hancock Retirement Annuity is seeing to that. It takes just a small part of my pay-check now and when I'm ready to retire, it will give me a definite income as long as I live."

One of the nice things about an annuity plan is that it lets you *live* while earning a living. Clip the coupon for interesting information.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
© 1934

JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.
Please send me your booklet about Annuities
Name ....
Address..
City.......................... *State*..........................
E Q. 9-34

TRIPLER STYLES

noted for their correctness and individuality will be featured with illustrations in ESQUIRE, *beginning in October*

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET, NEW YORK

CHAS. HARRIS

The "Man in the Barrel" says:

ARROW Shirts now have a space for marking with Cash's Names. But whether you wear Arrow or any other make CASH'S NAMES will save laundry losses, positively identify you and your wearables. Don't lose your clothes—mark them with Cash's Names. Easily attached with Cash's NO-SO Cement.

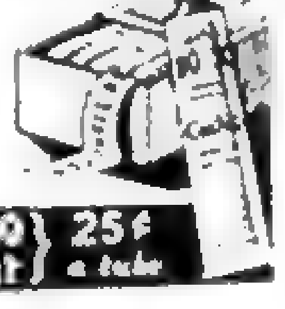
Order from your Haberdasher or Department Store or write

Cash's

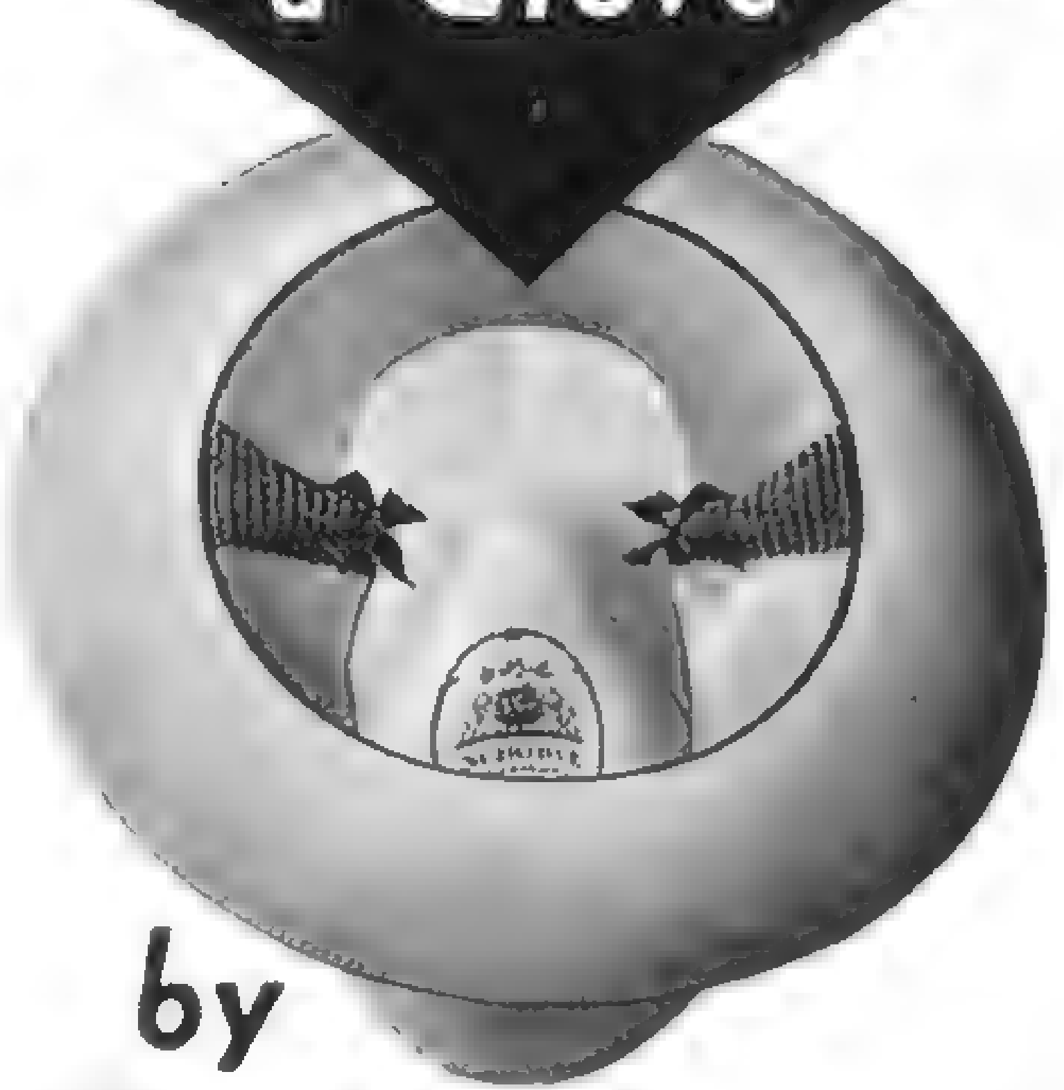
254 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or
6227 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal.

TRIAL OFFER: *Send 15c for 1 dozen of your own first name and sample tube of NO-SO cement.*

CASH'S NAMES } 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. / 9 " 2.50 12 " 3. NO-SO Cement } 25¢ a tube



A HAT
that fits like
a Glove



by
SCHOBLE

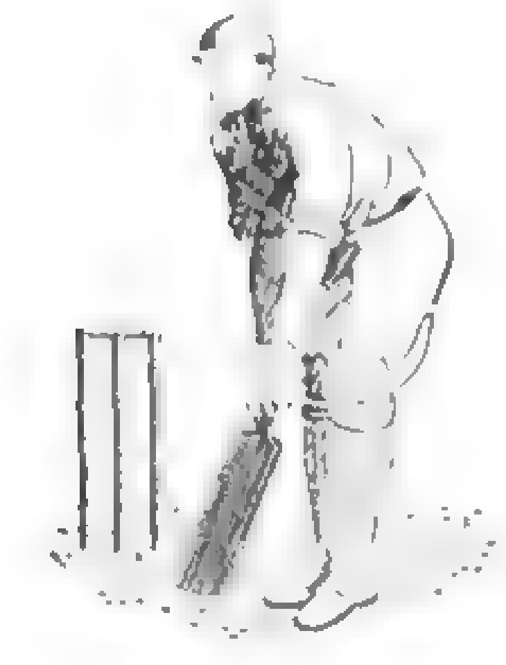
- GREATER COMFORT
- PERFECT FIT
- LONGER WEAR

Smarter, too, because it fits itself to any head shape—long, round or medium oval. The secret is Schoble's exclusive "Lastex" sweat-band inserts, that *stretch.* Only in hats by Schoble will you find this *self-size* feature.

See it demonstrated at leading stores before selecting your Fall hat.

SCHOBLE HATS, Inc.
New York Philadelphia

AS BRITISH AS CRICKET



YET, YOU SAVE THE DUTY

Yes, world famous Holloway's London Dry Gin...England's favourite for over 200 years ...is now made in America exactly as it is made in London. Same inimitable flavour...same smoothness, and you *save* the import duty.

See what Holloway's matchless "imported" flavour and smoothness mean when you mix a cocktail, a fizz, or a rickey.

HOLLOWAY'S
LONDON DRY
GIN

Also: Holloway's Celebrated Sloe Gin
... Martini and Manhattan Cocktails.
B. B. DORF & CO., Inc.
Sole U.S. Agents, 601 W. 26th St., N.Y.C.

Esteemed by ten generations of Highland chieftains... Drambuie has been treasured in the historic Isle of Skye since 1745.

DRAMBUIE
England's Premier Liqueur

First smuggled from France by a retainer of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and entrusted under oath to the members of a single family, its secret formula is one of the world's most priceless recipes. Delicate, spicy, pungent... magically compounded with rarest Scotch whisky... it is absolutely indescribable... Try it!

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:
McKESSON SPIRITS CO., INC.
Division of
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
QUALITY SINCE 1833

Its Fame is World Wide

Even in the most remote corners of the globe, the name Plaza is a symbol of hotel excellence. It is more than a great hotel... it is the New York home of important personages from all parts of Europe and America. Single rooms from $5. Double rooms from $7. Suites from $10

THE NEW PERSIAN ROOM
is New York's Newest Innovation

Henry A. Rost, President
John D. Owen, Manager

The PLAZA *New York*
FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

dry lima beans over night in cold water; then boil for about two hours with salt pork.

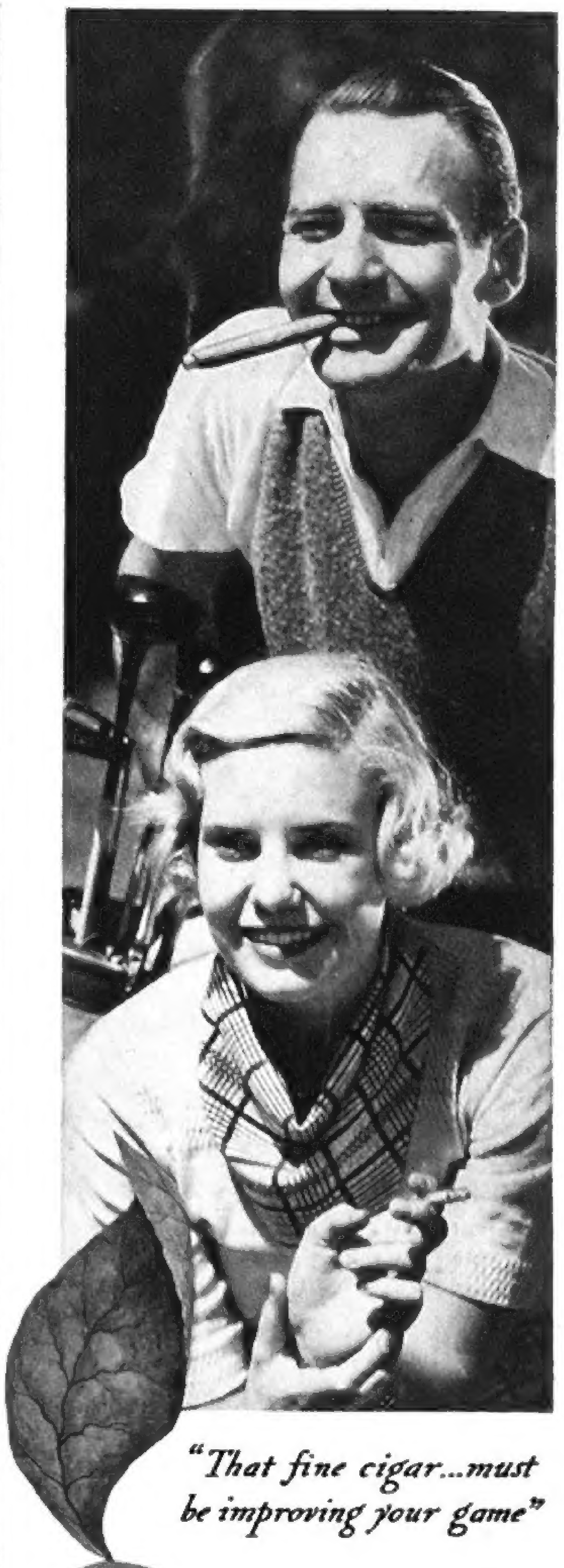
Triple starred among my recommendations for the early fall novels is *Lightship* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50) by Archie Binns. I should not be surprised if this turned out to be *the* outstanding novel of the season. It has beauty, depth, force; it is calm and compelling and yet full of surprises; the technique employed is a genuine novelty but is natural and inevitable to the plan of the story. The story is built around the lives and adventures of the crew of a lightship in the reefs off Seattle. That, in itself, is a familiar enough general plot. It is a convenient way of establishing a microcosm of divers characters and emotions, like giving a story an ocean liner for a setting or a deserted island on which a group lands after a shipwreck.

There is nothing else commonplace about the novel, however. The crew is there, all of them with interesting backgrounds and all uncommunicative about them. How did they get there? That is the matter out of which Mr. Binns spins a mature and magnificent story. He does it by shifting the past and the present so that you see each character almost simultaneously as he is now and as he was during the various stages of his career from boyhood. He achieves the deep irony of having romantic hopes and dreams fade into cold reality without ever suggesting that reality is any more real than the romantic dreams, while the latter lasted. Two youngsters, shipmates on Pacific vessels, for instance, come into some money when the salvage is paid on a barkentine on which they had sailed. They buy an old boat with main-sail and jib, lay in provisions and start up the Columbia River in search of adventure. They come upon a seaworthy yacht badly in need of repairs in dry-dock near a sawmill. They buy it from the eccentric owner, work to get her in repair, with the intention of sailing to the South Seas in her. They meet two working girls who are romantically aglow over the proposed trip and who help them by mending sails and fall in love with them. The ship never leaves its place in dry-dock, but before the dream has vanished a romantic tragedy has been unfolded with the casual, unmoral indifference of Nature itself. The author thus drags out the past of the crew. We see them as small boys in seafaring families in American and foreign ports, aboard ship and on the western plains, among the Indians and in low seaport dives, ambitious, striving, mating, exultant, defeated and indifferent; and in the lightship each man lives his own past while at the same time participating in the monotonous, strange life of a lightship, wherein mental derangement is frequent and yet wherein there are occasional dramatic fights with the winds and the sea. This appears to be a first novel. My hint to collectors is to grab a first edition. My advice to all masculine readers is to read and enjoy it.

Max Miller, who wrote *I Cover the Water-front* and *The Beginning of a Mortal*, seems to have resolved to drop the usual pretenses of novelists and to objectivity, to write entirely about himself or about others in relation to himself, candidly, quietly, humbly, wonderingly. His new book, *The Second House from the Corner* (Dutton, $2.50) has the same odd and compelling charm of his other books. He has married and become a householder and this is a book about the process by which this happened to him. In all of his books he has given one the impression of loving life, of being entranced by it like a boy at a circus, but disinclined to participate in it, of participating in it inevitably but against his will. Here he seems, in effect, to have waked up and found himself married and to have become the owner of a plot of ground and a house by his own will but not with his own determination. He accepts everything that happens to him, humorously and as in the nature of things, yet with a wistful daydreaming of magnificent, heroic exploits which he knows will never be his portion. The book is a consolation and a delight. Miller's style has the simplicity and honesty of greatness in it. He has dared to search his own soul without shame or apology or disillusion or distaste and without falsifying the report either to his advantage or disadvantage.

A few days before the publication of Sven Hedin's *The Conquest of Thibet* (Dutton, $5) came the news report that Dr. Hedin had been captured by Chinese bandits. As I write this he has not been released. This new book is the story of his journeys into Thibet nearly thirty years ago, when the country was closed to all aliens and when to enter the city of the Grand Llama was next to impossible. Since that time explorers of all sorts and even common travelers, with no hesitancy about telling tall tales of magic and supernatural powers displayed by the Thibetan priests, have penetrated into the once Forbidden City and just the other day I saw a newsreel sound picture of the devil dances and priestly shindigs that Hedin describes. I found his book mildly interesting, largely on account of his story of bravery and determination in the face of hardships, filthy weather, and imprisonment in a hostile country. Dr. Hedin is a truthful observer, however; he doesn't say anything about having seen the dead raised from the grave and levitation performed by the holy men.

More exciting than Dr. Hedin's book is *Rebel Destiny* (Whittlesey House, $3) by Melville J. and Frances Herskovits, an account of an anthropological exploration into the interior of Dutch Guiana.



"That fine cigar...must be improving your game"

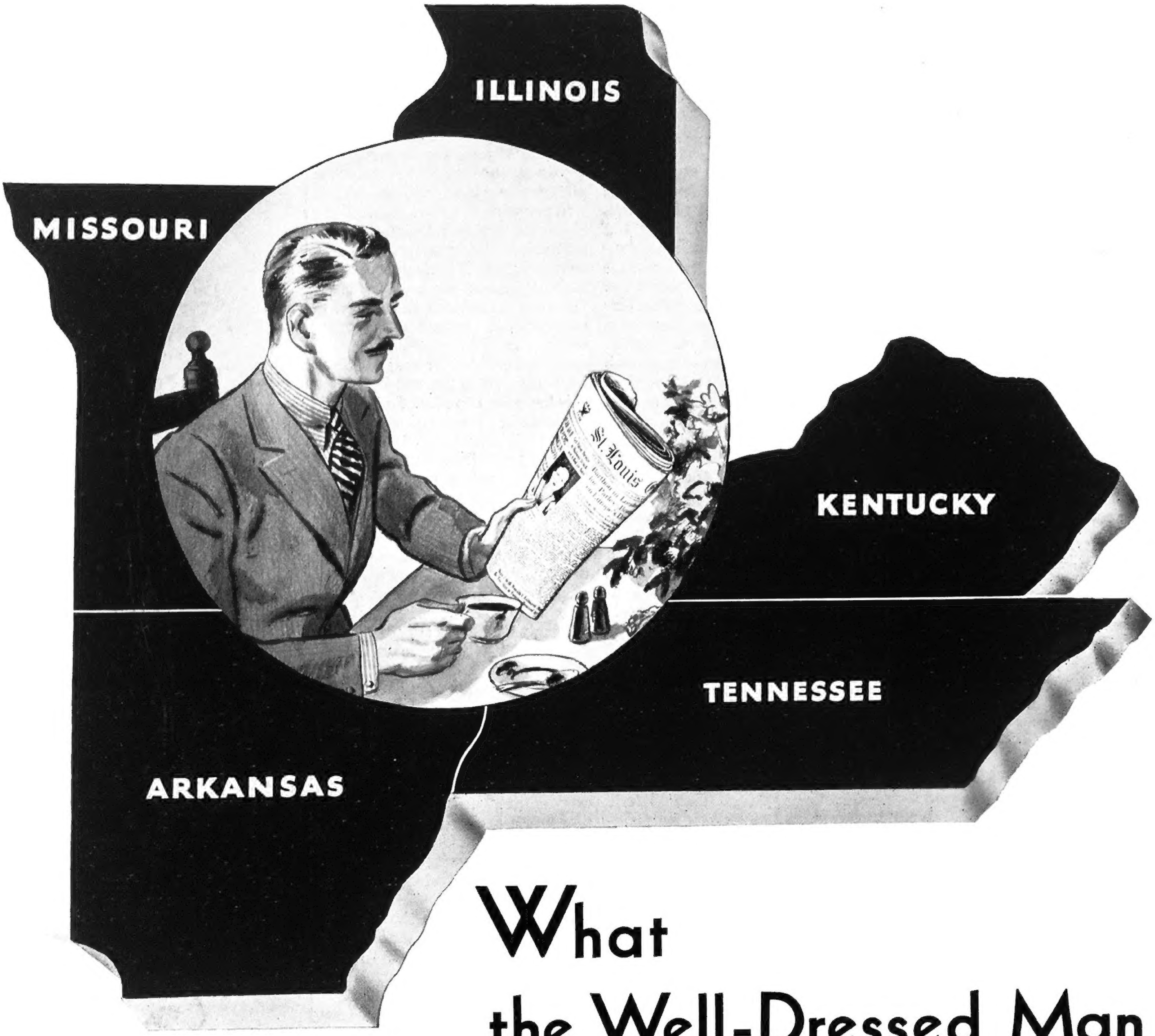
100% FINEST HAVANA FILLER

The FINAL WORD IS... QUALITY

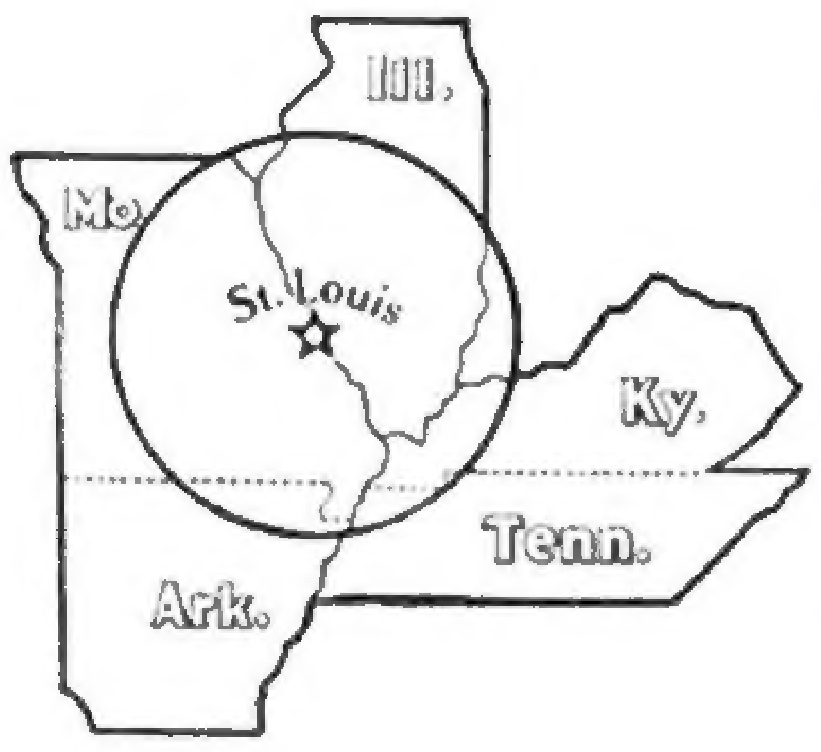
There's a rich mildness...a wholehearted smoking desire for... "100% finest Havana filler" that is without precedent...that defies competition. Thus Robt. Burns Refined Perfecto Grande with its well balanced shape... becomes the final word ... the Cigar of Cigars

Robt. Burns
Refined
PERFECTO GRANDE
10¢ STRAIGHT

© 1934 General Cigar Co.



What the Well-Dressed Man of The 49th State is reading



Ask Esquire.

ESQUIRE, wise to the ways of men and buyers, addresses his desired audience of knowing, style-conscious readers through the advertising columns of The Globe-Democrat, famed newspaper of The 49th State.

For ESQUIRE knows that the newspaper which sells these men their apparel, their appointments, their play and their potables will win their appreciation — and subscriptions. Thus another cycle: a wider audience, a greater acceptance, more sales . . . sales of the very things you sell, if men are your prospects and smart women —their associates—can be made your allies.

FACTS TO BUILD YOUR SALES

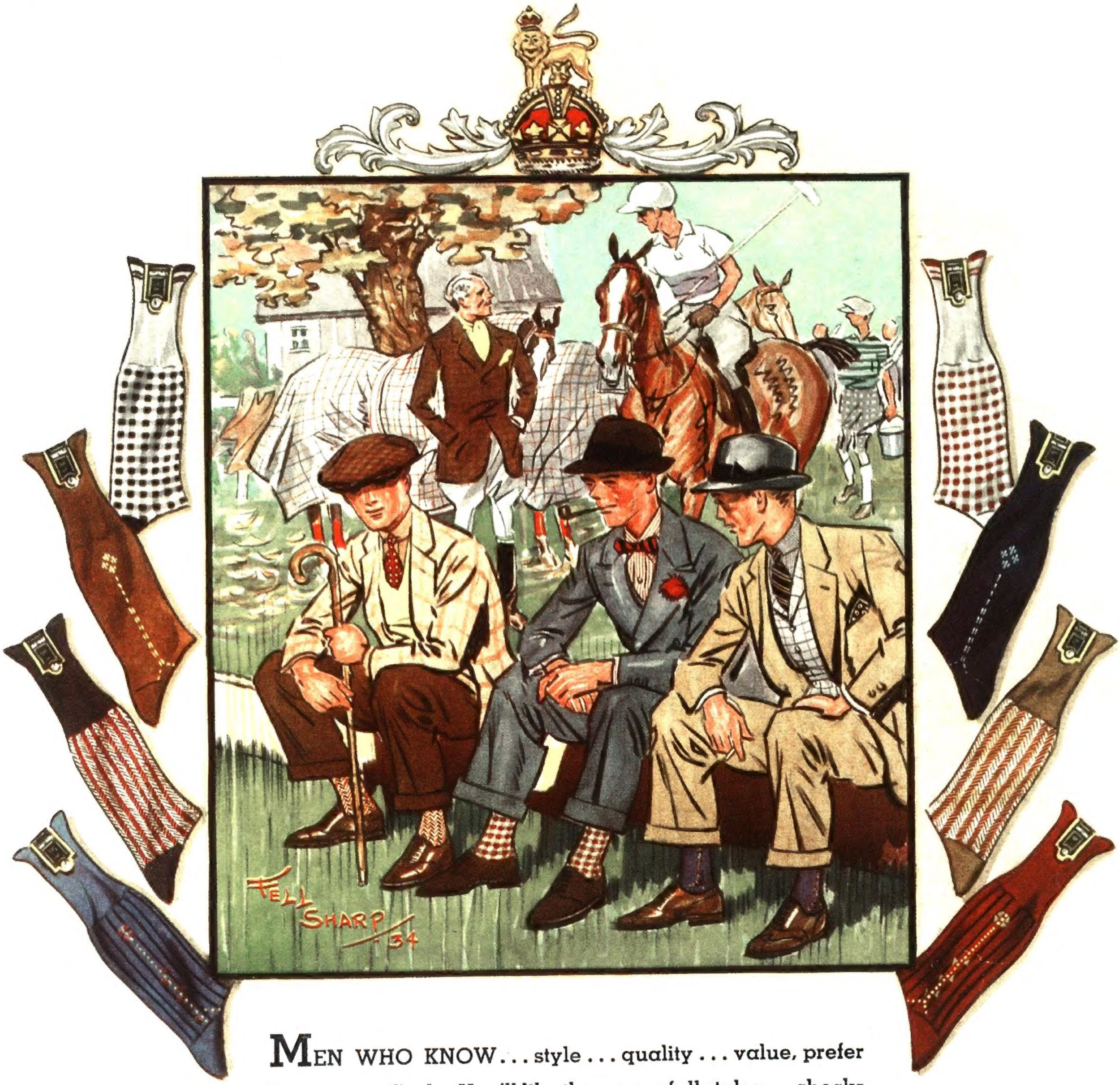
Specific data on this 49th State market, showing how and where your merchandise is sold, and how The Globe-Democrat's advertising columns, supported by Globe-Democrat merchandising co-operation, deliver this market to firms which sell to men...Ask a Globe-Democrat representative, or write direct.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

GLOBE-DEMOCRAT ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES

NEW YORK . . . Graybar Building . . . H. CLYDE FISHER
CHICAGO . . . Room 1618 — 360 N. Mich. . . . GUY. S. OSBORN, Inc.
332 S. La Salle St....CHAS. H. RAVELL, (Financial Adv.)
DETROIT . . . 8-241-2 General Motors Bldg. . . . JOS. R. SCOLARO
SAN FRANCISCO...742 Market Street...R. J. BIDWELL COMPANY
LOS ANGELES...Chamber of Commerce Bldg....R. J. BIDWELL CO.

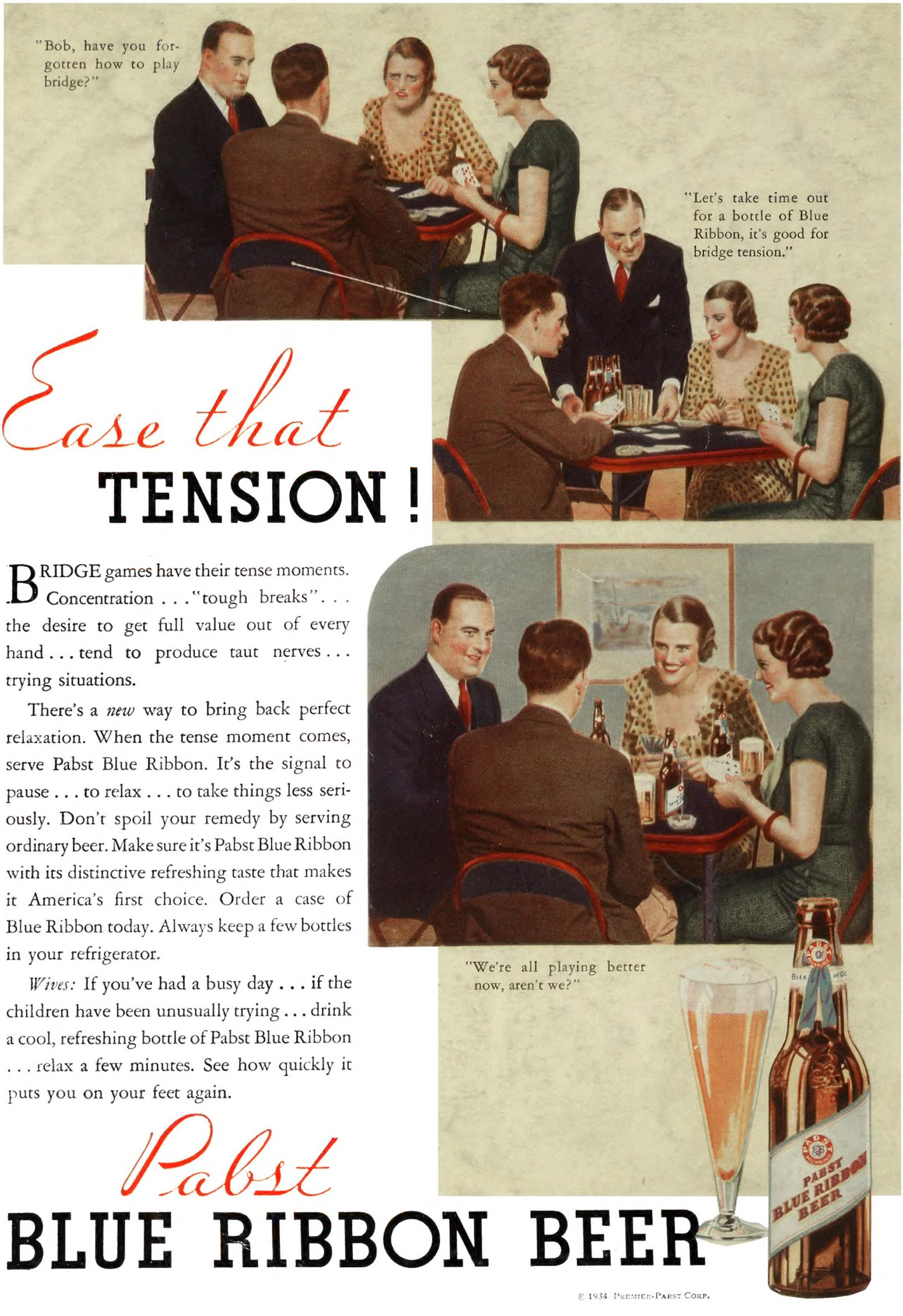
PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.



MEN WHO KNOW... style ... quality ... value, prefer Interwoven Socks. You'll like these new fall styles ... checks ... vertical stripes ... clocks ... genuine 6 x 3 clocked ribs. They're new ... distinctive ... different. What's more, they're shaped to fit the ankle ... no wrinkles, no bagginess. Comfortable on the feet ... there are no seams in the soles. Strengthened at every wearing-point with the special Interwoven wear-proof construction ... they wear longer. You get the most value for your money when you wear—

Interwoven Socks

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.


"Bob, have you forgotten how to play bridge?"
"Let's take time out for a bottle of Blue Ribbon, it's good for bridge tension."
"We're all playing better now, aren't we?"
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Ease that TENSION!

BRIDGE games have their tense moments. Concentration . . . "tough breaks" . . . the desire to get full value out of every hand . . . tend to produce taut nerves . . . trying situations.

There's a *new* way to bring back perfect relaxation. When the tense moment comes, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. It's the signal to pause . . . to relax . . . to take things less seriously. Don't spoil your remedy by serving ordinary beer. Make sure it's Pabst Blue Ribbon with its distinctive refreshing taste that makes it America's first choice. Order a case of Blue Ribbon today. Always keep a few bottles in your refrigerator.

Wives: If you've had a busy day . . . if the children have been unusually trying . . . drink a cool, refreshing bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon . . . relax a few minutes. See how quickly it puts you on your feet again.

Pabst BLUE RIBBON BEER

© 1934 Premier-Pabst Corp.